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THE REV. C. B. LEUPOLT.

*[Frontispiece.]*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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**FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS**  
**OF**  
**AN INDIAN MISSIONARY.**

**BY THE**  
**REV. C. B. LEUPOLT,**  
**LATE MISSIONARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY**  
**AT BENARES.**

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## PREFACE.

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THIS second volume of my Recollections, part of which has already appeared in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, was written at a time (1872) when we still hoped to return to our Indian home at Benares; but the Lord's thoughts were otherwise, and He distinctly intimated to us by His Providence that He no longer required our services in India; and when the Lord thus speaks, the servant's duty is to say, "Lord, Thy will be done." We did say so, assured that the Lord being infinite in wisdom, and One who cannot err, that therefore "*it was well.*"

Though we shall not return to India, I have made but few alterations in this volume. I have published it at the request of many Mission friends, and just as it was originally written. Like the first volume, it lays no claim to merit of any kind. It is a simple statement of facts as they happened; and my earnest prayer is, that the Lord may bless the reading of these pages to His honour and glory, and to the extension of His kingdom.





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# RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN MISSIONARY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### *BENARES.*

As a mission-field, Benares is not so fruitful as many other places, yet it is, no doubt, one of the first in importance; for Benares is the heart of Hinduism, and, if that be pierced, Hinduism receives its death-blow.

Many years ago I conversed with the late Mr. Lacroix, one of the most devoted and able missionaries in Bengal, on this subject. We were speaking of the great success which attends the labours of our brethren among the hill-tribes, and of the comparative value of that success as regards the conversion of the Hindus. At the end of our conversation, that tried veteran in the mission-work exclaimed, "Work on, brother, work on! If the whole of the hill-tribes be converted, their conversion will not affect the Hindus; but, if Benares and the Gangetic valley fall, Hinduism will fall too." No doubt he was right.

Benares is of great importance as a mission-field

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because of the advantages it affords for promulgating the Gospel. Being one of the greatest places of pilgrimage in India, thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims annually visit this so-called holy city; he, therefore, who preaches the Gospel in Benares is as it were a constantly itinerating missionary; for he not only preaches to the citizens, but to pilgrims who come from all parts of India to worship at its shrines. These pilgrims stay sometimes a fortnight or longer, hear the Gospel frequently during their stay, and, when they leave, take something of it with them to their homes. Instances of this are not wanting.

Thus, in 1853, I itinerated as far as Rotasghur, which is about 120 miles in the jungle south-west of Benares. It is an out-of-the-way place, and, when I arrived there, I believed that I should have been the first to make known the Gospel to that people. In the evening, whilst Mrs. L—— and some friends who accompanied us took a walk to inspect the old ruins, I went to the village, and soon had a crowd of people around me. When I had ceased speaking, a man stepped forward, asked me how I was and when I arrived. I replied, "Do you know me?" "Yes!" was the answer, "I have seen and heard you at Kashi. I went thither on pilgrimage, and stayed there three weeks, and there I heard you and Smith Sahib and Kennedy Sahib preach the Gospel." "Did you?" I said; "and if you heard us, as you say, almost daily for three weeks, do you still recollect anything of what you heard? Did you take anything away with you?" "Yes," he replied, "I did; I learnt there the difference between your incarnation and our incarnations; our incarnations all came to destroy sinners, but Jesus Christ came into the world to save

sinner." This remark gave me a fresh text to urge upon my hearers to receive that Saviour who came to save sinners.

Proceeding from thence to Dehreeghat, we went to see the causeway which was being constructed across the Soane river. Whilst I was looking at the work, a labourer came up to me, and asked whether our new church was finished. He said he had been in Benares on pilgrimage—had heard us preach, and, being a carpenter, our church had particularly attracted his attention. "And what did you think of our church?" I asked. He replied, "It is a beautiful and large building. I went inside, and, seeing no image and no god there, I asked about them. Your man told me that you worshipped no images, but worshipped only the true God, because God had forbidden the worship of idols. I have since thought much about this." "You were told the truth," I said; "God has forbidden men to worship idols. He is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth," &c. &c.

This carpenter had not made his pilgrimage to Benares in vain; he had been led to think about the difference of worshipping idols and of worshipping the true God.

On leaving Dehreeghat, we next went to Jehannabad. In the evening I visited the town. When I got there, a seat was at once offered me, and I was addressed as a Kashiwala, or resident of Benares. There were several pundits and other persons present, some of whom had been to Benares on pilgrimage, and knew me. In the course of conversation, they expressed their ideas of what they had heard at Benares, and asserted that we must be mistaken in some of our opinions. "In

which?" I asked. They replied, "We heard you and others say that there is but one way to heaven, whereas there are many ways by which we may go to Kashi; and you state that there is but one Saviour, whereas we have ten incarnations; in fact, you seem to think that no one can be saved except he believes in Jesus Christ."

"You have understood us correctly," I rejoined; "but, let me tell you, it is not we who say these things, it is God. In what you say about ways and incarnations you are partly right and partly wrong. I grant that there are many ways by which you may reach Benares, yet there is but one way by which you can reach heaven, and that way is Jesus Christ; you have ten incarnations, as you say, but why did they come? It was to destroy sinners; there is but one true Incarnation who came to save sinners, and that one is Jesus Christ. And seeing that you and I are sinners, what would be our lot if we depended upon your incarnations? Why, we should all be destroyed as the Khshatries (warrior caste) were by Parasurama; whereas, if we trust and believe in Jesus Christ, we shall be saved." I then endeavoured to impress upon them this great truth, that God will not save us in the way in which *we* may think He ought to do it, but in the way which He Himself has appointed for our salvation.

These men had also taken away with them some truth from Benares; and who can say what fruit, finally, the good seed sown in their hearts and minds may produce?

In 1855 I went on a mission-tour to Jubbulpore. In the midst of the jungle, some 180 miles or more from Benares, we heard there of a famous temple.

One morning, after having declared to the people the message of Jesus Christ, M——, my native fellow-labourer, and myself determined to see this temple. On the way thither we met Mrs. L——, who had been to visit some women and a pundit's wife, and asked her to accompany us. As we entered the portals of the temple, an old fakir jumped up from his seat, and, looking at me, exclaimed, "Oh, you troubler of the whole world! are you come hither also? I do not say that God is in me, nor do I worship these stones,"—pointing to some marble idols belonging to the temple which were by the side of a large tank. I asked him, "Do you know me?" "Know you?" he replied; "yes, I do know you. I was on pilgrimage in Benares, and lived at Aswasamed (or Dasasamed as we call it), where you have a chapel. I have seen and heard you, and Fuchs Sahib and Smith Sahib."

This man had heard and learnt, in a short time, more than the wisest Hindu knows; he had learnt that he himself was not God, that his idols were not gods, and that they could not save mankind.

But not only do numbers come from various parts of India and hear the Gospel at Benares, but missionaries who have resided for some time in Benares, on visiting distant parts of India, are listened to with great respect by the Hindus, and are looked upon with veneration. I was very much amused when, in 1865, Mrs. L—— and myself went on a tour to Southern India. Our bandy-driver (*i.e.*, oxen-cart driver) was not a little proud of having the honour conferred upon him of conveying us in his cart. Whenever the people asked him whom he had in his bandy or cart, he, with uplifted arm and an additional switch on the poor oxen, loudly

proclaimed that he was carrying a lady and a gentleman from Kashi. The people then remained standing by the roadside, endeavouring to obtain a glance of such renowned persons, and some of them no doubt wondered that, although we came from such a holy place, we had no halo of light around us, but looked uncommonly like other *Sahib Log* (Europeans).

At Nagercoil, one of the most southern mission-stations belonging to the London Missionary Society, I visited an evening school with the Rev. J. Duthie. He held one almost every evening in the week, which was attended by some fifty to sixty young men of the weaver caste. They learn to read, write, and cipher, and are instructed in the Bible. The report had spread that a Sahib from Kashi was coming to visit them, in consequence of which nearly the whole village were assembled to meet us. I addressed the people, and told them many things relating to Benares, Mr. Duthie interpreting. When I had finished I encouraged them to ask questions; they asked many. There was one particular point which they particularly wished to have cleared up. They told me that some pilgrims had come from Kashi, and had related some wonderful stories, one of which they said they could not believe unless I confirmed it, for it was too wonderful. It was this: they had heard from the pilgrims that there were *sars* (sacred bulls) in Benares made of stone, which, if grass or straw were placed before them, would instantly devour it. I granted that this was a wonderful story, but stated that, although I had been upwards of thirty years at Benares, I had never witnessed that wonderful feat. "It is true," I continued, "there are plenty of stone bulls in Benares, but it is

equally true that these never eat grass ; I cannot, therefore, confirm the pilgrims' story." However, I could tell them, I added, a story of the peculiar properties said to reside in Ganges water. I had been assured, I related, by another pilgrim that a traveller took two vessels of Ganges water from Benares, that he travelled 400 miles, sold a great deal of the water on the way, and yet, when he reached his native place, both vessels were full ! On hearing this, some of the people looked surprised, others burst out laughing, saying that they could easily comprehend this wonderful quality in the Ganges water, seeing there were plenty of wells on the road from which the vessels could be replenished.

But, whether Benares be a barren or a fruitful field—whether it be an important or unimportant mission-field—here I have been stationed, and here I will labour until I am called away. There was a time in my life when for a short time I wished that my lot had been cast elsewhere. I had been reading of the success in the Krishnagur and Tinnevely Missions, and had also heard a great deal of the glorious work among the Karens, and I compared that work with ours. We, too, had laboured—and laboured hard—but with comparatively little success. I felt depressed. It was one Sunday afternoon. As I walked up and down my study, thinking how delightful it would have been if the Lord had appointed me to labour at one of those places, where their labours had been crowned with such success, instead of at Benares, I put my hand on a small book, and took it from the bookcase without any special object in view. I opened the book, and my eye fell on the following anecdote :—



"An English clergyman went over to America on a visit. During the evening, when a number of ministers had been invited to meet him, the conversation turned upon the hard labour and the little success they had in their work. One of those present lamented his want of success, and thought that he had laboured in vain, and spent his strength for nought, and that, therefore, it would be better if he were sent to cultivate another field, or that he might be called to be with the Lord and be at rest. The experience of others coincided with his, and many similar sentiments were expressed by them. The English clergyman alone was silent; his hair had been bleached by many a summer. He stood on the verge of eternity, calm, serene, and grave. Observing that he did not join in the conversation, his host addressed him, saying, 'What do you think, brother, respecting our work? Do you not agree with the sentiments which have been expressed?' This aged servant of Christ replied, 'No, I do not.' Every eye was turned towards him for an explanation, but he remained silent. His host therefore said, 'Please explain yourself.' He replied, 'My explanation would not please you.' 'Nevertheless let us hear it,' was the reply. 'Well,' he said, 'I will tell you. Suppose I were a farmer, and had a plough-boy whom I ordered to plough a certain field. The boy went, but about mid-day he returned, saying, "O master! the field you ordered me to plough is very hard and very barren, and the sun is so hot that I can scarcely get on. I have toiled all the morning, but have only been able to scratch a few furrows, whereas John in yonder field has nearly ploughed the whole. Please give me another field to plough, or appoint me

some work at home." If he spoke thus to me, I should simply say, Go and plough the field as I ordered you. Do you think I do not know the kind of field I gave you to plough, and what you can do and what you cannot do? Do the work I appointed you to do, and, when it is time, I will call you home.' "

I replaced the little book, and said, "Lord, Thou knowest Benares better than I do; I will cheerfully toil on, only be Thou with me, and let me be faithful!"

## CHAPTER II.

## CHANGES IN INDIA.

THERE are few countries in the world which have undergone greater changes within the last thirty years than Hindustan. There have been changes in the extent of the empire, changes in the surface of the country, changes in the minds of the people, changes in the government, changes in holy Kashi too, changes in the Missions as regards the number of missionaries, stations, &c. The Hindustan of 1883 differs greatly from that of 1843, when my first volume of "Recollections" was published.

1. *Changes in the extent of the British Empire.*

The British Empire in India is of greater extent now than it ever was. Since 1843 the Punjab, the kingdom of Oude, with several smaller principalities—in extent, I should say, equal to England, Scotland, and Ireland—have been annexed. Not long ago a young educated Hindu Babu told me that he wished the whole map of India were red—*i.e.*, the whole country were under British rule.

These annexations, however, have not been carried out in true Asiatic style; for, instead of destroying every one of the deposed princes with their families "root and branch," as a native gentleman said to me,

they and their families have been pensioned, and it would be curious to reckon the amount of money that is annually paid by Government in behalf of these pensioners.

On account of this generosity the people of India do not dislike the Government; but there was a strong feeling of disapprobation some years ago against the Secretary of State when he—in opposition to the Governor-General, the Council, and all India—threw away *lakhs* of rupees on an Indian spendthrift in the south; and I heard native gentlemen say “that, in justice to India, the Secretary of State ought to pay the money out of his own pocket.” They were right.

2. *Changes in the surface of the country.*

*Cultivation.*—The N.W. Provinces of India are far more cultivated now than they were forty years ago, yet there is still room for improvement. If India were cultivated as carefully as England is, it would be capable of supplying nearly the whole world with grain. There are still vast tracts of uncultivated land in all directions.

In my first volume I remarked that I had not seen any rice-fields round Benares. On my return to India, in 1845, a kind friend, the late Sir Donald M'Leod, convinced me of my error. He informed me that there were plenty of rice-fields in the vicinity of Benares. The fault was entirely my own, for I had frequently passed these fields without inquiring what they were. My case resembled that of many a European who returns from India without having seen any native Christians, only they go a step farther than I did; I merely stated that I had not seen any rice-fields near Benares, they state that there are no native

Christians in India. If they had inquired, they would have discovered that there were many native Christians in India, as I, on inquiry, found that there were rice-fields in the vicinity of Benares.

But, although cultivation in India has greatly increased in all directions, the prices of grain have more than doubled; and whilst some of the people cry out that the country is becoming poor, the reverse is visible; for the wealth of the rich increases, wages and the value of labour have risen; and the labouring classes, with the exception of weavers, are better off than they ever were.

Since 1853, tea has been cultivated in the hills. The plantations of Kumaon, Gurwal, and the Dehradun were the first. Since then large plantations have sprung up in various parts, especially in Assam. There are extensive coffee plantations in the south of India and in Ceylon.

Previous to my going to the hills, I thought, if the Government would sell all the waste land in the hills at reasonable prices, thousands of settlers from Europe might occupy these extensive tracts of yet uncultivated land, develop the resources—which no doubt are vast, and of every description from coal to gold—carry their riches to the plains by tramways, and, among other things, supply India and Europe with tea and coffee equal to the two articles from China and Arabia.

Moreover, while these settlements would greatly add to the prosperity of the country and the increase of the revenue, they would be a source of strength to the empire. In an emergency such as that of 1857—and as there may possibly be again—an army of some thousands of Europeans, accustomed to the climate and

the use of the rifle, might pour down from the hills, and, with God's help, greatly aid in extinguishing another mutiny.

But my sojourn at Dalhousie, a hill-station in the Punjab, in 1870, has somewhat modified my idea as to the feasibility of such settlements, for the number of European cultivators could not be so large as I formerly thought they might be; still the above-mentioned end might be obtained, because the very fact that on each estate there would be a certain number of European labourers ready for any emergency, the very fact, I say, would overawe restless natives far and wide, whilst, at the same time, the wealth of India's mountains would be developed.

*The Telegraph.*—This is another new feature in India. Its reality was not believed by the natives for some time. When the telegraph was first established, numbers of natives went to see it, and, according to their custom, handled everything. As this meddling was inconvenient, an order was issued by Dr. O'Shaughnessy, "the father of the Indian telegraph," not to admit any natives into the telegraph office without special permission. When the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh arrived in Benares, he wished to see the telegraph, and every one was willing to show it to him, but he was a native. What was to be done? A message was sent to Agra asking permission. Dr. O'Shaughnessy seems to have been at the office, and therefore a reply was returned in a few minutes granting permission, during which time the Maharajah was kept in conversation. The Maharajah was shown everything, but his attendants were convinced that the whole was a farce; they had closely watched the

wires, and had not seen a letter go nor return, nor had they heard a voice announcing the permission. The natives call the telegraph by the expressive name *bijli ki dak*, "the lightning post."

A story was told in Benares which illustrates their former incredulity respecting the telegraph, but which convinced them of its reality. A *gumashta*, or banker's agent, was pleased to abscond with no less a sum than Rs. 23,000. The theft was not discovered till two days after the culprit had left. It was therefore considered impossible to overtake him. In his distress, the banker applied to a gentleman universally respected by the natives. Mr. S—— inquired in what direction the man had gone—up country or down—and, on finding that he had gone up-country, and probably to Agra, he advised the banker to telegraph to Agra, and to have the delinquent seized as he crossed the bridge. The banker replied that that was an impossibility, as no messenger could overtake him. As to the telegraph, what could that do? He, however, expressed his willingness to pay for the message. Two hours had scarcely elapsed when a telegram arrived from Agra, stating that the *gumashta* had been apprehended, and the money found upon him, with the exception of some three hundred rupees. The banker was sent for, and the telegram translated to him, and he was asked what was to be done with the money. He exclaimed, "It is impossible! Do what you like. It is impossible! The man cannot have been apprehended!" He left Mr. S—— in anger at being, as he thought, trifled with, and would have nothing more to say in the matter. Two days later a letter arrived from his agent in Agra confirming the telegram.

The telegraph is at present extensively used by the natives, and was an unspeakable help to us at the beginning of the Mutiny. It was one of the means, under God, by which India was saved.

*Railways.*—These are another new feature in the country. They are a great convenience to the native community, and are a means of developing the resources of the country, and a great help to the Government. If we had had a railway in 1857 from Allahabad to Cawnpore, the Cawnpore tragedy would, humanly speaking, not have taken place.

When the railway first came into existence in India, some twenty-five years ago, the engine was now and then worshipped, and a few men and women are said to have lost their lives in their adoration of it. Many believed there was divine life in the engine. The description which I once heard a native give of an engine amused me very much. This man had returned from Calcutta, and was explaining to his friends and neighbours the wonderful sights he had seen. "Well," he said, "I had to go to Calcutta, and, as I had heard much about the iron road, I was anxious to know how the English had constructed it. I therefore set off for Raniganj, and pictured to myself what kind of road was necessary to enable bullocks to draw carts without slipping. On reaching Raniganj, I looked on all sides for the iron road, but could see none. On inquiry, I was directed to a very very long building, in which I saw two thin iron rods running along on the earth, and a long line of carriages, joined together by huge iron chains. How the *Sahib Log* (the Europeans) could train horses or oxen to run on those thin iron rods, laid down as far as the eye could see in a straight



line, was more than I could conceive, for I was sure my pony would never walk on them. We had to take tickets to Calcutta, and cheap enough they were for 60 *kos* (120 miles). As I was calculating how many pair of oxen would be required to draw this multitude of large carriages, I was terrified by the snorting and roaring of a dreadful monster which came along at a fearful rate, and stopped near the carriages, giving at the same time a tremendous kick, which shook all the carriages. No *rakshas* (demon) could look more terrible than this being. Well, that awful and terrible creature was backed to be harnessed, and was, after all, more docile than many a horse of ours, for it stood very quietly whilst it was fastened to the carriages by a mighty chain. We were then ordered to enter the carriages, a bell giving the sign. 'What!' said I, 'with such a monster to draw us?' 'Yes,' was the reply. I could not make up my mind, but those who, like myself, hesitated to enter the carriages, received a kick or two, so in we went. I trembled from head to foot, and gave myself up for lost; yet what could I do?—the carriage was closed. At last the bell rang a second time, a terrible shriek was heard, like the voices of a hundred elephants, and off we started. No sooner had we gone a little way than the anger of the creature that drew us subsided, and it went on dragging us as if we were nothing. Thus we went quietly on till we reached another station; but no sooner did we stop than the creature again became furious. This time, however, it seemed to be thirsty, for the coachman unharnessed it and took it to a high tower, where it drank I cannot tell how many buckets of water. It then received a feed of some black stuff, and, having

well eaten and drunk, it went on again—yes, on, on, on, the creature seeming never to get tired, and we reached Calcutta in no time.” The man then looked proudly around the circle of his hearers, and they for their part looked with astonishment at a man of such experience!

The railway is very extensively used by the natives, and is extremely cheap, the third class being only one pice (=  $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of a penny), the second class three pice, and the first class six pice a mile. An intermediate class between the second and third has lately been introduced, which is used by respectable natives. There are now also special compartments in the carriages for native ladies. Formerly, native ladies had to travel in the same carriages with native men. One day, as I was on my way to Allahabad, I saw two native ladies looking into several carriages, and, seeing that in which I was with several gentlemen, they at once came in, sat down in a corner, assured that no one dared to nor would insult them in the presence of English gentlemen.

The railway affords the natives great comfort in travelling, and, among other things, it teaches them punctuality. They dare not be, according to custom, half an hour behind time, for the train will not wait for any Babu, however rich and influential he may be.

There is no distinction made of caste on the railway. All castes mix together in railway carriages, and, although travelling by rail does not destroy caste, it tends to weaken it. Some time ago, when conversing with an intelligent native gentleman on the subject, he remarked, “Science and its productions are all against our religion—even railways.” I inquired, “What can

the railway have to do with your religion ? ” “ A great deal,” was the answer ; “ for, you know, we have no longer any religious creed—customs and caste keep us together. A man may believe what he likes, if he but adhere to our customs and caste. But the railway strikes at the very root of our customs and caste. Formerly, when a man went on a journey or on pilgrimage, he took his fee in his hand and went to the astrologer to ascertain from him the lucky moment when he should start. At present we send for a timetable, and we know that, when the bell rings, it is time to get into the carriage, and when the whistle sounds we know that the lucky moment has arrived for starting. When we are in the train, we become hungry and thirsty. The Englishman takes out his food and his bottle of beer ; but what can we do ? The train will not stop for us to eat and drink outside, as, according to our custom, we ought to do ; so we follow the Englishman’s example and eat inside. Again, we become thirsty. What are we to do ? Water is offered for sale outside. We have no time nor means to ascertain of what caste the man is. We give him a pice, take a *lota* (brass drinking-vessel) full of water and drink, and the best is, the Brahmins say that we may do so, and that it is according to our Shasters ; but do not ask me where it is written, for I believe it is nowhere written.” And I think so too.

Educated Babus have more than once told me that if they had not seen a telegraph or a railway, but had been told that there were persons who could communicate with each other in the twinkling of an eye, although they lived hundreds of miles apart, and that other persons were accustomed to travel at the rate

of thirty to forty miles an hour, they would either have considered the whole a fiction, or have believed those persons to be gods.

*Steamers.*—These add their quota to the general improvement. Some time ago there was a dispute in the Benares Debating Club. Some young pundits asserted that the times of Ram were superior to our own times, both in civilisation and science. One of the pundits became eloquent, and showed that Ram had gone with his army in about nine months from Aiyudya to Madras, and had overcome every obstacle, however great, on his way. "True," his opponent replied; "Ram did go to Madras amidst immense trouble and fatigue, and reached it, as you say, in nine months. Our Commissioner Sahib went the other day also to Madras; he went by Calcutta, and from thence by steamer to Madras, which he reached in three days in great comfort." "What!" shouted the pundit, "do you mean to say that our Commissioner is greater than Ram?" "I do not compare the men," the other dryly replied, "but the times—its civilisation and science."

## CHAPTER III.

## CHANGES IN THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE MOHAMMEDANS.—In one respect the Mohammedans are not changed. They are, as a whole, of the same mind as heretofore, and I fear they will remain so, unless they be converted to Christianity. Were it in their power, they would gladly exterminate us from India; nor need we wonder at this. The Mohammedans would now be the rulers of India if we had not wrested the empire from them; and the Crescent might have been in some measure the light of the land, if the Sun of Righteousness had not risen upon Hindustan. The Mohammedans want to regain possession of their empire, and to cast Christianity out of the country, *and nothing short of this will satisfy them.*

Shortly before I left Benares, two learned Maulvis visited me. We spoke of the Wahabees and their discontent, when one of the Maulvis said, "Let the Government grant them and us one boon, and we shall all be satisfied." "And what is that boon?" I asked. "It is," the reply was, "that the Government pack up their things, return to Europe, and give us back our empire!" "No," replied another, "first let them teach us how to rule, and then let them go."

But, although the mind and the religion of the

Mohammedans are the same, still a change has taken place in their ideas of things, and in the mode of defending their religion. The Indian Mutiny, among other things, has taught them that the English in India, and Christianity, are not so easily exterminated as they at one time believed they might be, and the way in which the Gospel has been brought before them by its internal and external evidences has convinced them that they must adopt a different mode of defending the Koran to that which they pursued in former years.

The chief evidence which the Mohammedans formerly adduced in proof of the truth of the Koran and the mission of Mohammed, was that which he himself made use of, namely, the elegance and beauty of the language of the Koran ; but missionaries have shown the Mohammedans that very bad things may be said in very beautiful and elegant language. Mohammedans have since more or less abandoned that argument, and now maintain that the credentials of Mohammed's mission are his miracles and prophecies; they have from the beginning felt that without outward credentials, *i.e.*, miracles and prophecies, no man can successfully aspire to the honour of a prophet. Unfortunately, however, for them, Mohammed distinctly states in the Koran *that he did not perform miracles*, assigning as the reason why God did not give him the power to perform miracles, that the ancients had seen the miracles of Moses and Jesus, and yet had not believed in them. Still, in the face of Mohammed's denial, his followers assert that he *did* perform miracles. These miracles were first related about two hundred years after Mohammed's death.

As, perhaps, some of my readers may wish to know what kind of miracles Mohammed is said to have per-

formed, I will copy a few as related by his followers. They are generally imitations of those performed by our Lord. But what a difference there is between the two ! Those of Christ are sublime, grand, divine ; Mohammed's are childish, silly, absurd. How thankful we ought to be for the account of our Lord's miracles in the inspired volume !

*Feeding ten thousand men.*—One day the army was in trouble ; they had no food. One came to His Majesty (Mohammed), with a plate of food, saying, "This is all we have for 10,000 men." His Majesty spat into the plate of food, and said, "Now place this food before the people." It was done, and the 10,000 men had enough and to spare.

*Voices.*—It is related that Harist demanded a miracle from Mohammed, and pointing to a great tree with deep roots, said, "Bid this tree come to thee, and if it come, then I shall know that thou art God's prophet." Mohammed stretched out his blessed hands, and made a sign to the tree. The tree immediately began to move, and, tearing up its roots like a mighty river, came to His Majesty, stood still, and said, "Here am I come to thee, O prophet ; what is thy command ?" His Majesty said, "I have ordered thee to come and bear testimony to the unity of God and to my divine mission." The tree then said, with a loud voice, "I bear testimony that God is one, and that there is none like Him, and I bear testimony that thou, O Mohammed, art His servant. He has sent thee in truth."

*Raising the dead.*—It is related that one day as Mohammed and Ali went through the streets of Mecca Abulahah followed them, throwing stones at Mohammed, and wounded his foot so severely that blood flowed

from the foot of His Majesty. Abulahab called out, "O people of Koreish, that man is a sorcerer and a liar, throw stones at him, and keep aloof from him and his sorcery." A mob collected, and threw stones at them, and then drove them out of Mecca. But no sooner were they out of the town than, lo ! stones came rolling down from the mountains towards His Majesty. The infidels rejoiced at this, saying, "Now these stones will destroy Mohammed and Ali, and we shall be relieved of their wickedness." But when the stones came near His Highness, they began to speak by the power of God, saying, "Peace be with thee, O Mohammed, son of Abdullah, and peace be to thee, O Ali, son of Abutalab." When the unbelievers saw this wonderful event, they laughed, and ten of them, who were worse than the others, said, "These words did not proceed from the stones, but from some persons whom Mohammed has hid in the ditches on purpose to deceive us." Upon this ten of the stones destroyed the ten men. When they had laid the dead bodies on biers, the biers called out, "Mohammed has spoken the truth, but you have spoken lies ;" and then the biers began to shake, and shook off their bodies to the ground, saying, "We will not carry the enemies of God." The infidel, Abujahal, said, "All this is nothing but Mohammed's sorcery. If he speak the truth, let him restore these dead bodies to life." Mohammed said to Ali, "I will pray for six, pray thou for four of them ;" and, whilst they prayed, all of them were quickened and rose up.

*Raising to life a roasted and half-eaten fowl.*—Abujahal gave Mohammed a great deal of trouble. One day he requested Mohammed to tell him what he,



Abujahal, had eaten and done at his house. Mohammed replied that he had eaten half a fowl, and kept the other half for his next meal, and that he had borrowed a certain sum of money, and put it into bags with his own and hidden it. Abujahal denied all this, saying that he had neither eaten of a fowl, nor hidden the money, but that thieves had stolen it. Mohammed said, "O Gabriel, bring the remainder of the fowl of which he has eaten!" Immediately the fowl was produced. Mohammed said, "O Abujahal, do you know this fowl?" He replied, "No! I have not eaten of it, and there are many half-eaten fowls in the world." Upon this, His Majesty cried, "O fowl, Abujahal will make me a liar, therefore bear witness to the truth." Immediately the fowl, by the command of God, began to speak, saying, "I testify, O Mohammed, that thou art the prophet of God, and the best of creatures; and, I testify, O Abujahal, that thou art an enemy of God, and hast eaten of me." His Majesty then put forth his blessed hands on that side of the fowl of which Abujahal had eaten, and the flesh grew again, and its parts were restored as before. After this His Majesty said, "O Gabriel, bring the money which the infidel has hidden in his house." Instantly the bags of money appeared, and were placed before Mohammed. He took the money, and gave it to the persons from whom Abujahal had borrowed it. When only the bag with Abujahal's money was left, Mohammed said to him, "Believe, and you may take your own." He replied "I will not believe, but I will take my own." But when he stretched out his hand to take the money, His Majesty called out to the roasted fowl, "Do not allow Abujahal to take the bag." Accordingly the

roasted fowl, by the power of God, jumped up, and seizing Abujahal with its claws, carried him up into the air, and put him down on the roof of his house, and His Majesty distributed the money among the poor.

*Splitting the moon.*—Another miracle, which the Mohammedans quote, is that of Mohammed splitting the moon. Some years ago I went with Mr. Menge, at Lucknow, to meet a number of maulvis (learned Mohammedans). The chief speaker mentioned this miracle. When I took up the argument, a munshi sitting near me whispered, "Ask the maulvi whether this miracle has taken place, or will take place at the day of judgment." I did so, and it was agreed by those present that it is yet to take place.

That such miracles should be believed by intelligent and learned Mohammedans, and that they should be considered proofs of Mohammed's divine mission, is more than one can conceive, and it requires the utmost stretch of credulity to accept, that men adducing such miracles as proofs can be sincere.

There are other miracles, such as that gravel in Mohammed's hand began to sing; that animals addressed him; that the moon leaped from the firmament, addressed Mohammed, entered into his right sleeve, and departed from the left, and having separated into two parts, went up to the heavens again; but I must add that I myself never heard any Mohammedan make use of *these* miracles in argument, and those related above are only appealed to when it answers their purpose. When it does not suit their purpose they quietly say, "I do not acknowledge this tradition."

I imagined at one time that the (Soonies) Sunies

alone believed the traditions, but, in arguing with Shiites, I have found that, though they reject most of the traditions, they yet believe or pretend to believe some. The *Sunies*—from *sunî* (*soonee*), lawful—are the orthodox Mohammedans, who revere equally the four successors of Mohammed, and believe the *Sunat*, *i.e.*, the traditions of Mohammed, his ordinances, rites, including such traditions as are not of divine origin. The *Shias*, or Shiites, acknowledge only one successor of Mohammed, Ali, and reject most of the traditions; they are called Sectarians. The Turks, I am told, are Sunies, and the Persians Shias. Both classes are found in India.

As regards prophecies, the Koran contains but one, which is, that the Romans and the Greeks will make war with each other, and that the Romans will beat the Greeks, and the Greeks the Romans—a safe prophecy, and one which needs no comment.

A second prophecy is contained in the Traditions, founded on a passage in the Koran. It is said that, before the judgment day, Christianity will become universal, and all men, Mohammedans included, will become Christians; Christ will then come again, and appear among His people. After this Christ Himself will become a Mohammedan, and all His people will embrace Islam.

I have never seen this tradition in writing or in print; but when we argue with Mohammedans, and show them that in the present day there is not a single strong Mohammedan power in the world, and that even the Turkish Empire depends entirely for its existence on some of the European Powers, and that their religion is declining everywhere, then they bring forward

this prophecy to show that they are prepared for this decline, but that finally Mohammedanism will triumph.

A change has likewise taken place in *the way* in which they meet us in the bazaar. Finding that our preaching tells on their people, and that their religious edifice is in danger of being thrown down by the preaching of the Gospel, they have appointed preachers of their own in the bazaar. There are such men in Benares, Allahabad, and other places. In Allahabad and Benares these men have their preaching places near ours, and usually preach at the same time that we do, but will never continue their preaching when any of us go to hear them.

Another mode of meeting us is to attack Christianity. For this purpose they use a text-book, the *Ijazi Iswi*. It was composed by Maulvi Rahmatullah and Dr. Wazeer Khan, with the help, it is said, of some Europeans. It consists of a selection of facts and passages taken from the Old and New Testament. Strange to say, this work is seldom used as a weapon against us in Benares. One day, Bhairo Pershad, my munshi, a man who was well acquainted with the Bible, met a number of Mohammedans who were reading the *Ijazi Iswi*, and were in great glee about it. "Now," one of them shouted out, "now we can meet the *Padries* (missionaries) on their own ground." "Take care," the munshi replied, "what you do; never use such arguments before the Sigra people," meaning us, "as you have read just now, for they are of such a nature that I, a Hindu, can refute them." He then took up several passages, and showed from the New Testament that they were incorrectly quoted.

Their favourite mode of attacking us, however, is to

attack us on the Trinity. It has been so from the beginning. The Mohammedans shout out, "The Christians say that there are three Gods, and yet one God." It is of no use for us to say that we do not state that there are three Gods; they keep to their assertion. Formerly we endeavoured to meet their argument by illustrating the Trinity through similes. I myself have used the simile of the triangle, showing that three can be one. We also used various other similes; but we have given up this mode of proceeding. One day a Benares missionary used the simile of the triangle; he said, "Look here, there are one, two, three; yet these three are one." An old Mohammedan, who was standing by, seemed much edified by the simile, and, stroking his beard several time, he exclaimed, "A beautiful simile! This explains the Trinity. There are three corners, yet there are not three, but one." Then he added, with a smile, "I think, though, the Roman Catholics are nearer the truth; they paint a square, putting Father, Son, and Holy Ghost into three corners, and the Virgin Mary into the fourth."

At present, if I am attacked on the doctrine of the Trinity, I simply reply, "Thus it is written, and thus it is to be believed; and who is he that will contradict God's Word?" The answer usually is, "Reason and the Prophet."

"Reason, you say? Why? Are there not many things in nature around and before us which we cannot comprehend, but which we know to be facts, and therefore receive them as such? Now, if there are mysteries in nature, need we wonder if there be mysteries in the Deity? We need not! Why, can you comprehend how God can know the thoughts, the words, and

actions of every human being in the world, and take knowledge of the smallest insect as well as of responsible man? Can you grasp how God can be near to every one of us in this world, and at the same time be present in every one of the innumerable worlds which fill the immensity of space, and yet have His throne in heaven? If you can grasp these things, I cannot, though I receive them as facts. But if we cannot fully grasp one of the universally acknowledged attributes of God, how can we grasp the mode of the existence of the Infinite? Of that mode we can only know what God has revealed; and if God has revealed Himself as three in one, our duty is to receive Him as such, and, as worms of a day, to bow to the Eternal and Infinite.

"But, besides reason, you mention the Prophet; what prophet? Mohammed? Stop a little: you must first prove that Mohammed is a prophet and that the Koran is the Word of God." Upon these points we keep them down.

The Mohammedans are usually startled if we tell them that we ourselves cannot comprehend the Trinity, like many things of this world. I have often adduced the legend of St. Augustine, and invariably with good effect. The legend is as follows:—

"One day St. Augustine was walking to and fro on the shores of the Mediterranean, musing on the Trinity. Being quite absorbed in the subject, he struck his forehead, exclaiming, 'God is one, yet there are three—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; yet there are not three, but one God. I cannot comprehend this mystery.' As he walked on, pondering this subject, he saw a little boy with an egg-shell in his hand, running to and

from the sea, fetching water, and pouring the same into a hole which he had made in the sand. Augustine, seeing this, walked up to him, and asked, 'What are you doing, my little boy?' 'Oh, sir,' the boy replied, 'I am emptying the sea into this hole which I have dug.' St. Augustine, smiling, said, 'That is impossible, my child; your labour is in vain. What! to put this great sea into this little hole? That can never be done.' 'Why not?' the child replied; 'is the sea infinite or finite?' 'It is finite.' 'And is the hole I have dug infinite or finite?' 'Finite!' 'Well, then, I endeavour to put one finite into another finite, and you call out, "In vain, impossible!" Yet what are you endeavouring to do? Please tell me, is God finite or infinite?' 'God is infinite.' 'And is your understanding finite or infinite?' 'Finite.' 'Yet if my endeavour to put one finite into another finite is in vain—a thing impossible—what will you call your endeavour to bring an infinite God within your finite understanding?' St. Augustine exclaimed, 'A very foolish action! But, child'—— The child had disappeared."

The Mohammedans are no longer so opposed to English education as they were in former years. Some have even visited England, and no doubt many of them are good officers in our Indian courts.

## CHAPTER IV.

*CHANGES AMONG THE HINDUS.*

THE changes that have taken place in the N.W. Provinces of India, among the Hindus, have chiefly taken place among the educated classes, and among those who live in large towns and have come in contact with Europeans. The views of the masses in the country—their rites, customs, idolatry, and mode of life, to the very plough they use—are just the same as they were centuries ago; for there are thousands of Hindus who have never heard of nor ever seen a missionary, nor ever heard a word of God's truth, and I myself have travelled through regions teeming with population who had never heard the sound of the Gospel.

But though the mind of the educated Hindu has changed, their outward institutions, their books, idols, customs, and caste are unchanged.

The Brahmins continue to adhere to their four Vedas, and call them eternal, although they know well that these books contain the names of men who lived in time, and allude to facts which took place among mortals. The majority of the Hindus, like many Europeans, have a very indefinite idea of the contents of the Vedas; but as these books are now translated, I hope we shall soon have them in Hindi; and many



will be surprised to find that, after all, the chief contents of these books are hymns and invocations to the so-called elements.

The Vedas, with the Smritis and Puranas, form the fundamental authority of the Hindu religion; yet, strange to say, the Shasters, or six systems of philosophy which acknowledge to have derived their views from the Vedas and other sacred books, are more studied by the pundits in Benares than the Vedas, and are considered superior to them. The learned Pundit Nehemiah Nilkant Ghose says, in his "Refutation of Hindu Philosophy" (page 2), "These dogmas, contained in the Shasters, concerning God; the world—its origin; the soul—its bondage and emancipation, and so on, are, as it were, the root and life of the Hindu religion, while the narratives and tales and ritual matters of the Vedas, Smritis, Puranas, &c., are being viewed as its branches."

These six schools of philosophy go in twos; they are the *Nyaya* by Gotama and the *Vaiseshika* by Kanada, the *Sankhya* by Kapila and *Yoga* by Pantajali, the *Mimansa* by Jaimini and the *Vedanta* by Padarayana, though the name of Byas is also mentioned as the author of the last. But Byas means author.

To enter into the subjects of these philosophies would be out of place. I would merely say that the chief end of the *Nyaya* and *Vaiseshika* seems to be to prove that there is a Deity, whilst the *Sankhya* and *Yoga* seem to acknowledge no God, and the *Mimansa* and *Vedanta* no creation.

There are two admirable books on these six schools—the one written by the Rev. N. Nilkant Ghose, the other by the Rev. Professor Banerjee, formerly of Bishop's College, Calcutta. The former states the

contents of the Philosophies, and then refutes them, and the latter makes the followers of the six schools refute each other. Both books are published in English, and should be carefully studied by every missionary. They are excellent books.

The religion of the mass of the Hindus is contained in the eighteen Puranas, which contain the present system of idolatry. These Puranas contradict each other grossly, and contain stories which are better left untranslated. I never met a pundit who had seen all the Vedas, Shasters, and eighteen Puranas together; they would require a large library for these books and the commentaries on them; the latter may be termed legion.

The text-books of the Hindus in the N.W. Provinces are the *Ramayan* and the *Mahabharat*.

The *Ramayan* relates the conquest of *Lanka*, or Ceylon, by Ram, who is represented as belonging to the Solar race, or the Descendants of the Sun. This book is publicly read by the pundits in the thoroughfares of the city of Benares, and the readers of it have always numerous hearers.

The *Mahabharat*, or "the great war," relates the fight between the Pandus and Kurus, cousins—both families belonging to the Lunar race or Descendants of the Moon.

The Pandus were five brothers, and are described as being all that is good, although not perfect, and the hundred Kurus as all that is bad. The fight was a terrible one. The five Pandus, however, gained the day, because the god Krishna was with them, and the hundred Kurus were vanquished because god was against them. But after the Pandus had gained all

that they could desire, were they satisfied? No! earthly greatness could not satisfy their immortal spirits; they therefore called out, "Excelsior!" left their comfortable but sad home because of the slaughter that had taken place in their families, and sought rest, peace, and happiness in the higher regions of the Himalayas, the abode of the gods.

This view of the story is lost on the common people. They dwell on the exploits of Krishna, Arjun, and Bhim, and others; we Europeans, too, are charged with dwelling on the outward fight only, without perceiving the deep moral lesson conveyed by those books.

All the Hindus in the upper provinces of India, both old and young, learned and unlearned, know something of the story of Ram; and we have an annual festival and play to perpetuate the event. The *Ramayan*, which contains the story, is also, as I stated before, a book which is publicly read by pundits; and they have always numerous and attentive hearers; and the more outrageous the story becomes, the more the people like it.

The people are told by the pundits that those who listen to the reading of the *Ramayan*, or the history of Ram, will obtain forgiveness of their sins, and finally salvation!

When I conversed one day with a pundit on the close of the story of the *Mahabharat*, I said, "The end of Yudishthir and party seems to have been that one after another perished in the snows of the Himalayas, just as is now the case with the faqirs, who go on purpose to the Himalayas to perish there. Theirs was a kind of suicide, arising from the same cause as that of Ram in the story of the *Ramayana*." "Ah!" he

replied, "you Europeans generally look only at the surface of a subject. You overlook the moral lesson taught in the *Mahabharat*, and therefore you do not comprehend it. See who the Pandus were—everything that was good; and consider who the Kurus were—everything that was bad. The fight, in fact, was between the good and the bad, or between virtue and vice. The wicked prevailed at the beginning, but the good in the end, because god (Krishna) was on their side. But when they had obtained all that this world could give, and found nothing in it that could satisfy them, they sought and obtained it in the abode of the gods." "Well," I replied, "but consider that Mount Sumeru, the abode of Indra, does not exist; nor are the Himalayas the abode of the gods; they are inhabited by human beings like yourself, except the snowy peaks; and behind the Himalayas there are countries like the one we are in." "If you believe so," the pundit said, "then take the whole as an allegory."

The great moral lesson taught in the *Ramayan* and the *Mahabharat* is no doubt a true one—that this world, with all its riches, pleasures, and glory, cannot satisfy an immortal spirit. Ram, Sita, Lakshman, and the Pandus, with Draupadi, needed something more; they needed Christ to make them happy; and if the Hindu gods require Christ, how much more their worshippers!

Most of the educated Hindus, though they outwardly adhere to idolatry, reject the Puranas as unworthy of God, and they state this openly; and, if the truth were known, they have, in our days, little faith in the whole of their gigantic system of idolatry.

We need not wonder at this, considering the amount of light that is spreading in Hindustan. The mind of the educated Hindu, in 1882, is certainly not what it was in 1842, much less what it was in 1832, when I arrived in India.

Various causes are combining to effect this change, and it is useless for the Hindus of the old school to attempt to interrupt the progress of enlightenment, and to arrest the march of intellect among their sons.

The Government has done much to raise the people. Besides the labour and money expended in the intellectual training of the people, they have enacted a number of useful laws to ameliorate the outward and social condition of the Hindus.

The proclamation of September 1st, 1858, which I had the pleasure of hearing read at Lucknow, says that Government servants are not to interfere with the religion and the religious rites of the people of India; but can this be carried out? No! Government cannot abstain from interfering. They have interfered, and constantly do interfere wisely and beneficially, with the customs and the religious rites of the Hindus.

*Sati*, or the burning of widows, was abolished by it long ago. *Sati* was not known in the Vedic times. It happens, though, that now and then a widow is burnt; but then those who are implicated in such transactions are severely punished. Thus, in 1854, a *Sati* took place in a village only twelve miles from Benares. I happened to visit the village soon after that event. On inquiring about the sad occurrence, I received the following information:—A rich Brahmin died, leaving his young widow in possession of his

property. Some of her relatives *who would have been her heirs*, and loved her much, wished consequently to see her soon reunited to her beloved husband in the other world; they therefore persuaded her to perform *Sati*. The funeral pile was erected, but, fearing that the young creature might fail in carrying out her laudable resolution, they had a straw mat made. The young woman ascended the funeral pile under the usual ceremonies, and, on her being seated near the body of her husband, with his head in her lap, the fire was kindled, and at the same moment the large straw mat was thrown over her and set fire to, so that escape was impossible. She was thus burnt to death with her husband's corpse.

The magistrate of Benares was soon on the spot, some thirteen or fourteen persons were apprehended, and the guilty ones received from five to fifteen years' imprisonment with hard labour. I do not think that any received capital punishment. But it is an awful thing in the sight of Brahmins, that capital punishment should be inflicted, and holy Brahmins be executed for murder, contrary to ancient customs and the positive law of Manu, and in spite of the proclamation.

*Widows* in our days may *re-marry*, which to many old Hindus is a sad fact. When the law was first promulgated a rich Babu said to me, "I hope that this law will not be made known to our wives; for, should they hear that they may re-marry after their husband's death, our lives will no longer be secure; for if a woman has a brute of a husband, and many have such, she can easily poison him, and no one will be the wiser for it. The knowledge of this law must be

kept from our wives till they are properly educated, and have had higher principles instilled into them."

Wherever it has been possible, Government has discontinued its connection with idol temples, shrines, and other religious trusts. This, however, is, in the eyes of a Hindu, a very grave fault, if not downright wickedness—for is it not the chief duty of the Government to take paternal care of the holy Brahmins? and, therefore, ought they not to take care of Hindu temples and of the incomes of the Brahmins? It is a fact that, since Government has given up the charge of the temples, the incomes of Brahmins arising from temple endowments have greatly diminished; the present Collectors of the revenues of temple lands require, I suppose I may state, at least fifty per cent. for their trouble.

Whilst, however, great changes have taken place among the educated classes, and the condition of the people throughout India has been ameliorated, the masses of the people who have never heard of Christ, and who have scarcely ever seen a European besides the Collector, remain as ignorant and superstitious as their forefathers were.

Thus, in 1854, I visited a temple in Marweri. The Rev. D. Mohun, at that time my catechist and fellow-labourer, but now pastor of the Native Church at Allahabad, accompanied me in my itinerating journeys. We heard of three eminent idols belonging to this temple, whose clothes were said to be worth ten thousand rupees. We went to the spot and met the chief priest of the temple, who had heard us the day before; he was just engaged in putting the mark or sign of his god upon his forehead, and was much

displeased with us for coming to his place, as that was holy, and our presence polluted it. He, however, soon regained his good-humour. His three idols were Krishna, Balram, and Subhadra. They were indeed elegantly dressed, and had pugries or turbans on; their clothes were undoubtedly very costly. In winter they are dressed in warm clothes, lest they should feel the cold, and in the hot season in white, and a man is constantly employed in fanning them, lest they should feel the heat too much. I praised the beautiful clothes of the idols, which pleased the old Gussain (religious monk), who said, "Yes, yes, look at them; and my gods are as powerful as they are beautiful. If you doubt the fact, make a trial. Get up to the pinnacle of this temple,"—pointing to one opposite to where I stood—"and throw yourself down. If you survive, I will believe that your God is stronger than my gods are; if not, you must acknowledge my gods to be superior to yours." I replied, "It would be difficult for me to get on the top of that temple"—pointing likewise to it, for it was a very high one; "moreover, if in jumping down I broke my neck, I should not be in a state to acknowledge the great power of your gods." "There is a much easier plan," I continued, "by which this question may be decided. Let me go into the temple and fight your gods. You see I am alone, with nothing but my stick, and they are three—three to one—and, you know, I do not pretend to be a god. If they turn me out, I will acknowledge their superiority, but if I conquer them and turn them out of the temple, then you must acknowledge the superiority of our God." He and his disciples burst into a hearty laugh, but he would



not consent to my making the trial; his disciples, of whom nine were present, said, "There would be no question as to who would obtain the victory."

On the same tour we visited the Keoti waterfall. We left Mungava early in the morning, and went across the fields in dholis (litters), I walked the greater part of the way. The country through which we passed was densely populated, and I saw masses of people beyond, for the present, the sound of the Gospel. My heart almost failed me as I went through the numerous villages. The field truly is large, but the labourers are few. We preach morning, noon, and evening, and cannot reach one man in a thousand.

We reached the waterfall in about four hours. As we drew near to it, we walked along the dry bed of a brook. The scenery was beautiful. Masses of blackened sandstone were piled to the height of some 150 to 200 feet — perhaps even more. On the right side of the brook stands a fort, or something like it; on the left a *shiwala* (a *Shiwa* temple). From this spot we distinctly heard the roar of the water, and we proceeded on. Climbing over huge masses of blackened rock, we approached the cataract, and certainly the sight richly repaid us for our trouble. The basin into which the Keoti falls is upwards of 500 feet wide; in the rains, of course, much wider. The water rushes perpendicularly some 300 to 400 feet down, and, before it reaches the bottom, becomes white spray. The water in the basin below appears to be a beautiful green, and the cataract is thereby rendered more picturesque. Standing on the brink of the basin, with the clear blue sky above, and below the white clear stream, rushing fearlessly into its own

element, and assuming an emerald colour as it reaches the lower waters, one feels an inclination to rush after the stream. How great is God! How glorious are His works! Yet what are the objects of adoration here—who is the god worshipped? A number of grey and blackish pebbles, collected into a heap! And thus man, with all this grandeur before him, with immense boulders piled up in gigantic masses, collects a contemptible heap of pebbles from the bed of the river, and says to them, “Thou art my God!”

Still deeper did I feel the degrading superstition of man in the vicinity of the Nerbudda marble rocks, near Jubbulpore. We went one day to see them. A boat had been prepared for us by Mr. Rebsch, then missionary at Jubbulpore, and we embarked on the Nerbudda, steering between the masses of white marble. The boatmen took us into a reach of the river, where neither the ingress nor the egress of the river could be seen from the boat, and which thus formed a natural temple of God. There we sat; above us the blue vault of the sky, around us the sides of the temple, apparently from 80 to 100 feet high, and composed of white marble; below—the green floor. We felt awed, and simultaneously burst out singing, “From all that dwell below the skies!” How grand and majestic the whole scene was! Yet, on leaving this majestic scene, I met an old, withered, shrivelled, and grey-headed faquir worshipping—what? Those glorious, stately masses? No! Or an idol made of white marble? No! but an idol made of cow-dung!! I could scarcely trust my eyes, and asked the old man, “What becomes of your god when

it rains?" "It melts away," was the answer. "And what do you do then?" "I make another."

Not far from him we met another devotee seated on iron spikes. I had seen many devotees practising self-torture, but never saw one before sitting on spikes. He sat on a kind of table about a foot and a half high, four feet long, and three feet wide. The spikes around where he sat were about four inches in height, far apart, and very sharp; but, wishing to know how the spikes were under him, I ordered the man to get off his seat. He obeyed, and I found that the spikes under him were very close together, and very blunt; so that, considering the quantity of clothes he sat upon, it did not appear to me that the hardship of sitting on those spikes was very great.

I asked the man why he had chosen to sit on spikes. His reply was the usual one, viz., "To please God." I spoke to him of the love of God, and that He did not at all require such practices, and then pointed out to him salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ.



PURUM SOATUNTRE, A HINDU FAQIR OF BENARES.



## CHAPTER V.

*MORALS OF THE PEOPLE.*

As regards the morals of the people, I cannot say that, during the last thirty years, a change for the better has taken place. Young Bengal likes Champagne and Castilian. The orthodox Hindu and Mohammedan are the same as in former years. The Bramha Samajh aims at reformation, not conversion. Education will refine men, but cannot change their hearts—that remains as described by Jeremiah xvii. 9. The occurrences of the years 1857, 1858, will free the missionary in future from the charge “of endeavouring to blacken the character of the gentle Hindu and the faithful Mohammedan.” The grace of God alone can change the heart, and sound Christian education can alone truly elevate the Native character; but those who are beyond the reach of Christian influence, and have to rely on their own religion, remain as far from God and the truth as ever. Their real morals are still those described in Romans i.

To tell an untruth is nothing in the eyes of the millions; moreover, it is proper to do so if thereby a cow can be saved, a Brahmin benefited, or the man himself derive advantage from it. The creed of the Mohammedan is no better. It is said in the *Ayin ul Hayat*, “It is unlawful to speak the truth where it

might be injurious to a believer, and endanger his life ; and it is obligatory to tell a lie, when a believer can be saved by it from death. And it is also lawful to tell a lie before a revenue officer, an oppressor, or a judge, if by telling the truth a believer would be deprived of his property." Capital rules for evading the income-tax !

There is a tradition of Mohammed which states, "That there are three cases in which it is good and right to tell a lie, viz., in deception practised in war ; in the promise made to a wife ; and in peace-making among men ;" and Hindus and Mohammedans act up to these maxims.

With such permissions, need we wonder that it is most difficult and almost impossible to administer justice in India ? We need not ! Injustice is frequently done by us, not intentionally, still it is done ; for a Native, though in the right, cannot give a statement of his own case without some additions. The sufferers from our courts scarcely ever blame the European official, but they do blame their own people, and they have cause to do so. And such is the universal feeling of the country people, that, if votes were taken by ballot, whether, under present circumstances, Natives should be admitted into the Civil Service, the votes would be a thousand to one against the measure. They say, " We can give a *nazr* (a gift) to a Tahsildar (Native Collector), Kotwal (Police Superintendent), and such men, but who could afford to give a *nazr* to a magistrate or a judge !"

That bribes are taken to a large extent there can be no question ; but that there are many native officials who are honourable exceptions is equally true.

Speaking one day with a lawyer on this subject, my native friend said, "Money will be taken by all of us, whatever our incomes may be, but we scorn bribes; gifts we take, and the Government will never be able to break it off. *Nazrs* are taken by high and low, and some of the lower classes make money where none of us can. I have been told of a man in Benares, though only a *Peon*, who made large sums of money. This being one day reported to the magistrate, he said, 'Well, I will give him some work where he shall be unable to make money;' and, calling the man, he said, 'I appoint you from this day to spend half the day in counting the rats that are in Benares, and the other half in counting the waves of the Ganges as they roll towards its banks.' The Peon made a profound *salâm*, and walked away. When gone, the magistrate said, 'Now let him go and take bribes from the rats and waves !

"A few days after, the magistrate inquired how the bribe-taker fared, whether the rats and waves paid him. The reply was, 'He never has made so much money as he does now.' 'How so?' was the question. The answer was, 'The man has employed some fifty followers with pickaxes, and goes to the houses of the rich Babus, asking how many rats there are under their houses, and as they are unable to answer his questions, he begins to dig at the foundation of their houses to ascertain for himself. A handsome present only makes him desist.

"In the afternoon he takes his station at *Trilo-changhât*, the chief landing-place for the grain market, to count the waves, and he allows no boat to come near the land, lest it should disturb him in counting



the waves. If, however, a boat is preceded by a liberal present, the boat may be moored, and he manages somehow to count the waves.' The magistrate, hearing this, smiled and said, 'If such be the case, we must dismiss the fellow.'"

I do not think the story is true, but it shows what the natives think on this subject.

Whenever the natives complain of any injustice done to them, I never check their ebullitions, but always point out to them the necessity of their becoming Christians in order to become truthful and honest. But, with all these enormous difficulties, I must say, from what I have seen since my last return, that India is as well governed as Great Britain, or as any other country in Europe.

## CHAPTER VI.

## CHANGES IN THE GOVERNMENT.

WHEN I wrote the first volume of my *Recollections*, we were under "the good old rule of *John Company Bahadur*." As the Company could not prevent the Mutiny, we came, at the close of 1858, under the rule of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. The natives of India had curious notions of the Company. Some considered *Company Bahadur* to be an old lady, others something else, but all looked upon the East India Company in the light of a contractor on the *Zamindari* system, who paid a certain sum to her Majesty, and endeavoured to get for themselves as much out of the country as possible. When, therefore, the Queen assumed the government of the country, there was universal joy, especially in country districts. I speak only of the common people. They expected that taxation would be at an end, and the assessments of the land would be greatly reduced. But, behold, to the astonishment of the people, this was not the case. The tax on the land remained, an income-tax was imposed, and several local taxes were levied. A new police was introduced, and the country was taxed for it. Not long ago a Babu asked me how it was that the Company could govern India without imposing such heavy taxes, and the Queen's people could not, and

whether, therefore, it would not be much better if her Majesty would reinstate Company Bahadur. "Well," I replied, "Babu, you had better petition her Majesty to do so; but what tax do you especially dislike—the local taxes in Benares you have imposed yourselves?" "Not those," he replied, "but the income-tax; it is an iniquitous tax." "Why, Babu, what makes you think so?" "Why, I have to pay Government so and so much." "True," I replied, "but does not Government protect you and your property?" "Yes, they do, and it is the duty of Government to do so." "No doubt it is their duty; but say you are a wealthy banker, how much have you, previous to this tax, paid to Government for protecting you?" "Under the Company I paid nothing." "Nothing!" I exclaimed; "and who, then, paid the Company?" "They were paid from the land." "That is," I added, "by the poor *Ryots*, and yet if a *lota* (a brass drinking-vessel) of yours were stolen, or you could not get your money out of the poor, you expected the Government official to put aside the cases of the *Ryots*, *who paid them*, and to look after your case, *who paid them nothing*, and it was frequently done. Now do you think that *is just*, that the poor should be taxed and not the rich also? Say, Babu, by what other tax could the Government make you pay anything towards the maintenance of the State? By what means can the rich merchants be made to help in bearing the burden of the annual expenses?" "True," the Babu replied; "I never thought of that; but, you see, we do not like the income-tax." "I quite believe you," I answered, "but pray what tax would you like?" He smiled and said, "Why, none!"

Many Europeans and natives cry out that the taxes are heavy, everything so dear, and that the country is becoming impoverished. It is true, everything is double the price of what it formerly was; but it is equally true that the rich live in greater luxury than they ever did, that they use carriages instead of *ekkas* (a pony-gig without springs), and that the poor live in better houses than formerly, use brass and copper vessels instead of earthen pots, and many have silver ornaments instead of their old ones, which were made of *lac*, brass, or iron. Whatever may be said to the contrary, India flourishes more than ever, and I trust it will continue to prosper.

Among the changes in India, I must not forget holy Káshi, for that has also undergone changes in position and glory, though I sincerely trust the latter glory will exceed its former.

Káshi is no longer the centre of the earth! If Copernicus tore the earth from the centre of the universe, and made it hang on nothing (Job xxvi. 7), and sent it spinning round the sun, education has effected an equally wonderful change in the situation of Benares. Like a mighty giant, it has seized old naked Shiwá by the shoulder, shaken Káshi off his trident, removed it thereby from the centre of the earth, and placed it in N. Lat.  $25^{\circ} 35'$  and E. Long.  $83^{\circ} 5'$ , and old and young Hindus acknowledge the fact.

There is also another change in the position of Benares, not so great as the former, but telling more on the city. It was formerly a principal station on the high road from Calcutta to Delhi, but, by the railroad passing six miles to the south of Benares, it reduced the city to a second-rate position. Now we

have a branch line to Lucknow, and the city increases in buildings, but not in riches ; nor will it ever regain its former rank unless a bridge be built at Benares across the Ganges, and the railroad be connected with the new Jounpore line across the country.

As a change has taken place in the rank of Benares, so a change has taken place in its glory. The holy Brahmin is no longer revered as he formerly was. The two powerful agents—the Gospel and education—have impressed on the minds of the people that these demi-gods, the Brahmins, are, after all, mortals like other men ; and, although they assume to have power over God and man, like some other priests in our days, in searching for the proofs of that power, and weighing these proofs, they are, like Belshazzar, found wanting. With the departure of their glory, the numerous gifts they formerly received are decreasing.

Another change in the glory of Káshi, at least in the eyes of the old orthodox Hindu, is the partial disappearance of the Brahminical bulls, called *Sars* or *Mahadeos*. Formerly we could not stir in the city without having our progress impeded by these sacred animals. There were hundreds in the city and in the adjoining villages. The injury they did the *Ryots* was sometimes ruinous. They were held in high esteem, and we missionaries were once highly honoured in having our names joined with the sacred bulls in a petition to Government. As the people were dissatisfied with certain measures taken by the magistrate, a kind of insurrection took place in the city, and a petition was drawn up and sent in to Government enumerating their grievances. One of these was that the magistrate had sent the sacred bulls across the Ganges into the jungle,

where they had indeed plenty of grass, but also met with plenty of tigers. This petition then uttered this great prayer:—"That the sacred bulls should be recalled, and the missionaries sent away;" but, alas! the magistrate would not listen to the first request, nor comply with the other; moreover, the dignity of the *sars* was farther lowered during the Mutiny by some of them being used in carrying off the sweepings of the city. What would the Hindus have said forty years ago on seeing a Mahadeo, a god, employed in carrying off the refuse of the city? Yet I never heard a Hindu say a single word against it; and why should not Mahadeo help in keeping the city clean, seeing that he has his chief seat there?

One of the changes in Benares I regret, which is the decay of the *ghats*, or those fine flights of stone steps leading from the river to the city.

One of the finest and largest ghats has nearly disappeared. When it was being built, the owner wished it to be very strong and lasting, and therefore he ordered his steward to see its foundation laid sixteen feet below the bed of the river. On its being commenced, the master mason suggested that the foundation should be only ten feet deep, as at that depth it would rest on a very strong layer of clay, whereas at a depth of sixteen feet they would come on a layer of sand eight feet deep, and unless the foundation be laid twenty-four feet deep the ghat would soon disappear. The steward replied, "My instructions are, foundation sixteen feet deep;" and it was laid sixteen feet deep, and the prediction of the master mason fulfilled.

This ghat suggests a good subject for a sermon. The hope of the thousands of Kāshi's inhabitants is like that

ghat whose foundation is laid in sand (Matt. vii. 17). Many know it and yet remain unconcerned. When gliding down the river the other day with a number of friends who wished to see the city, and observing the decay that was going on everywhere along its banks—when I had also before my mind's eye the many old acquaintances that had passed away, some of them on the threshold of the Church of Christ, without, alas! having entered in—and when I reflected, too, that my time *must* be near at hand to follow them, I could not help repeating to myself those beautiful words of that well-known hymn, “Abide with me:”—

“Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories fade away;  
Change and decay in all around I see,  
O Thou that changest not, abide with me!”

He will abide with us, and enable us, amidst all these changes, to carry on His work.

## CHAPTER VII.

## CHANGES IN THE MISSIONS.

WHILST the truths proclaimed by the missionaries in India are the same as those proclaimed forty years ago, in the outward state of the Missions, as regards the number of missionaries, stations, Societies in the work, native Christians and pastors, there has been a great change. I have often wished I had some statistics for tracing them, but I have none; and as my whole book consists of recollections, with the exception of a few paragraphs, let the account of the changes in the Missions also rest upon recollections.

On my arrival in India, in 1832, there were but *three C.M.S. European missionaries* in the North of India. In speaking of the missionaries, I do not speak of those in the south, or in Calcutta, but only of those in the N. W. Provinces. There were at that time two in Benares, and one at Gorakhpore; besides these there were three East Indians—one at Benares, one at Chunar, and one at Delhi. Each had a catechist and reader, as helpers in the work.

The stations occupied were Benares, Gorakhpore, Chunar, Agra, and Delhi, by three Societies—the Church Missionary, the London, and the Baptist Societies.

At present there are ten times the number of



missionaries employed, and even more; ten times the number of stations; and there are now more Societies at work in the N.W. Provinces and the Punjab than there were formerly missionaries labouring in this field; for we have now the C.M.S., the S.P.G., the L.M.S., two American Societies, the Scotch, Berlin, and Baptist Societies, and two or three others. The kingdoms of Oude and the Punjab were formerly closed, but now have prosperous Missions.

In 1832 the number of native Christians was small. At Benares there were five, and I think I shall not be far wrong if I state the number at 300 as the sum total of native Christians in the N.W. Provinces. At present we have more than fifty times the number. On my arrival, I was informed in Calcutta that the number of native Christians was about 30,000 souls. At present we have, according to the Government Census taken in India in 1881, in India, Ceylon, and Burmah, 528,590 souls.

In former years our Christians were frequently called rice-Christians, as though they had become Christians in order to obtain rice or food, and the belief that native Christians were regularly maintained by the missionaries was so deeply rooted in the minds of Europeans, that, years after my arrival, a member of our Benares C.M.S. Association, and its treasurer too, asked me one day at a Committee meeting, how long we were going to maintain our native Christians. The question surprised me, and as our Annual Report was lying on the table, I gave it to him, saying, "Please point out the sums which have been *gratuitously* paid to the native Christians during the past year." He opened the Report, but found no such item. He then

said, "I thought they were paid." "Well," I continued, "from which fund, and by whom? How much have you subscribed for them during the past year?" He replied, "Nothing." "Then who has? I am their pastor, and I know that they all earn their own bread, and never even so much as ask to be supported." "Oh! I thought they were supported." Now, if the treasurer of a Mission Association could harbour this erroneous idea, need we be surprised if others ask the same question, and entertain the same thoughts?

Besides being looked upon as "rice-Christians," our Christians were also looked upon as hypocrites. Europeans, knowing what the natives are, doubted the sincerity of native Christians—and we need not wonder. Those who have never experienced the power of the Word of God in their own hearts cannot believe that that Word is the power of God to change the hearts of natives and make them new creatures; and whilst they were looked down upon by Europeans, they were also despised by their own countrymen, for these copied the Europeans. If a poor man became a Christian, it was said he had become one for a morsel of bread; if a rich man embraced Christianity, the people maintained he had done so that he might be able to eat beef and drink wine. Against illiterate men it was affirmed they did not know what they were doing; and when one of their greatest pundits was baptised, he was declared to have sought baptism in a fit of madness. As most of the natives up to the Mutiny believed that eating with a Christian made a man a Christian, we need not be surprised at these charges.

The Government added its quota to keep down the native Christians. It excluded them from all Govern-

ment offices and employment, and I know but one magistrate, who, before the Mutiny, allowed our native Christians to compete with Hindus and Mohammedans in contracts for Government work. Moreover, in former years, whenever a native embraced Christianity, *he lost his all* and became a beggar.

But now the whole state of Missions is changed. Although the number of native Christians is but few in comparison to the mass of the people, yet they form a noble band. They are no longer despised. The Government have done them justice by reinstating them in their natural rights. If the 4th of December, 1829, is memorable in the annals of India as being the day on which the rite of *Sati* was abolished, the 10th of April, 1850, is no less so as being the day on which the Government, as far as the law of the land is concerned, cut short the arm of persecution, and secured to the native Christians those civil rights which enable them to profess that faith which God has appointed for the regeneration of mankind, and to worship that God who alone is worthy of adoration, without the fear and danger of thereby losing all that they possessed. On that day the native Christian was legally raised to a level with his Hindu and Mohammedan neighbours, and was reinstated in his natural right to the soil of his forefathers, from which Hindu and Mohammedan laws and customs had debarred him. I must add that, although *legally* in possession of his right since 1850, that right was *actually* obtained only in 1857. Since then the Government has considered it its duty to legislate still further for native Christians, so that now they stand equal in status with Hindus and Mohammedans. The Government has also effec-

tually and for ever removed the name of "rice-Christians" by the Census of 1872, showing that instead of the native Christians being supported, they subscribed, in 1872, the sum of £15,912 towards the maintenance of their pastors, and of mission-work, &c.

Since 1857, all Government offices have been open to native Christians for competition, and they are now found in almost every kind of public office.

Native Christians may and still will be persecuted at the time of embracing Christianity; but when once baptised, if they walk worthy of their high calling, they are generally respected by high and low.

The native Christians now form an influential body, and if Government does not alienate them, they will in time of need prove a source of strength to it.

A change has also taken place with regard to the number of native Pastors. On my arrival in India, we had but two in the whole country, viz., Abdúl Masih in Agra, and John Devasagayam in Tinnevely. At present we have two native pastors at Benares alone.

The same change has taken place in the bazaar. Formerly no missionary could mention the name of Jesus without seeing a sneer on the countenances of the people. Now the name of Jesus is generally mentioned with reverence by Hindus and Moham-medans. The death of Christ was formerly mocked at: this seldom occurs now.

In our schools, too, a vast change has taken place. We had, in 1833, very few boys' schools, and only two girls' schools—one at Benares and one at Agra. We have now schools and colleges all over the N.W. Provinces, and girls' schools in every large town in the N.W. Provinces; also in Oude and in the Punjab.

And now, last but not least, the Lord has opened the prison doors of the Zenánás. If any one had told me, thirty-six years ago, that, in 1883, not only should we have free access to the natives in their houses, but that Zenánás would be open in cities like Benares, Allahabad, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Amritsar and Lahore, and that European ladies with their native assistants would be admitted to teach the Word of God in them, I should have replied, "All things are possible to God, but I do not expect to see such a glorious event in my day." But what has God wrought? More than we expected and even prayed for! His name be praised!

But have our prospects with regard to our work also changed? No! those have been bright, and will remain so to the end, for our prospects rest upon the sure *promises of God*, and these promises are for ever sure. The Gospel must and will conquer! God's truth must and will prevail! The kingdoms of this world must and will become the Lord's and His Christ's. Hallelujah! Amen!

## CHAPTER VIII.

*EVANGELISTIC EFFORTS.*

THE means used for preparing the people for God's service here below, and for the joys of heaven above, remain the same. I have already said that the doctrines which we preach are unchanged. Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption—Christ crucified, the story of the Saviour's love, remains the centre of all our preaching. But, whilst repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ are brought into almost every address, we speak of other subjects too. We preach on prayer, on the influence of the Holy Spirit, on the new birth, on holiness of heart, on heaven and hell—in short, we endeavour to bring before the people the whole counsel of God. Of these we speak to Hindus and Mohammedans; also to Brahmos, *i.e.*, people of the Bramha Samajh and to such as believe in nothing at all. Brahmos do not often listen in the bazaar, but those at Benares are easily accessible by visiting them in their own houses. The changes, however, that have taken place among those who reside in cities or towns require a corresponding change in the Mission agents. The minds of the educated have greatly expanded; Mission agents must, therefore, keep pace with the people as regards intellectual attainments.

Native pastors for towns ought to be well trained, and colleges, such as the Lahore and Allahabad Divinity Schools, become a necessity. These remarks apply to our female teachers also, for the education of Zenáná ladies is spreading.

Need it be said that in our preaching we do not confine ourselves to our churches, chapels, and preaching-places; but we preach in the streets, by the river-side, and in the cold season we itinerate, going from village to village to make known the glad tidings of salvation. In Benares itself there is not a lane or a corner where the Gospel has not been preached.

Few missionaries go alone to preach. Our Lord sent the Apostles two and two, and if a missionary thinks his native assistant is not worthy to be accounted a preacher, he ought to dismiss him.

Of late years I have endeavoured to draw as much lay element into our work as I possibly could. We had for years an unpaid agent—one of the most spiritually-minded men in our congregation. He used to sit before his house to speak to pilgrims as they passed by, and the Lord owned the efforts of His servant by giving him more than one convert. I wish we had more such men. I hear there are some such at present in Calcutta and in South India.

Latterly nearly all our teachers in our Sagra schools have joined me twice a week in our preaching in the city. We have been in the habit of meeting on Tuesdays and Fridays for prayer and conversation. A short address for the bazaar is composed in turn by one of the members, and read before the others. Sometimes remarks are made on this address. After

prayers we divide into two or more parties, and proceed to the city and endeavour to bring the truths treated of in the address before the people.

There is one misconception among our friends at home which I must not pass over. It is the supposition that the people generally long for the message of salvation from us. Alas! they do not, and how can they? Not realising that they are sinners, they feel no need of a Saviour of sinners, and hence no need of the message of salvation. This need must first be created by our preaching and the influence of the Holy Spirit. It is true that the people listen—and even listen attentively—but yet they come and go, and apparently remain the same. It is this which makes the missionary so earnestly join in the request of St. Paul, “Brethren, pray for us.”

At present I am thankful to say we have less arguing than in former years. In our preaching we make use of parables to arrest the attention of our hearers, and to illustrate truth more easily than merely by plain language. The parables of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son are especially adapted by our catechists to the state of the people. Again the parable of the Barren Fig Tree, adapted to the world at large, is well suited to calm unruly crowds. It has served me many a time for this purpose, whilst it brings home truths which are never gain-said. I will just give a few specimens to show how they are adapted. I can only give the outlines.

Thus I have heard my late fellow-labourer, the Rev. D. M., then my catechist, adapt the parable of the Prodigal Son to the people.

The prodigal son left his father's home, where the



true worship of God was performed. He wanted liberty to worship and serve whom he liked. He went therefore into a strange land, the land of sin, and among a strange people who were without God. There he wasted his substance, his talents, his health, and lost his honour, his peace, and joy. When he found that all was gone, and nothing left to satisfy his immortal spirit, did he return to his father, the true God? No, he first joined idolaters, and thus descended to the lowest degradation of men. When everything was squandered *he came to himself*, returned to his father, and was accepted.

Such is our state. We were created to be the children of God. The creature was made to serve us, but behold, we forsake the Father's house, the service of the true God, and serve the creature. We are sunk low, low, low! We are the servants of sin and Satan. We live in the land of idolatry and sin, and spend our talents and property in sin. But do we feel happy? No! What then do we do? Return to the true God? No! but we serve those which were made for our use. We worship the sun, the moon, rivers, trees, in fact everything except the true God. But we find no rest in them, nor do the lowest gratifications of the flesh satisfy our immortal spirit. What then ought we to do? *We should come to ourselves*; no sinner, no idolater is in his right mind; we must leave the service of idols and turn to God. Resolving to do so is not enough, we must really and actually turn to God—He will receive us for Christ's sake. He will pardon our sins, give us a ring as the seal of our acceptance as His children, and shoes to walk in His ways, and do his work.

The parable of the Good Samaritan I have heard thus applied by the late Samuel.

A poor traveller journeyed from Jerusalem to Jericho. He fell among thieves. The traveller, represents ourselves. We travel from time to eternity, and we also have fallen among thieves, called sin, the world, and Satan. The thieves stript him of his garments, money, wounded him, and left him half dead. So have our enemies done to us. They have stript us of our original garment of innocence, wounded our consciences, and left us powerless to recover ourselves.

Who now can help us? The priest, Hinduism with its pujas, ceremonies and bathings? Alas, no! The Hindu saviours came not to save; they leave, like the priest, the wounded man in his misery. But perhaps the Levite, that is Mohammedanism with its boasted teaching; but that also fails. Next comes the good Samaritan, the Christian, despised indeed by priest and Levite, by Hindu and Mohammedan. He does not tell the wounded man to get up and perform puja, or to give alms and go on pilgrimage, for he knows he cannot do any of these things; but he soothes his fears, directs him to the true and good Physician, pours the balm of consolation into his wounded conscience by showing him Christ, the Saviour of sinners, and takes him to a mission station to be healed, for every mission station is but a hospital. When he has recovered and obtained spiritual health, and is clothed with the robe of righteousness, then he says to him, "be up and doing."

The parable of the Barren Fig Tree, after explaining its primary meaning, I have adapted to the whole

world, and brought out its meaning by questioning. "Who do you think is the owner of the vineyard? Answer.—God. What is meant by the vineyard? Answer.—The world. Who are the trees? We." The attention is then usually very great, and we have then capital opportunities of showing what trees we ought to be in the garden of our God, and what kind of trees we are; and what trees we must become if we desire to be transplanted into the garden of our God above, that is Paradise. Our people are very fond of spiritualising parables and miracles, and they find no great difficulty in doing so.

When I have been surrounded by enemies, and such as cry out, "We will not have your Christ! we do not want your religion!" I usually reply that my duty is to offer them salvation through Christ the only Saviour, and then turning to Luke xix. 12-27, dwell on the fate of those who said "we will not have this man to reign over us."

As the parables, so our Lord's miracles afford texts for preaching. Among these our native helpers are fond of using as texts the miracle of the Leper, the Paralytic, the Blind, and the Storm. Dives and Lazarus is also a favourite subject. I have more than once preached on Cain and Abel, shewing that the former was a good Mohammedan, and the latter had the qualifications of a Christian.

Besides Scripture similes and parables, we use parables of our own. Thus, when I was one day preaching in a village, the people maintained, as they frequently do, that there was no difference between the Christian religion and their own. "You," they said "believe in one God, so do we; the difference is only in the name."

I endeavoured to show them that there was a great difference; that we worshipped the Creator, and they worshipped the creature. They denied this, saying, "How can you make that out?" My catechist arose and said, "I will tell you. The Sahib has shown that there is a difference between the Hindus and the Christians in their serving God. They both profess to know God, the great Lord, and they both—Hindus and Christians—stand before His house. The mansion is large, beautiful, and well furnished. Lights are suspended by day and night, and every kind of convenience abounds. Now, then, look at their conduct. Here stand the Hindus and there the Christians. The Hindus look about in search of the Lord of the house. One of them, seeing a river on the premises (the Ganges), takes it at once for granted that this is the Lord of the house, and bows to the river, and says, 'This is the Lord.' Another sees the light—the sun—suspended above. The light being so beautiful, he is quite sure that this must be the Lord. A third discovers playthings—images of men, women, animals, fishes, and imaginary objects—made by some of the people living in the house (idols), and mistakes them for the Lord, and bows down to them. The fourth, wiser than the rest, believes himself to be the Master of the house, and, stepping into the middle of one of the rooms, exclaims, '*Aham Brahm!*' (I am the Lord! I am He!). Now, the Lord of the house, seeing all this, is astonished at the foolishness of the men that they can suppose Him and the things that He made to be one and the same, and thus these men clearly show by their conduct that they indeed know that there is a Lord of the house, but they do not know the

Lord Himself. The Christians act differently. They also see these beautiful things—the sun, the moon, the stars, the various animals, rivers, and trees—and they are thankful to the Lord of the house for giving them these things. But, whilst they are thankful for them, they know that these things are not the Lord of the house. They therefore leave these, and walk up to the Lord, honour, serve, and worship Him, and Him alone.” The people listened attentively, acknowledged that we were right, and, after I had added a few words about the salvation of their souls, they walked silently away.

Another illustration I have taken from the coin of the country. Thus, one evening M—— and myself were engaged with a Mohammedan, who took the part of a Hindu. He argued for the sake of contradicting, not to elicit the truth. M—— silenced him. At last the Mohammedan exclaimed, “There are Brahmins, Kshatries, Vaishyas, and Sudras, but where in the creation will you find a place for the English?” I might have replied, “Among the Mohammedans;” but I said, “It appears that there are now five castes accepted by the people—the Sahib caste, the Brahmins, Kshatries, Vaishyas, and Sudras. The Sahib caste is looked upon as the first.” The people smiled and exclaimed, “Yes, yes, so it is! the Sahibs are above us all.” “And yet,” I replied, “before God we are all alike. Caste is an invention of man. We are all descended from one common parent, alike sinners, and can only be saved by Jesus Christ.” “Who is Jesus Christ?” the Mohammedan shouted. Answer, “God manifested in the flesh, the Son of God and the Son of man—true God and very man in one person.” “Ah! I see,” he said; “your religion is like the religion of the Hindus. Vishnu

became Ram Chandar." "True," I replied, "the Hindu religion resembles the Christian, just as a counterfeit coin resembles the true one." "But how can I know," he continued, "the true coin from a false one?" "Very easily," I rejoined; "try it, weigh it, examine its image and superscription; but do not leave that until it is too late, for if your coin is a false one it will avail you nothing in your time of need. Thus, a servant of mine the other day wanted to purchase something from a *boxwala* (a pedlar); she had a rupee, but, on giving it to the man, he examined and returned it as a base coin. The poor woman was greatly disappointed. Thus it is with us. Now is the time to examine our coin—our religion; in the next world it will be too late." "Your argument goes for nothing," the Mohammedan said. "There is the old Benares rupee, better silver than the Company's rupee, and the people only prefer the Company's rupee because it is current. Moreover, it does not depend on the quality of a coin, but whether it is current." "True," I replied; "still it must be the true coin of the country. It must have been struck by the Sovereign of the land, and be valid in the kingdom. Thus the coin of Hinduism may be current in Hindustan, that of Mohammedanism in Mohammedan countries, but remember there is also a heavenly kingdom, there is also a coin stamped in heaven. It comes from heaven and leads to heaven, and this alone is current in the kingdom of heaven. This alone possesses the impress and superscription of the King, its author. There is but one way which leads to heaven, and that is Christ. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and there is but one religion which leads man back to God, and qualifies him for heaven, and that

is the Christian religion ; for it does not depend upon what you or I may imagine is, or should be, the true religion, and the way to heaven, it depends upon what God has appointed for our salvation." The man was silent for some time, and then exclaimed, "How can I know that Christianity and not Hinduism is the true coin?" "Weigh them both," I replied. "How can I?" "I will show you," I answered. "I will only ask three questions," and turning to a Hindu, I asked, "Who is he that speaks in us?" Answer, "God."—"Any other?" "No!" "Who tells lies?"—"God!" "Is God a liar?" "No! no one tells lies." "Do you perceive that the coin of the Hindus is copper and not silver? Woe to those who trust in a religion of their own, and not in that which God has appointed for our salvation."

A favourite text of mine is Matt. ix. 12. "They that be whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick." This text enables me to shew the impotency of the Hindu gods to heal the sick, that is to save sinners, without irritating the people. They cannot but consent to what we state, because their own Shasters or sacred books declare the same.

I usually begin by explaining the literal meaning of the text. When whole, we ask for no physician, but when we feel sick—and then we do not apply to every one who calls himself a physician, but we send for one of whom we know that he has cured people. Again, if we have a physician whom we have employed for years, but to no profit, we shall certainly cast him off, and look for one who can help us. Then I question the people.

Now, I say, seeing that we are all fallen sick of the sickness of sin, and cannot cure ourselves, where are we to find a physician? The Hindus will exclaim,

We have plenty; Bramha, Vishnu, Mahadeo; ten incarnations—all physicians. Let us see. We read in the Shasters that there was very little sin in the Satjug, the golden age. There were then nineteen biswas (twentieths) of righteousness and one biswa of sin ( $\text{biswa } \frac{1}{20}$ ). Righteousness then stood on four legs. The sickness was scarcely perceptible. To heal the people there were four incarnations appointed, the Katch, Matsya, Bara and Nirsingautar. But we are told they could not help; the disease increased, and in the Treta, or silver age, righteousness had lost one leg, and only fifteen biswas ( $\frac{15}{20}$ ths) of righteousness were left. New physicians were appointed, Ram and Baman; neither could they arrest the disease; it continued to increase. The Dwaparjug, the copper age, or age of doubt followed. Righteousness had lost two legs. The sickness of sin continued to increase fearfully. Other physicians came, Parasurama, Boudh, and Krishna, but the sickness spread, and now we are in the Kalijug or iron age, and righteousness has but one leg to stand on, only one biswa ( $\frac{1}{20}$ th) of righteousness is left, and that is nowhere visible. Yet from the beginning the same physicians have been employed. What then ought wise men to do? The physicians cannot cure, the disease gets worse. To this there is but one answer, Turn them all off, and accept the good Physician, Jesus Christ, who has healed thousands and who can and will heal us.

Now comes the question, How will He heal us? By enlightening our hearts by His Holy Spirit, by changing them, by pardoning all our sins, and sanctifying us and making us holy and fit for heaven; but we must receive Him, and believe in Him.



With the history of all these incarnations the people are familiar, and the mode of arguing is just such as they themselves employ.

One day, as I was preaching on this subject, an old Mohammedan came up, and, stroking his beard, said, "Well, if you know of such a good physician who has such good remedies, you had better administer them first to the English, and then come and cure us. Is it the action of a wise man to trouble himself about the affairs of others, and allow his own to go to ruin? First cure your own people, and when you have cured them, then come and preach to us; for how can we believe that you have the certain remedy if so many among you are sick? Leave us, therefore, to ourselves, and care for your own; and when you have done so, we will call you a good, wise, and kind man."

I replied, "There were four physicians in a certain town, who had a large practice there; they went into partnership, two and two. It so happened that a deadly disease broke out, and that the physicians and their families were taken ill too. They had, however, a specific for the disease. The people of the town applied to the physicians, for they were dying. Two of them replied, 'How can we help you? We are ill; our families are ill; when we ourselves and families are cured, we will come to you, for "Charity begins at home."'" They therefore stayed at home, administered the medicine to their families, and partook of the same remedy themselves, and in process of time they were cured. When they had recovered they said, 'Now we will look after our patients.' They came to the house of the first, and asked, 'How is Khuda Baksh?' The answer was, 'He is dead!' 'His family?' 'Dead.'

'Sad, sad!' they said. They then went to another house and asked, 'How is Ram Chandar?' 'Dead!' 'His family?' 'Dead.' They went to a third, fourth, and fifth house, and so on, and found that all their patients were dead.

"Now, the other two also said, 'We are ill; our families are ill: what are we to do? Shall we stay at home and let our patients die?' 'No!' replied the younger; 'there is but one remedy by which the sick can be cured. Let us divide the work. You stay at home and take care of our families, and I will go and administer the medicine abroad.' They did so; and as many as accepted the remedy in the town were cured. Now say who were the good, the kind, and wise physicians—those who stayed at home, caring only for themselves and their own, or those who divided the work, and cared for the sick at home and for those in the town?" The answer was, "Those who divided the work." "Well, then," I said, "we follow their example. We divide the work; we have especial ministers employed to preach to the English, and we missionaries come to you, and offer you the remedy, so that we may be cured together. If you reject the remedy, you will die in your sins, but we shall be free from your blood."

Sometimes we meet with persons who will not listen to plain preaching; we then string parables together. Thus, one day I met an old pundit, who certainly did all he could to harden his heart and deceive himself. He had an idol before him, and told me he must worship it, because god had commanded him to do so. I asked him what god—the god before him or some other? He replied, "My god, and him I

must obey." I asked again, "And who is your god?" "Oh!" he replied, "that is of no consequence; let him be who he will, it is all the same if we only have a god; honour him, and all will be right. You may call him Ram, or Jesus, or God."

I replied, "There were three zamindars (landholders) who had to pay revenue to the Collector. One of them said, 'Never mind to whom we pay it; let us but imagine that the person to whom we pay it is the Collector, and all will be right.' So he paid the revenue to the Raja. The second, being of the same opinion, paid it to the Nawab. The third said, 'Let me first find out who the Collector is, lest I pay my revenue to some one to whom it is not due.' He inquired, and, finding out the right person, paid his revenue and received a receipt. At the proper time the Collector sent his people to the two zamindars for their revenue. They replied, 'We have paid it—I to the Raja, and my friend has paid his to the Nawab.' Do you think this plea satisfied the Collector?" The pundit replied, "No; but who can say who is the rightful owner to whom the revenue is due? We believe in our religion, the Mohammedans in theirs, you in yours; but which is the true one?"

I replied, "There were three men, each of whom had a rupee; the rupees were similar, but different as to image, superscription, and weight," and then carried out the parable of the true coin.

When I had finished, he replied, "Supposing yours to be the right coin, why should you trouble us with your preaching? What is it to you whether we perish or are saved?"

I replied, "A father had six sons; four of them

went away and astray, and retained no knowledge of their father and their father's house beyond that of the name. One of them set up a stone, and called it father; the other built his hut by the river, and called the water father; the third looked at the sun, and called that luminary father; and the fourth was so foolish as to imagine himself to be the father.

"The other two sons remained at home. Hearing of the folly of their four brothers, they took counsel with their father. He said, 'Let one stay with me and take care of my house, and let the other go and reclaim his brothers.' Upon this one of them went and reasoned with his brethren and told them of their father's love, and that he had sent him to them. Now was he wrong in loving and pitying his brothers? Was he wrong in doing all he could to reclaim them?

"Two of the brothers listened to the good news of their father's love, and the comfort and beauty of their father's house. They reasoned and said, 'It is very true our father cannot be a stone or water. His love to us must be great to send you to us, notwithstanding that we have forsaken him and dishonoured his name by making images of him which are unbecoming his dignity. We have erred, we have sinned; we will arise and go with you to our father.' They did so, and were graciously received by him.

"The other two scorned the invitation, and asked their brother why he troubled them, for they knew their father as well as he did, and better; but, after some time, famine and disease entered their dwellings, and they perished with their families."

"Now, pundit, was the father wrong in wishing to reclaim his sons, or was it unkind of his son to go to

his brothers, and endeavour to rescue them, and to spare neither time nor trouble, life nor money, to bring them back to their father?" The answer was, "No!"

"Tell me, then," I continued, "which of the sons do you consider the wise and the better ones?" The pundit replied, "Those that accepted the invitation." "You have rightly judged," I rejoined; "therefore, pundit, go and do likewise."

Of all the doctrines of Christianity, that of Christ crucified is most disliked, for they say, "If it be true that Jesus Christ was God manifested in the flesh, and had to die for us, then salvation can only be in Him;" and they are right. If we left out this doctrine, Hindus and Mohammedans might confess Christianity, and yet a Hindu might remain a Hindu, and a Mohammedan a Mohammedan. This idea was stronger in former years than it is now, for in our days, in Benares at least, the death of Christ is understood.

Some years ago, when I was addressing a large crowd, a pundit stepped forward, and, shaking his head, said, "Your labour is all in vain. You have now preached for so many years, and spent so many rupees in tracts and books, in teaching and going about, and what effect have your labours produced? Scarcely anything. You have a few hundred converts, but what are they in comparison to the mass of the people? And what is the reason of all this? The system of carrying on your work is erroneous. The fault lies at the root, and, unless you pursue a new plan, you will never succeed. As regards yourself, you are spoilt and will never alter; but tell your friends at home to change their system, and then they

will succeed, and not till then," I inquired, "What is the fault in our system?" He replied, "The false principle is this: All you say about God—His love and care for us, His holiness and goodness—is all very nice, and we like to hear it. The morals you preach are excellent; all that you state about the resurrection and heaven is beautiful. But when you have thus the hearts of all the people with you, you spoil the whole by the foolish part of your preaching; you come with your doctrine that Jesus Christ came down from heaven to die for us on the cross, and that we can only be saved if we believe on Him who was crucified. Leave out this doctrine; refrain from telling the people that Jesus Christ died for them, and that He was crucified. Why call Jesus by that name? Call Him God, Saviour, Lord, not Jesus Christ, and cease to preach that He was crucified. Tell your friends at home to give their preachers special instructions never to preach this doctrine, and numbers will embrace Christianity," "Is this all?" I replied; "well, my friend, this is nothing new. Eighteen hundred years ago, people like yourself told a man whose name was Paul the very same thing, and persecuted him for preaching this very doctrine. Rome said the cross of Christ was foolishness, and others maintained that it was an offence; yet, strange to say, this very foolishness, this very offence, the preaching of Christ crucified, has achieved the most marvellous revolutions in the world. It overthrew the temples of Greece and Rome, dethroned their idols, and by it our forefathers were converted. And do you not think that this very doctrine will finally overturn the temples of the Hindus and the mosques

of the Mohammedans in all Hindustan?" "Well," he replied, "it may do so for what I know, but if you are a wise man you will follow my advice, and if you are a fool you will go on in your own foolish way."

If any opinion is deeply impressed on the minds of the Hindus, it is this, that they must never forsake the religion of their forefathers. The Brahmins call this the greatest sin, and yet Krishna, their much-honoured god, persuaded the Gopis to forsake the worship of Indra, and to worship a certain mountain. I always felt some difficulty in bringing this error home to the minds of the common people. A parable of Pádre Solomon's was to the point.

Shortly before I left India there was a solar eclipse. I was itinerating, and was not far from Benares. Thousands of people pressed towards Benares. Moses, one of those in charge of the railway telegraph at Benares, spent the day with us, and helped us in the work; he told me that the railway carriages were thronged with people. I therefore determined to return to Benares with my helpers. We did so, and had glorious work. All our people were engaged from morning to night.

The eclipse provides a good introduction to a sermon. I first mentioned the pundits' explanation of an eclipse, and what belongs to it—bathing and the hope of salvation; then I gave the real explanation, which the pundits likewise know, otherwise they could not accurately calculate the time of an eclipse. I then continued, "You see, my friends, the Hindu explanation of an eclipse is erroneous, and therefore your hope of salvation rests upon an error. Your coming to Benares for the purpose of bathing during

an eclipse is useless; you cannot and never will obtain forgiveness of sin, or any good for your souls, either from bathing or by giving alms to the Brahmins." Solomon then said, "You resemble the washerman and his wife. He had been told by the Brahmin that by bathing during an eclipse his heart would be cleansed; he began then to reflect, 'If my heart, my inside, can be so cleansed, why should not the clothes in my box also, if I bathe the box?' He therefore took his box full of dirty clothes to the Ganges, and, after he and his wife had bathed, they began vigorously to wash their box. Before the eclipse was over, it was cleansed, but, on opening it, they found the clothes as dirty as they were before. So will your heart be after bathing." Then we showed them the Fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness, and pointed out to them Him Whose blood it is that cleanseth from all sin.

The Brahmins were displeased; the people were serious, and listened attentively. At length one of them exclaimed, "We received this custom from our forefathers, and they from theirs, and we are enjoined to keep it up. We cannot give up the religion of our forefathers nor their customs."

Pádre S—— again stepped forward and said, "Listen, my friends! A family were in possession of a ring which they were told was of immense value. They had received it from their forefathers and were told never to part with it. When once in great want the family agreed to pawn the ring to save themselves from starvation. The eldest son took the ring to a jeweller and asked him to lend the family some money upon it. The jeweller examined the ring, looked at



the jewel it contained, and said he could not lend him anything on the family treasure, 'but,' he added, 'you are a fine young lad; come and learn my trade, and I will provide for you, your mother, and family. Meanwhile, take back the ring.' The lad returned to the jeweller, who kept his word, provided for him, and his mother, and family.

"Four years had elapsed when the jeweller one day said to the young man, 'You have now learned your business, and you are able to form a correct opinion of the value of jewels. Go and fetch your family ring.' The lad went and brought it. The jeweller then told the young man to examine the stone. The young man looked at it; his heart failed him, for the supposed diamond was nothing but a piece of glass. He now understood why his master would not in his time of need lend them any money on the ring, for the supposed gem was valueless."

S—— then urged the people carefully to examine their jewel, their religion, before it was too late, lest it should prove *gáj* (imitation) instead of a *hírá* (diamond)—glass instead of a diamond—for, if such were the case, it would profit them nothing on the judgment day. S—— spoke very earnestly and affectionately, and then pointed out to them the pearl of great price. Oh, that their eyes might be opened and the people induced to choose that pearl! But do the Hindus and Mohammedans alone mistake glass for diamonds? Do not many who call themselves Christians mistake the foundation of their hope? What is the foundation of *our* hope?—of yours, my reader?

## CHAPTER IX.

*OPPOSITION.*

ALTHOUGH we have less arguing than in former years, still we meet with opposition of various kinds. Some is of a foolish kind; some seems to spring from religious motives; some oppose from deep-rooted enmity to Christ and Christians. This class showed us, in 1857, 1858, what they would most gladly do if the Lord permitted them. As Mr. Smith, of Benares, was preaching in our chapel at Dasasamedh, a Hindu came forward saying, "What are you talking and preaching to the people for? Don't you know that life is God, and all we have to do is rightly to know this, and we are all as free as air?" Missionary (looking round on the people): "Life is God, you say, but it does not know that it is. It is subject to fate and works, and, until it obtains deliverance from these, there is no salvation. So life is God, but it is tied and bound by the chain of its own works." Hindu: "Sure enough it is so, and, being weak, it cannot deliver itself." Missionary: "Now I wish to appeal to the common sense of all present. Of the speakers who have been standing forward, one makes God blind, another imprisons Him, a third deprives Him of strength, and a fourth asserts that God is a Bahrupa (a mountebank), sometimes assuming one form, some-

times another, and sometimes no form at all. Now, is this possible?" After some remarks of the kind, the speakers, one after another, disappeared. Presently a Mohammedan came up, and, stroking his beard, commenced, "Sir, I have a question to ask you; will you have the goodness to give me an answer? Did Jesus Christ wear a beard?" Missionary: "In Christianity, wearing a beard or not is of no consequence. You may do as you like in this respect." Mohammedan: "Please to answer my question. Did Jesus Christ wear a beard?" Missionary: "My dear friend, Christianity, I tell you, is not meat and drink, or any outward observance, but it is righteousness and peace and joy, &c. Supposing you wear a beard (which Christ no doubt did) and commit all manner of sin, will your beard save you? Or if you be a righteous and holy man, but don't happen to have a beard, will the want of it cause you to go to hell?" A Hindu then came forward and asked if it were right to eat meat and drink wine. "Of course," I said, "if you wear a beard; is it not?"—turning to the Mohammedan. The Hindu and the people laughed most heartily, while the Mohammedan, who had refrained from smiling, made his salâm and walked off.

A common mode of opposing us is the demand, "Show us Jesus Christ, and we will believe." My reply has been, "What would you think of a man who said he would not believe there was a Queen of England unless she showed herself to him? Would she show herself? Certainly not; but let such an one only infringe the laws of the Queen and he will soon perceive that there is a Queen who reigns. But if the Queen will not condescend to show herself, what folly it is to suppose

that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory and the eternal God, will show Himself to humour unbelief. At present you can only see Him with the eye of faith, but a time will come when you will have to appear before Him to give account, and then woe to those who have infringed His laws."

Others, like the Pharisees of old, ask for a sign. A Hindu one day said to me, "If you are a Christian, go to the top of the minarets and jump down, and the people will all see the power of Christ. If Christ cannot take care of you, you had better not come and preach to us." I was inclined to say some one of old made a similar request to our Lord, but I felt that my motive in doing so would have been wrong, and therefore I merely asked my opponent for what purpose he thought God had given us our reason. "Would leaping down from the minarets be the act of a wise man or a madman?" Several bystanders exclaimed, "The act of a madman!" "Well," I said, "brother, as I do not aspire to such an honour, I leave the jump from the minarets to you." "Oh!" he exclaimed, "that is a vain excuse. If your Jesus Christ be almighty, He can save you, and therefore show us his power, and we will believe." "Agreed," M—— replied, "you go and purchase a stamped paper, and obtain the signatures of all the people of Benares, that if I do, they will engage to become Christians, and I will jump from the minarets." The man smiled and walked away, and we could go on quietly with our work.

Sometimes it is as well not to answer their cavils. One day I met an unreasonable man, who did all he could to annoy me. I therefore allowed him to state

all his objections. I helped him now and then a little, and when he ceased speaking I asked, "Well, what then?" "What then?" he exclaimed. "Have you not heard what I said?" "Indeed I have," I replied, "and understood it too: but what then?" He turned to the crowd and said, "Look at this man! I have stated all my objections, and he now asks, 'What then? Why, what then?'" "Yes," I said, "and what then?" Bold as he was, and usually with a ready answer too, my "what then?" completely confounded him this time.

Others defend their own errors and attack Christianity. Thus, a man once started up to defend his own religion. "It is true," he said, "Jesus Christ came to save sinners, and our Saviours came to destroy them, but by destroying them they did a double service, they saved the righteous and sent the sinners to heaven to obtain absorption into the Deity; thus both were saved." "Were they?" M—— inquired. "If so, how was it then, that Haran Kash, who had been torn to pieces by Nir Singh, and had thereby obtained absorption into the Deity, had to be again incarnate as Rawan? and after Ram had killed him, again as Shishpal?" "There is no answering you," the man replied; "you had better go on with your preaching."

Once, as I was itinerating, I came to Ahirora, a great depôt for grain and timber. As my catechist, Thakoor, was addressing the people, a little Moham-medan, a weaver, came forward and addressed him, saying, "You have preached from Matthew; why do you do so, seeing that he was no inspired writer?" "He was, though," Thakoor answered. "If he had been inspired," his opponent replied, "how could he

have made so many mistakes in his book?" "Will you point out one?" Thakoor said. The man replied, "Just open the book, and you will find that the very first page contains an error. It is said there that Zerobabel was the son of Salathiel, but turn to Chronicles and you will find that he was no such thing, but the son of some other man." As Thakoor was not prepared to answer, I took the word and said, "Do you refer to the name you mention, or to the difference in the genealogy of St. Matthew and St. Luke?" He replied, "I can understand the difference of the genealogy between the two. Matthew relates the genealogy of Joseph, and Luke that of Mary. Mary being the only child of Heli, when Joseph married her, he was called, as it is customary with us, the son of Heli. I mean, therefore, what I say." "Well then," I continued, "let me ask another question. Who was Belshazzar?" "The son of Nebuchadnezzar." "Was he?" "No," the Mohammedan replied, "he was, I believe, the grandson." "True," I rejoined, "but why, then, is he called the son of Nebuchadnezzar?" "Why, I suppose his father was nothing and never did anything," the Mohammedan said. "I think you are right," I replied. "Now let us look at Zerobabel. He is called the son of Salathiel, but he was the son of Pedaiah. As you have read in Chronicles, will you let me know how many sons Salathiel had?" Answer: "I believe he had none." "Well, then, suppose Salathiel adopted Zerobabel as his son, what would he be called? And, further, suppose that Pedaiah was nothing, as you say of Belshazzar's father, and Salathiel a renowned man, by what name would Zerobabel be known?" Answer: "He would be called the son of Salathiel." "And so

he was," I said. "The prophet Haggai calls him the son of Salathiel during Zerobabel's lifetime, and Ezra and Nehemiah do the same."

The Mohammedan added, "Well, I grant this; but then, if Matthew was inspired, how could he quote a passage from Zechariah, and say it was spoken by Jeremy the Prophet: 'And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of Him that was valued'?" "This goes against you Mohammedans," I rejoined. "You charge us with having altered and corrupted the Scriptures. Now, here is a quotation from Zechariah, yet we allow the word Jeremy to stand, and only mark the passage in the margin. We are so scrupulous about the Word of God that we fear to alter a word. As to the passage itself, some believe that there may have been such an one in Jeremiah, but I think, rather, the transcriber mistook the name, or added the word Jeremiah; anyhow, you see we have not altered it, nor any other passage."

"Well, let that pass too," he replied; "but if Matthew was inspired, how could he say Christ was God, and relate of Him that He sought figs on a tree which had none?" He then quoted Matthew xxi. 19. I replied, "You know that, if a fig-tree has leaves, it is expected to have fruit as well; but this tree had none. Christ had a right to expect fruit, seeing that, as St. Mark says, the season for gathering figs had not yet come, and, therefore, no one would have taken the fruit off. This tree resembled the Jewish nation, and many people in our days, who have the appearance of fruitful trees, but in reality are fruitless. Such may expect the doom of this tree; the Jewish nation experienced it." "But," the

Mohammedan replied, "who would seek fruit on a tree out of season? This shows that Christ was a mere man." I answered, "Christ seeks figs on a tree and finds none; what does this prove? That He was a man. And then He says to the tree, 'Let no man eat fruit of thee hereafter;' and what happened? The tree instantly dried up. What does this prove? Come, let us do the same to this tree before us—let us dry it up! Neem tree, dry up!" Then, turning to him, I said, "Help me to call upon the tree to dry up." He looked at me and said, smiling, "I understand; you wish to say that He alone, who created the tree, could say to it with effect, 'Dry up!'"

This man followed us everywhere. One day a Hindu greatly annoyed us. He continually shouted, "I do not know Jesus Christ; I know but one god, and that is Juggatnath." As he repeated the same over and over again, the Mohammedan called out, "You certainly have chosen a thorough scamp for your god. The fellow was such a scoundrel that the gods cut off his hands and feet to prevent him from doing more mischief. Be ashamed of your god and hold your tongue." And then, turning to me, he said, "Go on, and I will look to this fellow."

The Sunday following, I received a challenge from a learned Mohammedan and the great pundit of the place, to meet them in the schoolroom of the village, in order to decide the great question whether Hinduism, Mohammedanism, or Christianity be the true religion. I accepted the challenge. Besides a number of people and the disciples of the pundit, the first and second class of the school-lads were admitted. The great pundit arrived, wearing a huge pair of spectacles, the



glasses being above two inches in diameter. His chief disciple took a seat at his right hand, the others sat behind him. The Moulvi seemed a sharp man; he had but one disciple, merely a follower. After the usual salutations, the pundit opened the conversation, advancing the common pantheistic ideas. Just then our old friend the Mohammedan also made his appearance, and came to me saying, "I am come to-day only as a hearer." The pundit stated his views; I replied, and the great man became embarrassed. His disciple therefore took up another subject, and quoted largely from the *Ramayan*. Thakoor replied by quoting the contrary views from the same book. At this moment our friend the Mohammedan jumped up, and, seeing a small terrestrial globe, he placed it before the pundit, saying, "Punditji, I am an illiterate man, and want some information. The people say that this represents the earth;" and, turning the globe round and round, and looking attentively at it, he said, "Please show me where Mount Sumaru is, round which the sun travels every night." The great man looked at the globe as if he had never seen one before, turned it likewise round and round, but could not discover the celebrated mountain. The school-lads laughed and exclaimed, "Mount Sumaru is in the Hindu Shasters, and in the heads of the pundits, but nowhere else." "Hold your tongues! Naughty boys!" the Mohammedan shouted; "what? will you contradict learned pundits and your own Shasters?" But they maintained that Mount Sumaru had no existence. "Well then, pundit," the Mohammedan continued, "as we cannot find Mount Sumaru, please show me where the seven oceans are—that of milk, clarified butter, coagulated

milk, honey, madera or spirituous liquor, sweet-water and salt-water." The pundit again turned the globe round, and looked perplexed, while the boys shouted out, "You will find the seven seas nowhere except in the Shasters, for they are nowhere else; they do not exist." The Mohammedan again rebuked the boys with mock gravity, calling them a set of uncivilised, forward boys, who were not afraid of contradicting so great a pundit; and then, turning to him, he said, "Maharaj, please silence these boys, for hear what they say! They maintain that there is no Mount Sumaru, and that the renowned seven oceans do not exist." But the great man was silent. Thereupon the Mohammedan took up the globe, saying, "Well, Punditji, if you do not refute the boys, I must really believe that they are right." The pundit remaining silent, I turned to the Moulvi, asking him to state what he believed to be the way of salvation; but he replied, "Please do you commence, and let us know which way, according to your Scriptures, God has pointed out for the salvation of mankind."

I then commenced with the fall of man, pointing to the promises made to our first parents, to the patriarchs; the prophecy of Moses about the Prophet; and then mentioned the giving of the law. At this, the Mohammedan interrupted me, saying, "It must have been an awful scene at Sinai; I do not wonder the people quaked." Then he began to give the most awful description of the giving of the law that I ever heard. You could, as it were, see the fire enveloping the mountain, hear the thunder roaring, and, amidst this terrific scene, a moment's silence; then came the solemn words, "I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt

have none other God beside Me. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image," &c. After having repeated the Ten Commandments, he said to me, "Now please go on." I did so until I came to the birth of Christ, when he again took up the word, showing that Christ had to be born of a pure virgin by the power of God. I then finished my discourse, pointing out Christ's sacrifice for our sins, the Father's seal on this sacrifice, by raising Christ from the dead, His ascension, the coming of the Holy Ghost, and that, according to Christ's command (St. Luke xxiv. 47), repentance and remission of sins are being preached in His name among all nations. When I had finished there was a dead silence. I looked at the Moulvi, but he had no remarks to make.

Next day I went to the stall of the Mohammedan to purchase cloth. He said, "To you I can sell the cloth myself; to others, only through my servant." "How so?" I inquired. He answered, "I cannot sell a single piece of cloth without telling half-a-dozen lies. I must ask some six annas more than I intend to sell it for, and then comes the bargaining." On my inquiring where he had obtained all his knowledge from, he replied, "In the Chunar Church Mission School." I have not met him since, but I heard that he had given up his business and become the manager of an estate.

The chief objections which learned Mohammedans bring forward are against the Trinity, or they object to the atonement.

In rebutting arguments maintaining that it is unworthy of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is God, to become man and to die for sinners, I have more than

once made use of a parable employed by our senior catechist, Triloke, enlarging a little upon it: "There was once a very great and good king. Now it happened that near to his palace there was a well, broad and deep. It was called the Well of Sin. At the bottom of this well there was an old dragon, and whoever fell into the well was instantly devoured by it. No one ventured to descend into the well to slay the terrible monster. One day the king was seated on his throne, administering justice, his crown on his head, and surrounded by his grandees. Whilst he was thus engaged, a servant rushed into the court, 'Please, your Majesty, your youngest son has fallen into the Well of Sin, and there is no one that can save him. He will be devoured by the dragon.' The king immediately arose, took off his crown, laid aside his royal robes, girded himself with his girdle, and stood before his courtiers in the form of a servant. The whole court looked at him with astonishment. 'What is the king going to do?' was the question asked on all sides. 'Does he mean to descend into the Well of Sin—that fearful well?' The king walked calmly towards it, and deliberately descended into it. The grandees stood aghast. On reaching the bottom, a fearful contest ensued; the strife was long and severe; the dragon put forth all its strength, but at last it was conquered. A silence ensued, and then, behold! the king reappeared from the well with his youngest child in his arms. On looking at the king, the courtiers perceived that the contest had indeed been severe, and that the king had not escaped unwounded. There were wounds in his hands and feet, a wound in his side, whilst his head was bruised all over. But the

child was safe and sound, and the king joyfully placed him in the midst of his court. The joy of the courtiers was great, whilst the child clung to his father, looking at him with filial affection." I said, "Do you think this action was unworthy of that great and good king?" The people answered, "It was not! it was not!" "Well, then, friends," I continued, "are we not the youngest child in God's creation? Have we not all fallen into the Well of Sin? and are we not in danger of being devoured by that old dragon, Satan? Is it not the highest degree of love, that God sent His own Son into the world to die for us, that by His death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil?" I then opened my Testament and read, "God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Mohammedans are opposed to the doctrine of the atonement by Christ, partly owing to the humiliating nature of the doctrine: it humbles the pride of man; it represents him as a helpless, ruined creature, who can only be saved by Jesus Christ: but chiefly owing to the Mohammedan notion that Christ did not die. The Koran asserts this, and the conclusion is clear, that, if Christ died, the Koran is not true. This is one of the weakest points of Mohammedanism, and intelligent Mohammedans feel it, particularly those who can appreciate historical evidence. Thus, one day, two Mohammedan vakeels, or lawyers, came to me, saying, "You always speak of Jesus Christ as if He had died. He, being a Prophet, did not die; God took Him to heaven, and Judas was crucified in His

stead." "Who says so?" I inquired. "The Prophet," was the answer. "Any one else?" "No! his authority is quite enough!" "Well," I said, "you are lawyers, and understand evidence; let us, therefore, call forth our witnesses. The question is, 'Did Christ die on the cross, or Judas Iscariot in His stead?'"

"I. Witnesses that He did not die, but that Judas was crucified in His stead:—Mohammed, sole witness, living six hundred years after Christ.

"II. Witnesses that Jesus Christ was crucified and died:—

"Pontius Pilate; those disciples who were present at His crucifixion, and saw Him after His resurrection; the Jews who bore witness to His death by setting a watch at His grave; Judas Iscariot, who went and hanged himself—he, therefore, could not have been crucified; Christ Himself (Luke xxiv. 46, 47); all the Christians living at that time, who knew Jesus and Judas, five hundred of whom saw the Lord Jesus at one time after His resurrection, and conversed with Him; the Apostles, who saw Him after His resurrection, conversed with Him, ate and drank with Him, and saw him ascend into heaven; the prophets of old, who testified that Jesus should die; St. Paul, who preached Christ crucified.

"All these witnesses, excepting the prophets, lived at the time; whom, then, are we to believe—a witness who lived six hundred years after the event, or a host of witnesses who lived at the time? Half of these witnesses were enemies of Christ; yet this evidence is *one* with those who believed in Christ. Moreover, if Judas was crucified, who was he who hanged himself? And would God have raised a traitor to life,

and, deceiving the Apostles, would He have allowed Judas to ascend visibly into heaven? No! Mohammed got his story from the spurious gospels, as well as other stories mentioned in the Koran about Jesus and Mary; but every Christian knows that those stories were written some four hundred years after Christ, and that they are *untrue*. Christ crucified is the centre of the Christian religion. In it every true Christian trusts." I then read Hebrews ii. 1-4. The Mohammedan vakeels were silent.

To illustrate the doctrine of salvation by Jesus Christ we have a very effective illustration. I heard it first from our senior catechist, Triloke. We were preaching in the bazaar. The cross of Christ was the stumbling-block. A Hindu faqir and a Mohammedan made common cause. The Hindu said, "Your arguments are all erroneous. You said Jesus Christ died for the sins of the world, and we need merely believe it, and we are saved." "Yes," I replied, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." "But," the Hindu continued, "if Christ paid my debt, whether I believe or not, I cannot be punished, for my debt is paid." "If you reject Christ, and will not accept His sacrifice, you will perish." "This is nonsense," the Mohammedan said. "If Christ were God, every one would be glad to have his debts liquidated by Him." Triloke answered, "This is not always the case. You and I are old inhabitants of Benares, and you know what happened. Some thirty-five years ago, Amrit Rao, the Peshwa of the Raja of Poona, spent thousands of rupees in feeding the Brahmins and in gifts to them and others. On

leaving Benares he resolved, among other things, upon releasing all the debtors imprisoned for debt in the Benares gaol. For that purpose he sent a large sum of money to the judge of Benares. The judge, having received the money, told the prisoners that Amrit Rao had paid their debts, and that they were free. But what happened? All the humble debtors accepted the offer and were released; but about eight or ten Brahmins and Rajpoots replied, 'Shall we receive the gift and appear beggars? Never! We will not be freed by the Peshwa; we will either pay our own debts, or perish in prison.' "Very true," the Hindu replied, "but those were proud and foolish fellows." "You are right," I rejoined, "but are you not the same? We offer you pardon in the name of Jesus, and you reject it. Beware lest your time of grace pass by, and you perish. To-day, as you hear the good tidings, harden not your heart, but believe in Jesus and be saved."

Another story of Benares illustrates how the attributes of justice and mercy can be reconciled. A weaver had committed some offence, so the magistrate fined him five rupees, and, in default of payment, gave him fourteen days' imprisonment. The man appealed to the judge, begging for mercy. The judge asked him, "Are you guilty?" Answer, "Yes." "Then take your punishment." But the man said, "I cannot pay the fine, for I have not the money, and if I be sent to prison, my family will starve; please, therefore, pardon me, for you are all-powerful and can do it, and no one will say a word against it." "That might be the case," the judge said, "but my business is to administer justice." "True," was the reply, "but please exercise mercy too." As he continued pleading, the judge said,



"Treasurer, bring five rupees of mine." When they were brought, the judge said, "Go and pay this man's fine;" to the culprit he said, "You are pardoned; go in peace." On hearing this, some present exclaimed, "How just!" others, "How merciful!"

Of late Mohammedans visited me a good deal, two of whom seemed in earnest in their inquiry whether the prophet spoken of by Moses were Mohammed, or not. For two visits they made this the point of discussion. The passage on which the discussion was founded is Deut. xviii. 18, "I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him." They entered fully into Mohammed's character. He was, like Moses, a warrior; he married, had children; God put His words, the Koran, into his mouth. Jesus Christ was no warrior, was not married, had no children; He was not like Moses, hence that Prophet spoken of must be Mohammed. Moreover, it was expressly stated the Prophet should be raised "*from among their brethren.*" It is not said, "from among you Israelites," but "from among your brethren;" and who are these? The Ishmaelites; and what Prophet was raised up among the Ishmaelites? Mohammed. They repeated "*from among their brethren*" over and over again. Controversy on this passage is nothing new. Henry Martyn discussed it with the Mohammedans, and the Afghans, who call themselves "Beni Israel," or "the sons of Israel," tell us that their forefathers, who were Israelites, were converted to Mohammedanism by that passage.

I replied, "This passage, as far as resemblance goes,

might as well refer to David and some other men, without any of them being *that* Prophet; but your chief argument rests on Deut xviii. 18. You quote it, and quite pass over the 15th verse, where God explains the words, 'of thy brethren,' by saying 'from *the midst of thee.*'" The Moulvi replied, "I know that it is said, in verse 15, 'from the midst of thee;' but these words have been added, for Peter, in the New Testament, does not quote them." "I am glad," I said, "you allow St. Peter to have a word to say in this controversy. He quotes verse 18, and says, 'A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up *unto you* of your brethren,' but his inference is different from yours. By '*unto you*' he means 'unto you Israelites,' and by 'from among your brethren,' 'from the midst of you Israelites,' and then he expressly declares that that Prophet spoken of is Jesus Christ. This ought to settle the controversy, yet let us look at the passage itself. The words occur frequently, and always mean 'from among you.' Thus, Deut. xv. 7, 'If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' This must be the land of Canaan, not Arabia, for God did not give Arabia to the Israelites. Again, Deut. xxiv. 14, 'Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant, whether he be of thy brethren, or of thy strangers that are in thy land.' This means again 'thy brethren, the Israelites.' But you will say, 'That is your interpretation. Well, let us see how God Himself interpreted the phrase. In Deut. xvii. 15 it is written, 'One *from among thy brethren* shalt thou set king over thee: thou mayest not set a stranger over thee, which is not *thy brother.*' Now, who was the

first king of Israel? It was Saul, given to the Israelites by God himself, from among their brethren of the tribe of Benjamin. Again, who was the second king? It was David, given to the Israelites by God Himself from among their brethren, the tribe of Judah. Thus God Himself has shown us the meaning of the words 'from among thy brethren.' Hence the Prophet spoken of by Moses must be One from among the Israelites, and St. Peter expressly says that that Prophet is Jesus Christ. But remember the words of Moses and St. Peter, '*Him* shall ye hear.' Let me therefore entreat you to hear that Prophet, even Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world."

## CHAPTER X.

*ENEMIES.*

IN preaching, we frequently meet with very unpleasant enemies. In former years there were two men at Benares, both equally vile. One usually commenced, "Give me a thousand rupees a month, and half-a-dozen English ladies for wives, and I will become a Christian." The more licentious his language, the more some of the people liked it. Once or twice I endeavoured to enter into conversation with him, but I found our Lord's words verified (Matt. vii. 6). The other always commenced talking on subjects which it was impossible to follow up, so that I at last addressed him as the chief of the sweepers, advising him to initiate my sweeper into all his mysteries. Little do our friends at home know of the real state of idolatry, or of the arguments used in defending the actions of the Hindu gods, or of the poison one has to drink in. Such men would gladly stop our preaching by violent means, if they dared.

In 1855 I arrived at Riwah, an independent State. The capital bears the name of the little kingdom, but it is a wretched little town. A crowd soon assembled; they listened quietly and attentively. Presently a caviller came up. He was intoxicated; he had been with the missionaries of the S.P.G., and had evidently

been expelled by them. He kept calling out "Forget not! forget not that you are at Riwah, and not in the Company's territory." After him a Gussain started up, and never have I seen a man in a greater rage. "Say 'Sitarám!' say 'Sitarám!'" he shouted, "or go to your tents! We do not want to hear you. Remember, you are in the country of an independent prince. To your tent! Away with you!" He trembled with rage, shouting and roaring at the top of his voice. Looking him straight in the face, I quietly said, "I will neither call on Sitarám, nor go to my tent, till I have accomplished the object for which I came here. We did not come here in the name of the Company, but in that of the King of kings; and, therefore, I shall not leave this place till I have delivered His message." Upon this the Gussain became perfectly furious, saying, "Look around you! There are hundreds here well armed, and ready to strike you down in a moment." The drunken man seconded him, and abused us shamefully. When my opponent found that roaring would not answer, he endeavoured to push me away; the other, seeing this, laid hold of my arm, crying out, "Go away, go! Here the Company have no authority. We do not want to hear of your God, nor of your Jesus." I put one foot forward, so as to have a firmer footing, and then, fixing my eyes upon both, said, "If you two wish to go to heaven, you must become of a different disposition." This remark was followed by a fresh outbreak on the part of the Gussain. After he had raged for some time longer, I asked him whether he was not ashamed of his undignified behaviour. He remained a moment silent,

and then replied, "I have done ; go on with your preaching. The other man shall not interrupt you."

On the way to our tent we were followed by some Kabirpantis ; one of them asked me to step into a verandah, and see his Guru and a number of his disciples. We did so, and I asked for their belief ; but they preferred to hear of ours. Upon this I explained the way of salvation through a crucified Saviour. They were polite and civil, and listened attentively. So the storm was followed by a calm.

A similar scene, but not nearly so violent, we experienced at Neamat Baksh in 1870. A Babu told the people it was not meet for them to hear us ; if we were not their rulers, the best way to silence us would be to cut our throats. The Government had taken their country and money, and had ruined the people, "and now you fellows come to take our religion. The present Government are no good," he continued ; "former days were blessed ones. When a thief was caught he lost his right hand ; and an unfaithful wife had her nose cut off. Now-a-days the Government upholds the thief, and protects the unfaithful." I asked whether, in the blessed former times, all the unfaithful wives had their noses cut off ? "Yes, yes !" was the reply, "before the white demons took our country." "Then, of course," I said, "the milkmaids in Krishna's time, all of them had their noses cut off ?" "No such thing !" a man called out ; upon which the Babu began to explain the matter, abusing the Government and all Europeans in the vilest terms he could think of. On his being quiet, I proceeded to show what sin was, what the sinner's punishment would be,

whether that sinner be called god or man, Krishna or Ramdas, and then pointed out the sinner's refuge. The Babu repeated that it would be best to destroy us all, root and branch. The people replied, that the Babu had neither met the argument, nor refuted a single assertion that had been made. All that we had said seemed to be true. "Just this specious truth it is," the Babu exclaimed, "which strikes at the root of our religion, and for which we ought to cut these fellows down. Stick to Krishna! Stick to Krishna!" he shouted. "A fine fellow!" another called out; "when he went back to heaven, he had his hands and his feet cut off on account of his wickedness." "This is new to me," I replied; "I knew that Juggatnath lost his hands and feet, because of the pranks he played. Are they the same? But leave these things, and listen to the invitation of that Saviour who was pure and holy, and loved you and us, so as to give His life for us." "Alas! alas!" the Babu exclaimed, "how can we defend our religion, when we have traitors in the camp? Instead of uniting to put you down, our people help and uphold you." The next day our tent was full from morning to night, and we had ample opportunity to bear testimony of Jesus to attentive and willing hearers. The Babu was a Benares man, who had lost his estate in a law-suit.

Of late years I have been threatened but once. I was preaching in the city, when a number of Mohammedans came to listen. With them was a man about six feet six in height, and proportionately powerful. He began to argue, but the upper story not being well furnished, he became very angry, and,

lifting up a pair of fists strong enough to fell an ox, he said, "If you speak another word, I shall knock you down." I could not help smiling, and looking up into his face, I said, "My friend, a blow from you would knock me down, and I shall be down quicker than I can get up again; but up I must get, for you see, my Master commands me, 'Speak, and forbear not;' and you say, 'Be silent.' Now, whom am I to obey?" "Well," he replied, "if you must speak, speak on!"

We have an arch-enemy in Benares—a very tall Gussain. It is the object of his life to go from one preaching-place to another, to disturb missionaries when preaching. If he finds the congregation is a small one, he shakes his head and walks on to another preaching-place. If a crowd is collected, he sees whether they are attentive or not. If they are inattentive, he will walk away, but if the people are apparently impressed with the truth, then he rushes among them, telling them to be gone, and walks up to the missionary, and asks a succession of foolish questions, and not unfrequently sinful ones, in order to destroy any impression that may have been made. One day, as I was preaching at Dusasamedh, to a very attentive crowd, my catechist touched my arm, saying, "Satan is coming!" On looking round I saw the Gussain. "What are you preaching about?" he exclaimed; "who was Mary? What is written in your book? What have you to say to me?" I replied, "There is a man described in this book who exactly resembles you." "Who was he?" the Gussain asked; "let me see what is said of him." Turning to 2 Timothy, I gave him the New Testament,



adding, "Read the fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter." Without first looking at it, he read aloud, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works." He read the passage a second time, closed the book, and, returning it to me, walked quietly away. A few weeks after, during the rains, he did me some good service.

My catechist, T——, and myself had been for some time at the chapel, but could not get a congregation together. The Gussain came, and, seeing only three hearers, he said, "You cannot collect a congregation. I shall have to collect one for you." He then took my Testament, read a few lines, and commenced expounding, shouting at the top of his voice, and gesticulating in a furious manner. A crowd soon collected, and he said, "I have fulfilled my promise; now your part is to keep them together, and preach to them." (Ps. lxxvi. 10.)

One day Mr. Reuther and myself were both silenced in the bazaar. Some Mohammedans had argued with Mr. Reuther, and were calmly and pointedly replied to. They left him, but presently after a piece of brick was thrown, which struck him on the forehead; a stream of blood showed that the enemy had hit the mark.

The same day, as I was preaching at Kashipura, two country pundits came to argue. A few remarks having silenced them, they became very angry; they, in return, threatened to silence me. I replied, "Do so; only do not interrupt me any more now." As I went on speaking, there came a handful of unsavoury black mud, from a gutter close by, right into my

mouth. I was silenced for some minutes. Some of the people pretended to be very angry, but when I exclaimed, "Well aimed and well hit!" there was a loud laugh. Silence and order were soon regained, and I went on preaching.

The last enemy who lately interrupted me was a Mohammedan—a learned Maulvi, very plausible, mild and polite in his address, and at first sight an earnest and sincere inquirer. He used to come frequently to the Aurungabad Chapel. At first he would listen very attentively; then, putting the palms of both his hands together, in Hindustani fashion, would say, "Sir, I want information respecting the Trinity. I cannot comprehend how Father, Son, and Holy Ghost can be three persons in one God; please explain it to me." After he put the same questions, word for word, two or three times, and had received his answer, I told him to come to my house, and I would go over the subject fully with him. I said also, looking around on the perishing souls, "What would you call that physician who, instead of administering the only remedy to his patients by which they could be cured, spent his time in discussing the most difficult and abstruse points of his science? He would be guilty of their death." The Maulvi replied, "I cannot help it, if they die. I want information, and you, as a minister of Christ, are in duty bound to give it me." He then appealed to the people, asking, "Is the Sahib not bound to answer my question?" I replied, "Friends, listen and judge:—

"An epidemic broke out in a kingdom, which threatened to depopulate the whole country. Many promising medicines were produced, but they all

proved powerless. Death followed upon death. The king of that country, loving his subjects, provided a specific for the disease, and appointed physicians to administer it. In one of the towns they visited, a certain Maulvi came, exactly at the time appointed for administering the remedy, to ask for information about the king, his court, and how the medicine was procured. One of the physicians went over the subject twice, and then told him he could not spare him any more time. But the Maulvi replied, 'It is your duty to give me the necessary information.' Instead of administering the remedy, he then discussed with him subjects which neither could comprehend. Meanwhile the patients died.

"The king, on hearing of this, summoned the physician. 'What,' he asked, 'was your commission?' 'To administer the remedy entrusted to me to the sick and dying.' 'And have you done so?' the king demanded. 'No, I had no time, for a certain Maulvi kept coming and wanting information about your Majesty's mysterious existence, about your court, about the remedy, how it was procured; and in giving this information over and over again, I found no time to administer the specific.' 'What, then, became of the people?' 'Please, your Majesty, they all died.' 'What!' the king said, 'thou sawest the people perishing, yet, instead of administering the appointed remedies, thou didst spend thy time in talking to a Maulvi about matters which neither thou nor he could comprehend? Thou art guilty of their death! They, indeed, died in their sins; but their blood do I require of thee.' Then the king commanded his servants to seize that wicked servant, to

bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

I then said to the people, "My friends, was the punishment of that man just?" "It was," a number exclaimed; "the fellow deserved it!" I then said, "You see, Maulvi Sahib, judgment has been given;" and, turning to the people, I asked, "Did you understand my parable?" A young man replied, "It is plain enough. You think us the sick and the dying; the Gospel is the remedy; your commission is to preach the Gospel to us, and not to talk to that learned Maulvi about the Trinity; and if you do not preach to us, your punishment will be the same as the punishment of that physician." I replied, "You are right;" then, turning to the Maulvi, I said, "You must not interrupt me any more." "But," he exclaimed, "I want information." The people answered, "Maulvi Sahib, silence! the Sahib has no time to talk to you." "But," he repeated, "I want information." Upon this some told him, "Maulvi Sahib, if you like to hear, do so; if not, go about your business."

## CHAPTER XI.

*SUCCESS.*

IN India the difficulties attending missionary operations are enormous. The first and foremost of these is Caste. Not long ago a learned Hindu said to me, "You know we have no religious creed; a man may believe what he likes, if he only keep to caste." How Christian people can speak in favour of caste, is, in the North of India, unintelligible even to a Hindu mind. They think caste and Christianity incompatible—and they are right. Besides caste, there is a gigantic and elaborate system of religion. The Hindu philosopher equals any philosopher in Europe in depth of thought, and subtlety of mind, and looks with as much contempt on the simplicity of the Gospel. Next comes the priesthood—a learned, subtle, able, crafty, and watchful body of Brahmins. For centuries they have laboured hard to impress indelibly on the minds of the people, that the greatest sin which a man can commit is to forsake the religion of his forefathers. The seclusion of females is against us; and even the lower classes of women are practically almost inaccessible to the missionary.

Europeans, too, have added, and do daily add, their quota to our difficulties. Europeans have put it into the minds of the Hindus and Mohammedans that it

is improper for them to read the Word of God in the schools and in the Government colleges. By their inimical bias against Christianity, they have helped to make numbers of young men in India atheists, sceptics, and materialists—copies of themselves.

Add to these difficulties the impediments arising from the climate, the enormous extent of the mission field, the paucity of labourers, our spiritual enemies, sin, sickness, our own evil hearts of unbelief, together with the apathy of the people, their utter carelessness about the salvation of their souls, their indifference to sin and holiness, and entire absorption in the things of the world, and is it a wonder that Hindustan is not yet conquered? Notwithstanding, the Lord has been with us, and we can speak of success. A lodgment has been effected in the very citadel of Hinduism—a breach in the fortress of the great Mogul in India. Our very enemies witness to the fact that Hinduism and Mohammedanism are declining, and Christianity is gaining ground.

Many Europeans residing, or who have resided, in India, if asked whether they believed that the missionaries had had any success, would say, "We do not believe it." The reason is, that they have never inquired whether their opinion rests on truth, or on error; they cannot believe that Hindus and Mohammedans would become Christians except from worldly motives.

Some thirty-five years ago a regiment from Benares was passing through Cawnpore. The officers of that station gave the officers of the regiment from Benares a dinner. Ladies were also present. During dinner a lady asked one of the captains from Benares what

the missionaries were doing there. The captain assured her that he knew of no missionaries at that station. "They have an Orphan Institution," the lady continued. The reply was, "There is no such thing in Benares." "But I am a subscriber!" she added. The captain quietly said, "You may be so; but I was three years in Benares, and, if such an institution existed, I must have seen it." A gentleman on her right whispered to her, "Just wait a little." After some time he asked the captain, "Did you ever go to church?" "Yes," was the reply, "we must go." "But who preached at Benares? You had no chaplain." "True, we had no Padri, but service was performed by some clergymen whom the men liked." "Strange, captain, that you should have been ministered to by missionaries, and have never known of their existence!" "Oh, were they missionaries?" the captain exclaimed. The same gentleman then said to the captain, "Did you ever see a very long building on the road round Sagra to Marawaddi?"

"Yes," was the reply; "we lost a fox there, and I rode into the compound. There were a host of black urchins grinning at me. They knew where the fox was, but they would not tell us." "Then," the gentleman continued, "you have been in the very premises of the Orphan Institution." "Well," the captain said, "I did not know what it was. I thought it was an indigo factory, or something of that sort." And then turning to the lady he said very politely, "You see, ma'am, I was mistaken; there are missionaries in Benares, and there is also an Orphan Institution."

Whilst itinerating at home I attended a missionary meeting in the north. An engineer who had been in

Benares for two or three years, was invited to meet me. On reaching the garden where the people were assembled, I saw my friend surrounded by a number of ladies. On seeing me he came up to me, and his first question was, "Have you a church at Benares?" "What a question!" I replied; "have you never seen a tower peeping above the trees towards Sigra?" "Oh yes, I have seen that church." "Well," I said, "that is number one. Have you not seen another building on the way to Dusasamedh?" "Yes, a new one." "That is number two. Have you seen chapels at the corners of the roads?" "Yes." "Those are preaching places." He had seen all, but never inquired what they were, nor whose.

An impression has been made on the minds of the people, so deep that it may be called a conviction, that if there be any revealed religion, it is Christianity, and that Christianity must, and will finally prevail. A native once remarked, "Are we not already half Christians? We sleep whilst you are awake and at work, and the end will be, we shall bodily turn to Christianity." Pointing to my catechist, he continued, "Do you not see we have there traitors in the camp?"

One day this subject was vividly brought before me by a Sepoy, a Brahmin. I was preaching at Kashipuri, one of our preaching places in the city. The large crowd was civil and attentive. At length he said, "Look at those men and see what they are doing!" The people replied, "They are preaching to us." "True! What has the Sahib in his hand?" "The New Testament." "Yes, the New Testament; but what is that? I will tell you. This is the Gospel axe into which a European handle has been put. If



you come to-day, you will find them cutting; come to-morrow, you will find them doing the same. And at what are they cutting? At our noble tree of Hinduism—at our religion! It has taken thousands of years for the tree to take root in the soil of Hindustan; its branches spread all over India; it is a noble and a glorious tree, but these men come daily with the Gospel axe in their hands. They look at the tree, and the tree at them; but it is helpless, and the Gospel axe is applied daily. Although the tree is large and strong, it must finally give way.” “True,” I replied, “but, remember, many a poor handle gets worn out, and many a one breaks; and it takes a long time till a new handle is obtained from Europe, and till that handle is prepared and fitted.” “Ah!” he replied, “if that were all, it would not much matter, for the tree would have respite, but what is the real case? No sooner does the handle find it can no longer swing the axe than it says, ‘What am I to do now? I am becoming worn out; I can no longer swing the axe; am I to give up cutting?’ No! Then he walks up to the tree, looks at it, and says, ‘Why, here is a fine branch, out of which a handle might be made.’ Up goes the axe, down comes the branch; the branch is soon shaped into a handle; the European handle is taken out and the native handle put in, and the swinging commences afresh. And the worst is that the tree has so many branches of which handles can be made, that finally the tree will be cut down by handles made of its own branches.” “Well,” I said, “you have brought this subject beautifully before us. May the tree soon fall, and then we will plant a new one, which will blossom and bear fruit to the glory of

God. And as the European handle is now nearly worn out, we will put the native handle into the axe ;” and with this I gave my Testament to my catechist. As he opened it, and began to read, the man said, “Brethren, what did I tell you ? let the European handle get weary, the native handle will be put in, and the cutting commences afresh.”

On another occasion I was arguing with a Brahmin on the sinfulness of idolatry. A Hindu stepped forward and said, “If you know that idolatry is wrong, and that it is a sin to worship idols, why do you not bring your guns and blow all the idols to pieces ?” I replied, “Of what use would that be, for would the guns knock the idols out of your heart ?” He replied, “No ; but if you acted as the Mohammedans did, you might soon make an end of all the idols and idol temples in India.” Thereupon another Hindu said, “These men do worse ; for, after all, what did the Mohammedans do ? They broke down a few bricks from the top of the house ; these men undermine its foundation by preaching and teaching, and, when once a great rain comes, the whole building will come down with a crash.” I replied, “May that gracious rain soon come—the outpouring of the Holy Spirit—and bring down the whole fabric of Hinduism and Mohammedanism !”

The Jubilee of the C.M.S. was a great festival for our Christians. In the early morning I was awoke by a salute of twenty-two guns. On inquiry, I was told the salute was in honour of the great day. Her Majesty the Queen—blessings upon her !—had twenty-one, and our people thought the festival in honour of the King of kings ought to be inaugurated by twenty-

two. "But where did you get the guns from?" I asked. "We purchased cocoa-nuts," was the answer, "hollowed them out, filled them with gunpowder, bound them round with hemp, and fired them." At 7 A.M. we met in the Sagra Church. The Christians of the L.M.S. and their Missionaries from Benares and Mirzapore joined us. There were upwards of three hundred adult native Christians present.

The addresses were all very good, but that of Christian Triloke, our senior catechist, struck me particularly, describing the state of Hindustan as it was when he was young. "What a change," he said, "God has wrought! How different it was thirty years ago! I well remember the day when a Peon came to our village, who was a Christian. We all called out, 'Woe unto you! you are a ruined man!' But, five years after, I myself became a Christian. Hindustan was a place of darkness in former years. Let me compare it to a dark night. There were stars visible. These stars were parts of the Vedas, and the sayings of Rishis (saints), and Faqirs (ascetics).

"Upon this darkness the moon arose—the crescent (Mohammedanism). She gave more light than the stars, yet it was not her own, but a borrowed light. Although the light was thus increased, she could not warm the earth, or make it fruitful. But when the state of Hindustan appeared hopeless, a new streak of light appeared. It became brighter and brighter, and the sun arose—the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings. The stars disappeared, the moon vanished before its splendour, and, with increased light, there was also heat communicated, and, with the heat, life and joy. The Sun is the Lord Jesus Christ; whereso-

ever He shines, there He produces life, joy, and happiness. He has brought peace to us. He cheers the mourner and gladdens the heart of the sorrowful. He alone can bestow eternal life upon sinners.

At 5 P.M., 269 native Christians that had been invited, sat down to a dinner with some of the Christians of the L.M.S. To show our loyalty, the Union Jack was hoisted in front of the assembly. We had plenty of spectators, for a number of ladies and gentlemen from Secrole came, and enjoyed the sight. Numbers of natives lined the road along our village, and looked with astonishment at the assembly dining together. "Where," they exclaimed, "where have all these Christians come from? What next? Are we all to become Christians? Wah, Wah!"

As I was walking about, Jan Mirza, one of the catechists of the L.M.S., was delivering a speech:—"When I arrived the first time in Benares, with Mr. Bowley, there were seven native Christians here, viz., two catechists and their wives, an old woman, a man and a child. There was no Christian village, no church, no congregation—not even a chapel in the city to preach the Gospel in! But what do we witness to-day? A village! a church! chapels in the city, and a host of the Lord's people around us. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Yes, I said in my heart, who would become faint-hearted, when, besides having God's glorious promises, he is permitted to see a day like this?

Educated natives are under the same impression, namely, that the Gospel will and must finally prevail, and that it is only a work of time. As I was conversing one day with a native gentleman, he remarked:

"Your present success resembles the mango season. With great difficulty the gardener raises a few ripe mangoes before the season, but these few are an earnest that the season is near. Your few converts are at present like the few drops of rain that precede the rainy season. They fall sparingly, but are an earnest that showers will follow; thus it will be in Hindustan. You have but few converts at present, for what are your three hundred thousand in comparison of the 240 millions of this great country? but they are an earnest that masses will follow."

Old things pass away. For the last ten years I have not seen any of those faqirs or devotees who practise self-torture, such as holding up one hand till the arm becomes withered, nor have I seen, as in former years, faqirs suspended on trees, feet upwards and heads downwards, or sitting between four fires, looking all day at the sun. These men seem to have disappeared from the face of Hindustan. Up to the time of the Mutiny there were two men in Benares who walked about in a state of perfect nudity. One day I said, "If I were magistrate I would send you to jail, and keep you there until you had earned enough to purchase yourselves clothes." "Well," he replied, "and if I had power I would send the whole lot of you out of the country." The late Mr. O., a very able magistrate, who perished in the siege of Lucknow, settled one of these men. Meeting him in the city, he ordered him to be taken to the lunatic asylum, saying, "The man must be mad to walk about in such a state." The people were not sorry for it.

The Brahmo Samaj is a strange phenomenon. The

educated classes have been roused by the teaching and preaching of its missionaries. They heard the truth, and, being led by them to the Word of God, the Bible Society came to their aid by furnishing them with Bibles. Light burst upon them; but what were they to do with their gigantic system of idolatry? In this dilemma the Tract Society came to their rescue by supplying them with controversial works, whereby the members of the Brahmo Samaj were enabled to demolish their own system; and thus, with the truth of God in their hands and heads, they began to construct a system of their own—a Christianity without Christ.

The Brahmos in general do not acknowledge that all the good in their system is derived from the Bible; they point to the Vedas as the source. There are, it is true, ideas and words in the Vedas which can be construed so as to meet their creed, but the question has not yet been answered, which a Brahmo one day put to his friends in my presence,—“How was it that none of our forefathers found out these things, seeing that they also possessed the Vedas?”

The Brahmos profess to believe in one God, the Father of all, to reject idolatry, to disregard caste, and they bind themselves to lead a good and moral life. They speak much of the Fatherhood of God, and of the Brotherhood of Man. Outwardly they honour the Bible, like our Rationalists, consider Christ the wisest and the best man that ever lived. They take from the Bible whatever agrees with their views; the vital truths of Christianity, such as the divinity of Christ and the atonement, they pass over. I never succeeded in persuading a Brahmo to examine the evidences of Christianity; they will not ask them-

selves this most important question, "Does the foundation of my belief rest on truth or on error?"

There is a Brahmo Samaj at Benares; I know most of its members, and occasionally meet them. Some time ago one of them proposed:—

1. That no one should be permitted to preach who did not live up to his preaching;
2. That each member should have but one wife, and no concubines;
3. That they should show the world that they had given up caste by dining together; and,
4. That their preachers should not inveigh against other religions, but simply preach the tenets of the Samaj.

But some thought it was impossible to find such a preacher; the second rule was well enough in theory; the majority admitted that caste was injurious, but could not be given up; for if they gave up caste, and simply preached the tenets of the Samaj without speaking against other religions, they would all soon merge into Christianity.

One of the members showed me a Samaj Prayer-Book. The prayers were excellent, except that they lacked Christ, and I said so. "Well," he continued, "do you not recognise the book?" "No! what do you mean?" His answer was, "It is a copy of Family Prayers, published by the Tract Society, altered to meet our views. We are not yet so far advanced, as to be able to compose such prayers."

Christianity is too humbling a religion for Brahmos, "And how can they believe who receive honour one of another?" (John v. 44.) They will not believe in Christ. A Brahmo, with his outcry against caste and

idolatry, is still a good Hindu ; he may be a rebel, but he has not passed the Rubicon.

The Bramho Samaj is a place halting between Hinduism and Christianity, and whatever may be said to the contrary, it does affect our work in the N.W. Provinces. Many, who are awakened, and ashamed of idolatry, take refuge in the Samaj to the great danger of their souls.

Where the movement will end, one cannot say. Many feel already that intuition cannot be depended upon. "Who is right," I heard a Babu say one day, "the New Zealander who kills his enemy and eats him, or the Jain, who sweeps the ground before him, lest he should kill an ant ?" both I presume act upon intuition.

Paying one day a visit to a Babu, I met a number of Brahmos. Intuition was the subject. I argued with them. Whilst doing so, a young Hindu philosopher came in, and attacked the Brahmos on their notions of intuition, alleging that men's faculties were so constituted, that he could only reason from cause and effect. But reasoning from cause and effect will only hold good as regards the things of this world ; as regards the spiritual world, spiritual laws are required, otherwise we shall be led into absurdities. "Yes," rejoined another, "we want something besides intuition, something positive, an assurance from God." "Why !" exclaimed a young Brahmo, "I cannot see the difference between the 'thus saith the Lord,' and 'thus say I by intuition.'" "I can see a great difference," was the answer. "If I can say, 'thus saith the Lord,' I have something sure to rely upon ; as to intuition, why, what we receive as truth this year, we upset the next."



To this the assembly agreed. The question then arose, What are we to do? "We require a revelation," was the unanimous opinion, "but where can we obtain that?" "There it is!" I exclaimed, holding up the Bible.

I expect we shall hear, by and by, that the leaders of this movement will give out that they have revelation. When they come to that, a reaction will take place. Some of the Brahmos will follow their *ignis fatuus*, and will rush forward, no one can tell whither, whilst the sincere inquirers after truth will turn to Him, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and thus the kingdom of God will be the gainer in the end.

But let no one suppose that the reformers with their beautiful speeches about liberty of conscience, are nearer Christianity, and more favourable to the truth than others. They are not. In reality they are further away than the Mohammedans. The Mohammedans acknowledge the Scriptures to be the inspired Word of God, the Brahmos do not, and let only one of their number embrace Christianity, and he will soon find what the Brahmos mean by asserting that every man ought to be allowed to worship God according to his own views. The late persecution of the young widow, Ganesh Sundrie Dobie, who had embraced Christianity, and was baptised by the Rev. J. Vaughan of the C.M.S. in Calcutta, shows what converts to Christianity may expect from the leaders of the Brahmos, if they possessed the power. Having been led to Christ by a Zenana teacher, she was dragged before the court and persecuted to the utmost by her people, *the Brahmos*.

## CHAPTER XII.

*INQUIRERS.*

BESIDES the general effect which our preaching has produced, we have also had inquirers and converts; but, alas! not every inquirer becomes a Christian. Many a promising flower is nipped in the bud, and many a young tree that promises well, withers away, a worm gnawing at its root. Among the numerous inquirers whom I have had I shall mention a few.

One of the saddest cases was that of Babu Davi Dayal Singh. Several years ago he paid me a visit, apparently with the view of being introduced by me to some of the Europeans at Benares. As he seemed to be a superior and well-educated man, I introduced him to several gentlemen in the station. We soon became better acquainted, and, perhaps to please me, he listened to what I had to say of the Gospel scheme of salvation; but whatever his motives were, he listened and began to read the New Testament. He was a wealthy man, and in his views he was years in advance of his countrymen. By caste he was a Rajput. After we had been some time acquainted, he proposed to make his will, and to make over the whole of his property to me, to be divided as follows:—One-third to be spent in the preaching of the Gospel, one-third to be devoted to Jay Narain's College and Free School,

and one-third to be given to his family so long as any of them lived. He urged me to consent to his plan, stating that his reasons for doing so were in some measure selfish; for whilst he really wished to see Christianity propagated in India, because it made people happy, and he was equally anxious to see Jay Narain's establishment prosper, because so many of his countrymen were benefited by the education which they received there, he also wished to secure his own life; for so long as his relatives had the hope of obtaining his property at his death, seeing that he had no heir, so long they would be wishing for and seeking it; but if the property were so willed, they would, on the contrary, wish him to live, so as to enjoy it as long as possible. I told him that, as he was yet young, he might have children; moreover, we were not anxious for his property, but we wished to win his soul for Christ. He was at first surprised at my remark, yet he appeared to appreciate my motive. "It was not," he said, "what any of my countrymen would have done, but no doubt it was *Christian* conduct."

After he had gone on steadily for a year and a half, he ceased to visit me. He was a materialist, a disciple of a celebrated man at Benares, Munshi Shital Singh.

When my hope of ever seeing him become Christ's had nearly died away, he had a serious warning from the Lord. Several men, with whom he had a dispute about female infanticide, waylaid him and wounded him severely. He became terribly alarmed, and when I called on him his first exclamation was, "This is the fruit of your not allowing me to make

my will!" "No, Babu," I replied, "but rather this is a warning from the Lord—an admonition to you to consider your ways." He felt and acknowledged this, yet remained the same as before. He, however, made two discoveries, namely, that Vedantism and Materialism are flood-gates of sin, and Deism but a cold and uncertain religion.

At a later period he visited me again, and of his own accord began to talk on religion. I declined entering any more on Materialism, Vedantism, or Deism, but appealed constantly to the Bible. Occasionally he seemed much excited, exclaiming, "Suppose Christianity be true, what will become of me?" This feeling gradually increased, and one week he visited me almost daily, and on the Saturday of that week, for the first time, he opened his mind freely. His anxious question was, "What must I do to be saved?" The answer was simple and plain. "But oh," was the sceptic's reply, "that the answer might be true!" His inquiries into Vedantism, Puranism, Materialism, and Mohammedanism made him doubt every religion. I told him that minds, like his, might be silenced, and made to acknowledge, that evidences, like those on Christianity, were sufficient to satisfy any honest seeker after truth, but his doubts would not be thereby removed. Though he might not be able to say anything in reply, the thought would still return, "Is it so?" and that, therefore, nothing but earnest prayer would help him. If he continued trusting to his own evil heart of unbelief, he would never obtain rest. We then read Hebrews iv., and for the first time prayed together. He left me deeply affected.

The clock in the lines struck twelve that night, and our gong-bell repeated the hour, when I heard a carriage coming. This was nothing new to me. I went out to see who it was, and what was my surprise to find the Babu with his steward, a Brahmin. Both came to be baptized forthwith. The Babu said, "We come to take the leap in the dark. Although I am not fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, yet, if there be a true religion, it must be Christianity, for no other religion can lay claim to it." I replied, "Under such circumstances I do not see my way clear to baptize you;" but he insisted, saying, "Do baptize me! I am a sinner. I have not only denied my Creator, but I have taught others to do the same, and have led them astray. You do not know my heart; it is worse than you think. Now I am ready. If Christianity be true, I am safe; if not, I can lose nothing; for Christianity is good in itself, and is the only religion that is. If you do not baptize me at once, I may go back, for I am bad enough for anything; therefore, do baptize me!"

He was much excited; what was I to do? I prayed, and put the solemn question to him, "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you receive Him as your Saviour?" He did not reply; I therefore told him I could not comply just then with his request, and asked him to wait till morning. He returned early in the morning, calmer, but still of the same mind. As his mind was full of doubts, of which he seemed unable to divest himself, and as his views of Christianity never rose higher than that he considered it the best religion, I proposed to him a full course of instruction, and sent a circular to the brethren, asking

their prayers for him. The Babu's father had been one of the worst characters in Benares, and had been a terror to high and low. He had, however, found his match in one of our magistrates, who, the people said, worried him so that he died of sheer vexation. His son had thereby inherited a bad name; but I found him in all his dealings with me honest, true, obliging, and disinterested. I could not discover a trace of his father's character in him.

For about ten days we daily spent three hours together in reading the Word of God and prayer, his steward always accompanying him. The internal evidences of the Bible had a great effect on his mind, but he also wished for external evidences, which he received. When we were one day reading the 22nd Psalm, and the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and compared the fulfilment of these prophecies as related in the New Testament, he several times exclaimed, "Undeniable evidence!"

Though full of doubts and fears still, yet, as he obtained more light, he became anxious about his two wives; he therefore begged Mrs. Leupolt to visit them. She did so, and they received her with great pleasure, and this was the commencement of Zenana work in Benares, in 1855; the first Zenana opened in the N.W. Provinces. One day, after a long conversation, the first wife opened her mind to Mrs. Leupolt, and told her the ways and means she had used to obtain a son, and then she continued, "And now my husband tells me that I am to leave my old house (religion), because it is built on sand and rotten, and enter a new one, which is better, and wherein we shall be safe and happy; but, before I leave my old house, my husband

must prove that it is indeed rotten, and that the new house is more secure and better than the old one." The great difficulty which Mrs. Leupolt found in teaching was so to manage as not to create jealousy between the two wives ; for the younger comprehended what she was taught much quicker than the elder one. At the same time, a native Christian woman named Rahel was appointed to instruct them daily in reading, writing, Scripture, &c. They made good progress, and soon began to read the Scriptures, and took pleasure in it.

As the Babu was suffering from rheumatism, and unable to leave his house, I visited him regularly. One day I found him conversing with an old Vedantist. The Babu told me, with great glee, that the pundit was in great perplexity, for he had put the question to him, that, as man was a particle of God, whether the particle of God received the matter, or the matter the particle of God ? The solution of this question had cost the ninety-seven-year-old pundit a whole night's cogitation, and then he had to acknowledge he could not tell.

Besides the pundit, three of his former associates were with the Babu, one of whom was a native doctor. They received me with great politeness. Seeing the Babu had become worse, I asked the doctor in conversation, whether he would not be justified in dismissing his old physicians and choosing a new one, whose medicines might benefit him ? He replied, " Yes, and the Babu would act wisely if he did so." " Well, then," I said, " behold your case and the Babu's. For centuries you and your forefathers have employed certain physicians to cure them of the sickness of sin,

but, instead of the disease being removed, it has increased year by year. Would it not, therefore, be the act of wise men for you to dismiss your physicians, Ram, Krishna, and all their host, and turn to Christ, the good Physician, that you may become well?" The native doctor had nothing to say, but a Deist who was present had. He maintained that all religions were alike; they all contained some truths and some errors; some more, some less.

Before I had time to reply, the Babu took up the subject, saying, "Look at the difference. The Hindu religion contains errors, which are fatal to morality and happiness." This was granted. "If you like," the Babu continued, "to live a licentious life here and hereafter, become a Mohammedan, for their very god is a fosterer of licentiousness." This was also granted. "Hence," the Babu went on, "both these religions contain fatal errors." "As to Deism, who possesses the truth, and what is the truth? Do you not *all* differ in your views—the one maintaining one thing, the other another? Again, if we trust to our own understanding, are we safe? Some think it is a sin to kill an ant, whilst the New Zealanders kill and eat each other, and think that they are right. Now look at the Christian religion. Here is the New Testament," handing it over to the Deist. "You have read it. Now, will you point out to me a single error in it which is injurious to your happiness here and hereafter?" The opponent readily acknowledged that he knew of none. "If so," the Babu continued, "then you are safe here. My advice, then, is that, seeing you cannot go wrong by following Christ's religion, you follow it, and its very errors too, and you will



soon perceive that the errors are not in the Book, but in your understanding and apprehension; and every day will convince you more and more that the New Testament contains truth unmixed with error."

My hope for him at this time began to increase. He seemed also to become anxious for the souls of others, and when I next visited him I found he had two inquirers. He was still confined to his room, had his New Testament open, and he was in conversation with these men. The first of those was a Brahmin, who said, "I am sure that God loves me, for He is giving me food and clothes without my asking Him. If God was not pleased with me, He would not do it." "Your argument is most sound," I replied. "The prisoners in the jail receive food and clothes, and that is a sure sign that the Government have a special love for them." "Well," he rejoined, "I do not care; I am in prosperity, and that is a sure sign of God's love for me, and I can therefore eat and drink and enjoy myself." I replied, "There was in ancient time a man who acted exactly on your principle." I took up the Testament, and read the parable, or history, of Dives and Lazarus (Luke xvi.) When I had concluded, he replied, "I do not know, but God never commands me anything." "You are mistaken," I answered. "He has done it, and He does it now. Hear what God has to say to you: 'The times of ignorance God winked at, but now He commands all men everywhere to repent'" (Acts xvii. 30).

He was silent, and another man took up the argument, asking how the temptation of Christ was to be understood, seeing that it was a physical impossibility that Satan could show Christ all the kingdoms of the

world; and, moreover, how could Christ be tempted at all, or be baptized with the baptism of John, the baptism of repentance; and how came it that the English and the Russians, being Christian brethren, could go to war with each other, and that, too, on account of the Turks? As to the first point, the fact that Christ had become our Surety, and was found in our stead, satisfied both men, and they entered into the full bearing of the doctrine. As to the last point, I allowed that, if Christian nations acted up to the principle of love, they would never go to war.

The Babu then informed me that he intended taking a trip to Calcutta, for which I was very sorry. I myself was preparing for a mission tour; so I commended him to the grace of God, and we started on our respective journeys. I was absent about two months, and, on my return, I found the Babu had also returned. He at once called on me, and it appeared that he had not taken any harm from coming in contact with the Calcutta Babus. I thanked the Lord for this. How he escaped contamination seemed to me almost a miracle. He told me he intended to publish an account of his visit, and the description he gave me of it could not be a sadder one than it was.

The Babu had left Benares in one of the Ganges steamers. Being then full of the subject of religion, he spoke on it to several gentlemen on board the steamer, but they told him he must go and talk to the Padris on that subject, for it was none of theirs. He said, "Those on the steamer showed no religion at all." At last he reached Calcutta, where Mr Cuthbert, then the Secretary of the C.M.S. there, showed

him much kindness. The Babu visited the Mint, the Public Gardens, and other places. He took up his quarters with the Calcutta Babus. He declared that their conduct beat everything he had ever seen. He pronounced them all atheists, whose chief occupation was drinking Castillian. They assured the Babu that they had quite as much religion as the Sahibs, for they had none. I pass over what he said of English, French, and East Indian Bibis (women). The Babus also assured him that the keeping holy the Sabbath Day was a farce; he need only go to a shop and ask for an article of value, and the shop would be instantly opened to him. Accordingly, he went on a Sunday to a shop and asked for an article worth two or three rupees, and he was told it was Sunday; he then asked for a gold chain worth eighty or a hundred rupees, and he was instantly admitted. To convince me of this, he made Sunday purchases to a large amount. No laymen anywhere, he said, spoke to him, or wished to converse with him on religion. I could say little to all this, but I told him what I had seen in England, and what kind of society I had met in Calcutta, and also to what society Mr. Cuthbert would have introduced him, if he had stayed in his house.

Our duty was to save our own souls, and if we did not, but supposed God would excuse our sins because others sinned, we should deceive ourselves and finally perish with those whose lives he had described. When I had heard the Babu's descriptions of the Calcutta Babus, and their statements about Europeans—when I reflected on his Sunday purchases made to convince me, that English merchants only kept the Lord's Day holy, when it did not affect their worldly

interests, and also heard the morality of Europeans at large attacked—the fearful thought flashed across my mind, Can it be that the Babu has laid hold on these statements in order to silence his own conscience and to stifle his own convictions? I could but pray earnestly for him—at the same time I felt deeply our Lord's words, "It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe unto him through whom they come" (Luke xvii. 1). Calling on him soon after, I had a pleasing conversation with him on individual responsibility. I came away cheered; but, alas! I had soon cause to mourn, for my next visit convinced me that my surmisings were correct, that the Babu was doing all he could to silence the inward monitor and to shut his eyes to the truth. My heart ached; he knew what he was about, but "a deceived heart turned him aside" (Isa. xlv. 20).

Still the Lord did not yet leave him. Trouble upon trouble came upon him. He told me that his Sunday purchases had not profited him; the boat in which his things were coming to Benares had caught fire and was gone to the bottom of the river, and that he had lost thereby Rs. 6000 (nearly £600). At home, matters went equally wrong; death entered his family, and he himself was again stretched on a bed of sickness. He felt these trials, and I told him that they were signs that the Lord had not forsaken him, although he had forsaken the Lord.

The native teacher still continued to instruct his wives, and the first wife carried on a correspondence with Mrs. Leupolt, who was too ill to visit the Babu's zenana. Towards me the Babu's deportment remained unchanged. About that time the Mutiny broke out.

During this sad period the Babu behaved as well as others who obtained honours from Government.

In 1859 I was preparing for a visit to Europe. I informed the Babu of it. He exclaimed, "What will become of me if you go?" A few days after, he sent me word that he was resolved to accompany me. His chief reason for this was a sad one; he informed me that he had given way to drinking, and conceived that the only way to break off that vice was to accompany me to England.

The Babu was in earnest, and I hoped against hope. He preceded me to Calcutta, but, on arrival there, he received a letter urging him instantly to return, or all his property would go to ruin, half of his jewels and money having already disappeared. He was deeply annoyed at this, took an affectionate farewell of me, and I saw him no more. The statements made in the letter that recalled him to Benares proved correct; family troubles increased; he went from bad to worse, giving himself up entirely to drink; was taken ill with cholera, and died.

Such blighted hopes constitute part of the trials of missionaries. With regard to this man I have more than once asked myself, Was I right in refusing him baptism? If I had acted otherwise, might not his whole life have taken a different turn? Whenever I think of him, a pang passes through my heart, and his case and those of two others, though of a different nature, form gloomy events in my missionary life; yet, in the Babu's case, what could I do? Oh for wisdom from above! I do not wonder at the Apostolic request, "Brethren, pray for us!" Mission-

aries have, of all men, most need to be guided by wisdom from on high.

If *hope blighted*, as in the case of Babu Davi Dayal, depresses the missionary, and inclines him to exclaim, in the words of the Messiah in Isaiah's prophecy, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain," *hope deferred* has a similar effect; it maketh the heart sick.

Among the Babus whom I was in the habit of visiting, there is one respecting whom my hope has not been realised. He has for years been convinced of the truth of God's Word, and has conversed on the truth of Christianity with most of the missionaries here. He reads the Bible daily, and I believe he prays also. In conversing with him you would take him for an experienced Christian. In speaking about God's ways the other day, he remarked, that if it were written in the Bible that every one who lived a godly and holy life would be loved in this world, I should at once say the Bible is not true, because I see such is not the case. But what does the Bible say? The Lord Jesus says, if any one will follow Me he will be persecuted, and such is the case, and therefore I say the Bible is true.

But although fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, and confessing that he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, calling him his Lord and Saviour, still caste and fear of the world have hitherto deterred him from entering into the fold of Christ. May the good Shepherd allow His erring sheep no rest till He has succeeded in bringing it into His fold.

With regard to another Babu my hope was likewise not realised, but whom I nevertheless trust and hope

to find in heaven. Some years ago this Babu, then in Government service in Oude, came and visited me for the express purpose of inquiring more fully into the evidences and tenets of Christianity. He had been educated in the Hindu College at Calcutta, and spoke English remarkably well. "I want clearer views about salvation," the Babu said. "I know the Apostle's reply to the question, 'What must I do to be saved?' but I do not clearly see why *faith in Christ* should save me, and not *faith in God*."

"Let us consider this point," I said. "When the Scriptures speak of faith in Christ, they do not merely mean that we should believe that such a person as Jesus Christ did exist in Judæa. Faith in Christ includes a great deal more; it includes the acceptance of Christ's whole work—the full salvation which He has wrought out for us. This salvation, though it originated in God the Father, Who so loved the world as to give His own Son for us, is peculiarly Christ's own work, and therefore, by faith in Christ, the acceptance of that work is required. You know, Babu, that man is a sinner. He has broken God's law, and death is the consequence, for 'The wages of sin is death'—'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.'"

"Yes," the Babu replied, "I know and feel it."

"And you also know that God, being just, holy, and true, will execute judgment. Hence, unless man can fulfil God's holy law and satisfy God's justice, he must bear the penalty, which is death in this world and in the world to come."

"Yes," was again the reply, "I feel that too. I wish to do that which I know to be right, and I con-

stantly fail, and therefore cannot save myself. I am lost!"

"So we should all be," I continued, "if God had not come to our aid. But God has made provision of salvation for us." I then displayed before him fully the nature and mode of this salvation.

The Spirit of God was operating on his heart, and he grasped daily more and more the love of God and of Christ. He exclaimed more than once, "I see now how the sinner that accepts Jesus by faith as his Substitute is safe. I wish to be Christ's."

One day, when speaking of the sacrifice of Christ, the Babu said, "You know we have something similar in our religion—the *Aswa Samèdh*, or the sacrifice of the white horse." The horse required for the sacrifice had to be perfectly white, without a single dark spot, without blemish, without a vice—*perfect*. The sacrifice could only be brought by a king; it must be his own property, and was to be sacrificed for the sins and for the safety of his whole kingdom.

This led us to speak of sacrifices—of Abel's sacrifice, and of those under the law; and this brought us back to the fact that the blood of bulls and of goats, and even of a white horse, was unable to cleanse us from our sins. The blood of a higher sacrifice was necessary to justify man before God—the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

Sickness broke out in his family. Two of his children died of small-pox, and I greatly feared that these afflictions would have deterred him from further inquiry; but on my meeting him soon after, and sympathising with him in his severe trials, he said, "The Lord has sent me these because, though I know Him



to be the only Saviour, I have not confessed Him before the world."

Shortly after this meeting he had to rejoin his appointment, but at the end of two years he obtained his pension, and became a permanent resident in Benares. On his return I visited him frequently, and had many profitable conversations with him. He was a man of deep Christian experience, and had a clear insight into the Gospel plan of salvation. On taking leave of the Babu, when quitting Benares for a short time on account of my health, his last words were, "On your return I hope to be baptized." I, too, hoped that this would be the case, but, alas! we can only call to-day our own. During my absence he was suddenly seized with cholera and died, and so the outward entrance into the kingdom of God here on earth was denied him. May the Lord have granted him an entrance into the kingdom of God above!

Another inquirer, a Hindu devotee, appeared to be very sincere. Some years ago, while itinerating, I came to a place called Sakaldiha, about twenty-five miles from Benares. My assistants had preceded me the day before, and on my arrival they told me that they had found a singular devotee, who seemed to be a real faqir, and much concerned about his salvation. They had given him a New Testament, and he wished to see me. The next morning I went to see him. He was a middle-aged man; he was seated on a cot in a little hut a short distance from the village. He asked me to seat myself by him, which I did. He had the New Testament in his hands, and told me that my colporteurs had spoken to him about Jesus Christ, whom they declared to be the Saviour of the

world. He then said, "I have been from childhood of an inquiring turn of mind, and wished exceedingly to know God—not our inferior gods, Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahadeo, but the Supreme Being, Brahm. I am a Brahmin; I have read my own Shasters, but they do not satisfy me; I want more. Being unable to obtain a knowledge of Brahm in the common way, I resolved upon becoming a faqir, and determined to adopt the plan of the ancient sages, who went into the jungle and pursued a life of contemplation until God revealed Himself to them. I came to this place at the age of eighteen, and commenced my new mode of life. After some time, finding that I made no progress in coming nearer to God—for I found that I had brought the world within me, and scenes which had transpired in my village constantly passed before my eyes—I had the ground under my hut excavated, and there I sat for two years, seeing neither sun, moon, nor stars, nor any human being except my old mother; nor did I open my lips to any one, not even to my mother. If my mother brought me food, I ate it; if not, I went without food. At the end of two years I found my health giving way, but the end—that of finding God—seemed to be as far off as ever. I then left my underground abode, and have now been sitting here in constant contemplation for the last twenty-two years, hoping constantly that God would reveal Himself to me, but hitherto He has not done so. I do not know God, and I do not know the way of peace."

We then spoke to him, telling him that he might sit for another twenty-two years, and God would not reveal Himself to him; for God had revealed Himself in the New Testament he had in his hand.

We visited him twice daily during our stay in Sakaldiha, showing him what Christ has done for us, and how He meets all the aspirations, longings, and wants of our immortal spirits. He exclaimed several times, "Yes! yes! I read this blessed Book day and night. Jesus is a Saviour such as I want, and He is my Saviour." He at once gave up the life of a faqir, went to the village and told the villagers that what he had been seeking after for twenty-two years, without finding it in his past mode of life, he had now found in Christ—that He was the Saviour of the world. After that, I and my assistants visited him from time to time. But he had not been baptized when I left India.

Munshi Bhyroo Pershad is another instance; he was one that had been brought up in our Mission School under Samal Das, an excellent teacher. Bhyroo lived among us for years: he was a good Munshi, and assisted me in the translation of the Scriptures, and in composing books and tracts; he might be termed a head-assistant in building the ark of God. He was well acquainted with the Word of God, knew the emptiness of his own religion, expressed himself convinced of the truth of Christianity, and gave me, now and then, great hope of his making an open profession of Christianity; but, alas! he flattered himself that it was not necessary to confess Christ publicly. He occasionally quoted his teacher's words, "Who will be better received by Jesus Christ on that great day—he that calls out 'Lord, Lord,' but does not do what the Lord commands, like thousands who call themselves Christians, or he who remains in obscurity, but loves the Lord, and does His will?" I told him that I did

not see much difference between the two, inasmuch as both were in the wrong; the one was ashamed *of* Christ, the other a shame *to* Christ. He remembered Matt. x. 33, "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I deny before My Father which is in heaven;" but he persuaded himself that he did not deny the Lord, because, whenever he was charged with being a Christian, he always replied that he believed in Christ, seeing that Jesus was the only Saviour of mankind.

His elder brother was of the same disposition, kind, gentle, and obliging, and died almost a Christian. I well remember his coming to me in perfect health a few days before his death, and saying, "I know I ought to make a public profession of Christianity, but I cannot face the world; at the same time I know that, if I do not confess Christ, He will slay me. What, oh, what shall I do?" A week after this conversation he was taken ill with fever and died.

Bhyroo Munshi too had his warnings; the Lord knocked audibly at his door by laying him on a sick-bed; but, though he did not open his heart to the Lord, yet the Lord spared him again and again. On returning to his work after a severe illness, I took him to my study, and spoke very faithfully to him, reminding him of the conversations we had had with each other during his illness. I had the impression that, if he continued denying the Lord, the next illness would carry him off, and I told him so. He felt what I said, and my hope respecting him revived; but the same fear of the world which had deterred his brother from being baptized exercised its baneful influence over him. In 1856 he was again taken ill.

I visited him several times and spoke affectionately to him. He hoped he would recover, but he was taken away, and had to settle his account with his Maker. His was a case of *disappointed hope*. May he have found mercy in his last hours !

In mentioning these few inquirers I have only selected a few of the most striking. We have had many others coming and going again. I have more than once told the Hindus in Benares that I have my doubts whether there be a man of pure caste among them ; for we have had *faqirs* and *gussains* (Hindu monks), who have broken their caste by eating with our people, and, on not obtaining the end for which they came to us, they have purchased a new *Janew*, or Brahminical string, gone their way, appearing in the city as good and pure Hindus as ever.

We have had the same class of people from among the Mohammedans. Their motives for coming to us were "the loaves and fishes." Occasionally young men come who have quarrelled with their families, and who wish to revenge themselves on them by becoming Christians.

So not long ago a Mohammedan came begging to be baptized forthwith. I asked why he desired baptism. He replied that he had fully inquired into the truth of Christianity, and found it to be the only true religion in the world. I inquired whether he had read the Bible ; he answered, "Not the whole, but nearly so." I asked, "Do you remember where it is written, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth' ?" "No !" was his reply : "he did not remember that." He evidently had not got so far.

"Well," I said, "you want baptism because you

believe the Bible to be the Word of God? What other reasons have you for wishing to become a Christian?" "Well," he replied, "I will tell you. By becoming a Christian I hope to get rid of my wife, and I shall then be able to marry a nice Christian girl. You cannot conceive what a wicked scold my wife is; I wish to get rid of her, and the surest way for that is by my becoming a Christian." "But," I said, "you are a Mohammedan; why do you not divorce her?" "True," he replied, "but she won't go." "But suppose," I added, "if she wish to become a Christian too, what then?" "Oh, I hope you will not receive her," he exclaimed; "she is an ugly old wicked scold: you must exclude her from the Christian village, for she would set the whole village on fire." "I will," I replied, "you may be sure of that; but now tell me, am I right or not? You never read the Bible, but you have had a quarrel with your wife, and, to revenge yourself on her, you wish to become a Christian?" "You are right," he answered; "such is the case." "Then go," I said, "and be reconciled to your wife; at the same time let me tell you that you ought to become a Christian, for there is no salvation but in and through Christ." He left me, and I never saw him again.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## CONVERTS.

ALTHOUGH much of the good seed which is being sown falls either by the wayside, or on stony ground, or among thorns, some also falls on good ground ; and the Lord's promise remains for ever sure, that "as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater ; so shall my word be that goeth out of my mouth, saith the Lord, it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I send it."

In the command which the Lord gave to His disciples, success was promised. Preach the Gospel, is the command, *baptize* includes the promise of success. The Gospel is to be preached *not only* for a testimony, but also for the conversion of the nations.

In speaking of conversions I shall only give an account of a few persons who were baptized in our Mission.

The first person whom I wish to mention is Cornelius. In Cornelius, a Kayist by caste, sincerity, weakness of character, and timidity were united as I have never seen them combined in any other man.

If a knife were merely pointed at him, he would stand aghast. He first heard the Gospel in Ghazipore; but no sooner had he decided upon inquiring into the truths of Christianity than persecution commenced. When I met him there, he entreated me to allow him to come to Benares.

Previous to his baptism we spoke about names. I remarked that he was at liberty to retain his name, but he replied, "No! please not! I do not wish to have a vestige of idolatry left about me, not even my name, for all our names have something to do with idols."

Soon after his baptism his wife sent him word that she wished to reside with him at Benares. As I was shortly going to Ghazipore, I told him to accompany me. However, when he arrived at his house, his wife, instead of being prepared to return with him to Benares, had him seized and locked up. Hearing of his imprisonment, I went to the magistrate, and Cornelius was released. He came to me in a sad plight. After he had taken some refreshment he told me that his relations had endeavoured to make him recant, first by lenient means, and, that on finding these of no avail, they had tied his hands, forced him to kneel by a *charpai*, or cot, with his chin resting upon it, and had then had him flogged; but he remained firm. Seeing this, they told him that they were determined to make him a Hindu again. They shaved his head and also shaved off his moustache and whiskers, leaving a lock of hair on his head as a sign of his having forsaken Christianity and returned to Hinduism. In this plight he came to me, having been kept without food for nearly two days. As he did not wish to



have his relations punished for their treatment of him, he begged the magistrate, through me, to let the matter drop.

Some time after this, his wife again wrote to him to come to Ghazipore and to take her away with him. When he came, and the magistrate summoned his wife, she was nowhere to be found. Subsequently she sent him word that she had made up her mind never to rejoin him, and entreated him to let her have his property, and with this entreaty she forwarded him a bill of divorcement. He complied with his wife's request, and accepted the bill of divorcement.

Cornelius went on consistently in his walk and conversation: he was humble and upright, forbearing and forgiving. Of the last virtue we had some beautiful examples. One day he was grossly insulted by a member of the congregation. The case was to be tried by the Christian village jury; but on the parties being called upon to appear, Cornelius said, "We have made up our difference and are better friends than ever." I inquired how it had been effected. The reply was, when the Lord's Supper had been announced the Sunday before, and the exhortation had been read, Cornelius went to the offender and asked his forgiveness. When he heard Cornelius so speak, he had exclaimed, "You are the offended party, and you come to ask forgiveness of me! wretch that I am!" and, throwing himself at Cornelius's feet, he had cried for forgiveness. Others followed their example, the *pan-chayat* was soon closed, and we all knelt down to prayer.

Some two or three years after, Cornelius obtained employment in the Baptist Mission, but after two

years he left them, and obtained employment with Mr. D——, of Bhagalpore, with whom he stayed six years. In 1856 he again came to the North-West, and got a situation in Jaunpore. He was considered by all a sincere Christian, but a weak man. He had re-married.

With the year 1857 came the day of trial for native Christians, and for us all. On the 10th of May the Mutiny broke out in Meerut. At Jaunpore several Europeans were murdered, the rest had to flee. Cornelius, in terror, left his wife and children and fled. They fled to Benares. To avoid the rebels, he took the Ghazipore road, but on his way he met a number of them. They rode up to him, asking him if he were a Christian. Terrified at their naked swords, he stammered out something. The rebels, evidently despising him, rode off, and he reached Ghazipore in safety. He went at once to the missionaries at that station and told them all that had transpired. They received him kindly, but he, feeling thoroughly ashamed of his conduct, went to Gorakpore. But Gorakpore also fell. Cornelius, again in terror, could not make up his mind to flee with the rest of the Christians.

When the mutineers entered Gorakpore, his wife entreated him to remain in the house; he did so, and was safe. Soon after the Goorkas came; they were friendly to the Government, but Cornelius had the impression that they would kill him, so he left his house, and ran towards the city, resolved, however, that, happen what might, he would confess his Master. On the way to the city he was taken for a rebel; he was cut down, but not killed. He was found lying in his blood, in agony of mind and body. Friendly hands

conveyed him to the hospital. Before his death he became calm, trusting in his Saviour, and, after lingering a few days, he expired, and I trust I shall find this timid, weak, but sincere Christian in heaven.

Babu Yuhanna was, on the other hand, a bold believer. By birth he was a Bengali Brahmin of the highest caste. Although a high Brahmin, he was willing, when an inquirer, to earn his bread by his own hands.

One day, as he was carrying some wood, a Bengali Babu from Government College came to pay me a visit. On seeing Babu Yuhanna, whom he knew, he threw himself on the ground to kiss his feet. Yuhanna exclaimed, "Stop! do you know that I intend to become a Christian?" "A Christian!" the Babu exclaimed in astonishment; "do you? and pray what are you doing?" "Carrying wood to earn my bread." The Babu, unable to repress his surprise, turned to me, and said, "What a fool this man is! If he were to sit in a corner in the Bengali Tolath and would allow the people to touch his toes, he would obtain more money in a few hours than he could otherwise earn in a week." "True," Yuhanna replied, "and you know I used to do so, and thereby deceived the people. I shall do so no longer."

Yuhanna applied himself vigorously to learn Hindi, for he perceived that the want of that language would delay his baptism. He made good progress in it, and his walk and conversation were all that we could desire.

When I baptized C., the Babu was very disappointed and said, "My soul is athirst for baptism, and yet you refuse to satisfy it." I promised him that the

coming Sunday he should be admitted into the Church of Christ. He was, and I never enjoyed a baptism more than his. The Lord was with us, and we all felt His presence. He received the name of "Yuhanna" (John), with our earnest prayer that he might resemble his namesake in love and devotedness.

Yuhanna remained in Benares as a catechist for some years, but afterwards was anxious to return to his own country, that he might do something for his own people; we therefore commended him to the grace of God, and sent him to Bengal.

If pundits and Brahmins could prevent young men from coming to us, they would most gladly do so; but as young men have usually a will of their own, the advice of the *Gooroo* (spiritual teacher) is frequently disregarded; if it were not so, many a soul would be lost for Christ.

An instance of this we had in Thakur Daial, a young Kanouj Brahmin. The Kanouj Brahmins think themselves to be the only real Brahmins, the only descendants living of the original stock of Brahma's offspring, consequently they look upon all other Brahmins as far beneath them.

As a child Thakur Daial was sent by his parents to Furrakabad to study under a well-known pundit, called Sahib Ram. This pundit frequently warned his scholars to beware of the padries (missionaries), for they were a dangerous people, and bewitched those that stood to listen to their preaching.

After some years he returned to his home, and on the death of his parents he came to Benares to perfect himself in Sanscrit, and studied with a pundit at Assighat. Finding his young disciple of an inquiring

turn of mind, and one who not only wished to hear vague statements about the Vedas, but who wished also to know what they really contained, the pundit earnestly admonished him to keep clear of the padries, and never on any account to enter into any argument with them. Thakur replied, "But are we not Vedantists? Do any other books contain such sublime ideas as ours? I wonder you learned men do not silence these padries." I well remember his coming to us in the bazaar. He was warm, earnest, and vehement in his arguments and in stating his opinions. He was, however, surprised to find one after another of his sublime ideas demolished and scattered to the winds.

On his return he told his Gooroo of his want of success and asked for fresh weapons, but instead of these, he received a fresh and more earnest warning to beware, else he would be lost; for if he were once caught in the meshes of the padries, he would have as little chance of escape as a fly had from the web of a spider. Still Thakur Daial continued to come to hear and argue, not, evidently, for the mastery, but to elicit the truth, and the Lord opening his understanding, he found the truth.

At his baptism he chose the name of Edward, and then what neither his Gooroo nor his Shasters could give him he found in Christ Jesus: Light for his understanding, peace for his soul, holiness of heart, and the hope of eternal life; and he could truly say, and did say with St. Paul, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

Having found the truth himself, he was anxious to

make it known to others. I should have been very glad had he continued to prosecute his studies; but he had no longer a mind for study, but preferred being engaged in the Lord's work in the bazaar and in schools.

Many of the Lord's people are not sure how far they have a right to expect that the Lord will hear their prayers. They do not doubt the Lord's admonition and promise, "Ask, and it shall be given unto you," nor do they doubt the efficacy of intercessory prayer; the only question is, how far they may expect that their prayers will prevail. Two of our young people did not trouble themselves much about this; they simply took the Lord at His word, resting assured that He would fulfil His promises.

Many years ago an old woman came to Sigra with two of her children, begging of us to take them. I replied, "We will not take them, for if we do you will come back after a short time and demand some money; and when you do not receive it, you will ask to have your children again." She replied, "I will not do so," and left the children. The girl was then placed in Mr. Smith's school, and the boy in the Orphan Boys' Institution. The Lord was gracious to both; their hearts were opened, and both were converted. No sooner had they tasted that the Lord was gracious than they were anxious that their mother should share the blessings with them. The girl Mary adopted various ways for effecting her mother's conversion, but she failed in every one. At last Patras and Mary came to me, saying, "You have an empty room among your servants' houses, please let our mother live in it; we wish to instruct her and bring her to Christ." I

told them she might live there. But I soon thought I had made a great mistake, for the old woman was so quarrelsome that I did not know what to do with her. She would frequently commence in the morning, and quarrel with everyone in my compound. Twice or three times I endeavoured to stop her, but I soon had to beat a retreat. One day, however, she outdid herself. Before six in the morning she commenced quarrelling, so that I resolved to put an end to her disgraceful conduct and ordered the old woman to leave the compound.

When her children heard of it, they came and begged very hard of me to allow their mother to stay a little longer. I replied, "It cannot be, for what must the Hindus and Mohammedans around us think if they constantly hear such quarrelling going on? Your mother must leave." They walked away evidently in great distress. After a short time they returned, Patras with his New Testament open and his finger on Mat. xviii. 19, saying, "Look here, Sahib, at the Lord's promise; please read it." I read, "If two of you agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven." Patras continued, "My sister and I have agreed to pray for the conversion of our mother; the petition must be agreeable in His sight. We have continued to pray for the last two years, we have also instructed her; hitherto the Lord has not answered our prayers, but we are sure He will do so. Is He not faithful to His promises? Yes, He is, and O Sahib, rest assured the Lord will be as good as His word, and will answer our prayers—leave us our mother a little longer."

What could I do ? I said, " Well, let her stay ! "

Soon after I observed a change in her. She ceased quarrelling, attended our services and private prayer meetings, and I thought my threatening to turn her out had after all done some good ; but what was my surprise when about three months after her children came with beaming faces, saying, " We have now another favour to ask : will you be so kind as to baptize our mother ? " " What ! " I replied, " do you think the Lord has answered your prayers ? " " He has ; our mother is outside, please examine her. " " I will, " I said ; " but, Mary, you must stay and be my interpreter, for your mother speaks such bad Hindustani that I cannot make out all she says. " Mary smiled, saying, " That will not be necessary, for you will find our mother now speaks as good Hindustani as any of us. " The woman was then called in, and on my asking her what she wanted, she replied, " To be baptized. I wish to be Christ's, but if I have to repeat the Creed, and the Ten Commandments by heart, I shall never be baptized ; the Lord's prayer I have learnt, and I pray it daily. I know I am a sinner, and Jesus Christ came to save sinners. Do baptize me ! " I asked her several questions, and I found that the Lord had indeed answered the prayer of her children. He had given her a new heart, and with the new heart a new tongue. After conversing with her a few times she was baptized, to the delight of her children and to the joy of the whole congregation.

When I saw Babu Davi Dayal, whose case I mentioned before, go entirely back, I felt sad, believing that the time which I had spent in instructing him, and in praying with and for him, had been fruitlessly spent.



I mentioned before, that, whenever the Babu came to me for instruction, he was always accompanied by his steward, a Brahmin. After the Babu ceased to visit me, this man also stayed away ; this was not from choice, but from necessity, as the Babu had sent him to a distance to manage one of his estates. What was my surprise when Bachan, the steward, came one Saturday begging me to baptize him at once, saying, " The Babu has gone back, and, although he has been kind to me, I cannot follow his example ; I must save my own soul. I believe in Jesus Christ. I am a sinner, and He is my Saviour ; do baptize me at once ! I know my heart, and, if I delay, I may be inclined to follow the Babu's example. After my baptism, my friends will persecute me and will cast me off, but I shall be safe."

I examined Bachan, and found that he had indeed attended to the instruction which I had given to the Babu ; for he was fully acquainted with the principal truths of Christianity, and knew what he was about. I therefore made up my mind to comply with his request.

After his baptism several men came to persuade him to return to Hinduism, as baptism alone does not destroy caste, but Bachan Masih refused to follow their advice. Next day the Babu himself came, and brought several accusations against him, one of which was that he had robbed him. On inquiry it was found that another servant was the guilty person. When the Babu was convinced of his mistake, he not only exonerated Bachan Masih from all blame, but promised him two years' maintenance if he would attend at Jay Narain's Institution and improve his

mind ; but poor Bachan Masih had no desire to become a learned man.

He had to endure trials of no ordinary kind. Previous to his marriage with a very young girl, whom he had seen but once, he had taken a *suraiten*, or concubine, with whom he had lived thirteen years, and by whom he had had three children. The woman came also for instruction, and rejoiced at the change which had taken place in her husband. The question now arose, Can Bachan Masih retain both wife and concubine ? The answer was plain ; but I convened a punchayat, or jury. Triloke Babu, Pundit Nehemiah, Babus Samuel and Yuhanna, came to my study to argue the point, and our unanimous decision was that, as Bachan Masih was not really married, the *suraiten*, being a Rajputni, and therefore of a different caste, and as a marriage with her could not take place, he must send the concubine away, provide for her, and retain his wife, though as yet only a child. This decision was communicated to the poor woman. She was thunderstruck, and replied, "My husband took me from my friends. We were united by promise, and I have been a faithful wife to him for thirteen years, and have borne and nursed for him three sons. I heard from him of Christianity, and rejoiced at my husband's change ; for, what I had seen and heard of Christianity, I believed it was established to build up people's houses ; but woe to me, I have been greatly deceived ! Well, I go——," and she left my room in deep anguish.

These are sad trials for our poor converts, and such it was for Bachan Masih. He loved his concubine, and she loved him. She could never re-marry, and her heart within her was very desolate ; and, saddest

of all, she did not know to whom to go for comfort and support in her desolation.

Soon after this the Mutiny broke out; Bachan Masih joined the mounted police. Before joining his corps, he provided for his concubine, and she left for her new home; but she continued to beg for instruction, and received it. Bachan Masih left the three children with her.

At the close of the Mutiny he applied for his faithless wife, but she declined joining him; so he also was desolate. He now threw himself entirely upon the Lord, and became one of the most spiritually-minded Christians, learning from his heart to say, "Thy will be done!"

When he heard of his wife's sinful career, he endeavoured to save her, but his efforts were in vain. She continued her own mode of life, as she termed it, till she thereby destroyed herself.

On my return from Europe, in 1861, the concubine, now no longer such, but the lawful wife of Bachan Masih, was the first to visit me. The Lord had turned her grief into joy, for she was now really married to her former husband.

But that joy was not lasting. Bachan Masih was taken ill. A cold, taken during the Mutiny, had settled on his lungs, and consumption followed. He took up his abode near our Mission gate, spending his last few years in the service of his Master as an unpaid Mission agent. He was blessed in his labours.

He usually sat at the door of his house near the road, and, as pilgrims passed by, he spoke to them of Jesus. One day an aged pilgrim came slowly along the road, leaning on his staff; he seemed weary, faint,

and sad. Bachan Masih addressed him, saying, "*Maharaj* (great king), where have you come from, and whither are you going, and what is the object of your journey?" The weary pilgrim answered, "I have come from such-and-such places, where I have been on pilgrimage, seeking rest for my poor, weary, and sad heart, but I have found none. I have now come to *Kashi* (Benares); may I find rest here!" Bachan Masih invited him to sit down, and spoke to him of Jesus. Addressing him, he said, "Why should you wander about in search of God, who is near you? why should you bow down to idols and images made of stone, which cannot save you? What is your Maker, a stone? Is God confined only to certain places? No, no! He is now here. Jesus is in the midst of us, and now invites you, saying, 'Come unto Me, you that are sad, weary, and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

The aged pilgrim listened with deep attention and emotion. The Lord opened his heart; faith was wrought in him. After some silence, he exclaimed, "Is this message indeed from God? Does God think of me? Did Jesus die for me also? and can He—does He—love me, a poor, old, unworthy sinner?" Bachan Masih grasped his hand, and, in the fulness of his heart, said, "Yes, brother, He does!" Upon this the aged wanderer exclaimed, "Jesus is a Saviour such as I need; in Him I see all I have sought for years. I will stay with you."

Soon after, he brought the aged believer to me to be admitted into the visible Church of Christ. The words of St. Peter were applicable to him, "Can any man forbid water that he should not be baptized

who has received the Holy Ghost?" He was baptized, and when I spoke the words, "To remain Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end," I well remember the involuntary heartfelt exclamation that burst from his inmost soul, "I will be the Lord's soldier and servant for ever!"

His earthly career, however, after his baptism, did not last many years. He was an engraver by trade, and I still have a seal which he engraved for me. "Isai Das" (Christ's Servant) was a humble, consistent, and cheerful Christian, and, when the Lord called him, he could exclaim with Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation!"

At another time Bachan Masih brought me a blind man for baptism, who said, "In my younger days I was very careless about God and my salvation. Being active and strong, I became the servant of a great man, and I was renowned for wrestling and fighting. One day, whilst so engaged, the thought struck me, What would become of me if I should be injured and die? I became alarmed, and began to read my Shasters; but they could not quiet my mind. I worshipped my household gods, but I found no rest. I then went on pilgrimage, and visited various shrines; but all in vain—my anxiety remained. I then resolved to join the Mohammedans. I went and lived among them; but I perceived that they were as ignorant of God and the way of salvation as I was. Whenever I spoke to them of my anxiety, they always said, 'Be of good comfort; God is great; and what He has decreed will take place.' Whilst among them I became blind. Thus, blind within and blind without, I left them and

resolved upon going to Kashi. As I was slowly passing along, feeling my way with my staff, a friendly voice called out to me, 'Whither are you going and what are you in search of?' I stopped. Seeing that I was weary and faint, my new friend ordered me some food from a Brahmin, of which I partook. I then opened my mind to him. He seemed to understand me fully. He spoke to me of Jesus. He also prayed with me and for me. Jesus is such a Saviour as I need. I believe in Him. I am the Prodigal Son. Bachan Masih has taken me by the hand, and has led me back to my Father." He was admitted into Christ's Church, and became a sincere and humble Christian.

Thus were the labours of this faithful servant of Christ blessed. His memory is still dear to me, and thus my labours for Davi Dayal Singh were not in vain. Praised be the Lord! (Eccles. xi. 6).

Some of our converts have to undergo trials on their becoming Christians, of which little or nothing is known at home.

We had as a convert a member of the Delhi royal family, by name Mahzar Ali Khan, but we called him merely the Nawab. He had received from the Rev. W. Smith a New Testament and a book called *The Dini Haqq; or, An Inquiry into the True Religion*, with an earnest entreaty to read it with prayer. He acted up to the advice, and, having been brought to the knowledge of the truth, he asked for baptism. There were, however, great obstacles in the way of his baptism. He lived with that branch of the royal family which resides at Benares; but, being of the female line, he had no legal claim to the pension which the Government grants to the family. As soon, there-

fore, as his intentions should become known, he would be cast off by his relatives, and what was he then to do ?

He had been for fourteen years in Government service. He also showed us letters of special gifts of a thousand rupees each, which he had received for his excellent management of public affairs. He had been dismissed by Mr. R., but had at once obtained a situation in the service of the King of Oude. "In Oude," he said, "I plundered the people according to custom, and in return, as I was leaving, they plundered me. But," he added, "do not judge me by what I was fifteen years ago. I have since been taught otherwise."

The Nawab being well versed in the Koran and the Hadis or Traditions, and being apparently a fearless man, we hoped he might prove a great acquisition to our work. We gave him Munshi's work, and I was anxious to revise with him the Mohammedan part of the *Dini Haqq*.

The Nawab was baptized by Mr. Wilkinson, and appeared very happy. His troubles soon commenced: his allowance was withheld, his very furniture was seized, and abuse was heaped upon him; but he bore it patiently. The Delhi princes were especially enraged against him. To spare their feelings, and especially those of his mother, the Nawab never contradicted their statements and belief that Mohammed was a prophet of God, asserting merely that, by adopting Christianity, he had given up no *truth* of the Koran, which is in some measure true, but had embraced other truths which were not in the Koran.

In doing so he acted up to what some friends con-

sider the right way, that is, never to contradict your opponent, but to take what is good in his religion and to meet him on that ground.

I told him that I did not consider his mode of proceeding either good or safe, and that I was sure that, by his mode of reasoning, he would prepare himself a bed of thorns; and he found it so, for the argument was soon turned against him. If Mohammed was the seal of the prophets, and the Koran a continuation of God's revelation to man, Mohammed must be greater than Christ, and Christians ought to become Mohammedans, and not *vice versa* Mohammedans become Christians. He now declared that Mohammed was no prophet. His friends would not hear of this, and urged his mother, then eighty years old, to exert her influence to reclaim her son. She told him that, if he did not renounce Christianity, she would destroy herself; for she could not survive the disgrace of having a son an apostate.

One morning he came to Bhelapur, and informed me that his mother had heaped abuse on him. I recommended him to speak kindly to his mother. Whilst we were conversing, he received a message which made him tremble, and, with a genuine Mohammedan exclamation, he cried, "Allah Akbar! God is great!" and rushed out of the room. His aged mother had hanged herself! The act had been discovered in time, and she had been cut down. She told him that, although she had been prevented this time, she would still destroy herself, and her blood would rest on his head. She then resolved to starve herself, and for two days she did not eat a morsel of food. At last she was prevailed upon to take some,



under the condition that the Nawab should leave Benares. He agreed to this, and left for Jaunpore; but a letter from Benares followed him there, ordering him to leave Jaunpore too. The family sent him money, requesting him to proceed to Oude.

From the time that the Nawab left Jaunpore, I only heard once from him. Whether he survived the Mutiny I am unable to say, but I greatly fear he perished during that awful time.

I cannot help thinking that if he had from the beginning stated to his mother and friends that he believed Mohammed to be an impostor, and Christ the only Saviour, they would have given up all hope of reclaiming him, and have let him go. How necessary it is for us all to let the world know whose we are and what we are, and that we believe and are sure that there is no other Saviour in the world than the Lord Jesus Christ!

Among our converts was one of Mr Smith's, Pundit N.G., a Maharatti Brahmin extensively acquainted with Sanscrit learning; a narrative of whose conversion was published by Mr. Smith, called *Divij*; or, *The Twice Born*. His conversion was a triumph of the Gospel; and Mr. Smith deserves all praise for his unwearied exertions and perseverance. But the effect produced by the pundit's conversion was not such as many of our missionary friends anticipated it would be. I have more than once been told by the doctors, professors, and learned civilians, that we missionaries did not go rightly to work; "You should try to convert some learned pundit or Maulvi." Dr. Ballantyne of Benares Government College told me, "If a really learned pundit were converted at Benares, he

was certain hosts would follow him." When Pundit Nehemiah, whom the doctor had previously announced to be a really learned pundit, and that of the first-class, was baptized, I said to him, "Now, doctor, a really learned pundit has been baptized, but where is the host that was to follow him?" Men like Pundit Nehemiah have no doubt great advantages over less learned men, but they also receive a larger share of abuse and reproach than their humbler brethren, and this usually continues until their Christian character has been established in the eyes of the people. They are then honoured by Hindus and Mohammedans, as every other true Christian is.

The same is the case with learned Maulvis. Some of the most learned men of India have embraced Christianity, such as Maulvi Saftar Ali and Maulvi Imaduddin (the latter is now an ordained minister of the C.M.S.), and others with them, but where are the hosts that were to have followed them?

It is, however, natural for us to form such an opinion, and I can well imagine that in Apostolic days some said, "Ah, yes! If a great zealous learned and holy man like Saul of Tarsus were to become a Nazarene, that would be a precedent, and thousands would follow him." By divine interposition the great persecutor was converted on his way to Damascus, but where were the thousands that followed him *because of his conversion*? Whilst St. Paul was no doubt the most successful missionary, and, whilst it is a fact, that men well acquainted with the sacred language of the Hindus or Mohammedans, and well versed in the sacred lore of either, enjoy an immense advantage over mission agents of a less literary character, yet let us

never lose sight of the further fact that it is the Lord that changes the heart by the operation of His Holy Spirit through the Word of God; and whilst we therefore highly esteem learned and highly cultivated mission agents, let us equally honour the humble faithful workers, for the Word of God spoken by their agency is as effectual as that uttered by their most learned brethren.

Thus, if Pundit Nehemiah did possess an immense advantage over other native brethren by being able to meet the most learned pundit on his own ground, illiterate men with the grace of God in their hearts can also meet learned pundits.

I baptized a man by name Zalim Singh from near Gharwah, with his family. One day this man had to go to Chunar; on the way thither he was met by two Brahmins, who crossed the Ganges in the same boat with him. As the boat was proceeding slowly across, the Brahmins attacked Zalim for having become a Christian. "What do you know, you ignorant fellow, of your own religion and of Christianity? What could induce you to act so foolishly as to give up worshipping the gods of your forefathers?" Zalim listened attentively to what the Brahmins were saying, and at length replied, "What you have been saying, pundits, of my ignorance is all true, but whether I have acted foolishly in ceasing to worship my Thakur (household idol) is another thing. I had a capital god at my house; it was beautifully made and cost me a good sum, for the man who made it was a skilful workman, and I paid him handsomely for it. Well, I worshipped it many years, although it never benefited me. But look here, pundits, suppose I had my Thakur

here with me in the boat, and were to take with my right hand my Thakur, and with my left that little dog there, and were to cast them both into the Ganges, what would become of them?" The pundits were silent, but the people replied, "Why, the god, being of stone, would go to the bottom, but the dog would swim ashore." "If so," the Christian replied, "then the dog must be greater than the god; as it could - save itself, which the god could not do; and if so, pundits, do not expect me any longer to worship a god which is inferior to a dog. No! I will no longer worship a stone, but I will worship Him Who made the stone. I worship the Lord Jesus, Who died for me, and Him only will I serve!"

Zalim also had his trials. About a week previous to his baptism his sister sent me word, asking what she should do with Zalim's wife, who was staying with her, for the woman who was at present with him was not his wife. I sent for Zalim and questioned him about the matter. He replied, "I have but one wife, and she is with me. Please send a catechist to inquire about the person who is said to be with my sister, but send a woman along with him, and let him insist upon her showing herself to the woman, and if there be a person calling herself my wife, let her come to me with your catechist."

A catechist went and asked for Zalim's wife. The reply was, "She has left for her home, three days' journey beyond Allahabad; but," she added, "if you will give me Rs. 18 I will go and fetch her." The catechist replied, "I promise you Rs. 36 on her arrival; go and fetch her." The whole was a made-up story, to prevent Zalim and his family being baptized.

The answers which sometimes simple-minded Christians give to learned pundits are unique. Thus, one day a cultivator was attacked before a large crowd of people about his Christianity. "What do you know," the learned man asked, "about Christianity? We know all about it; we have read the New Testament, and know exactly what Christianity is composed of." "True," the man replied, "you know the ingredients of Christianity, so does my cook know what my currie is composed of; but - being a Brahmin, he does not know more, for he never tastes it. I do not know exactly all its ingredients, but I know what the currie is, for I taste and eat it; so you may know the ingredients of Christianity, but more you do not know, whereas I know what Christianity is, for I have tasted it. Taste it! follow Jesus Christ, and you will soon find out whether Christianity is of God or of man!" The pundits were silent, the people smiled, the answer was homely, but true. (John vii. 17.)

I will mention one case more; it is a commentary on the words of the Lord, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, and my ways are not your ways" (Isa. lv. 8). The Lord's thoughts, however, are always right; for He is infinite in wisdom, and infinite wisdom cannot err.

In 1867, on returning from itinerating in the villages to the south of Benares, a young Brahmin, by name Ram Narayan, introduced himself to me as an inquirer. He seemed to be a humble and sincere young man. He was so well acquainted with the New Testament that I asked him if he had not been already baptized. He replied, "If I were baptized, why should I come to you for baptism? Baptism is what I desire; I want to be Christ's. Oh! baptize

me before my friends know where I am ! When once I am baptized, I do not care."

As he had no means to support himself, he offered to work in the garden to earn his bread ; but the young men in the Normal School, with whom he was then staying, said, " No ! Ram Narayan ; you know Sanscrit ; some other way will be devised for you, by which you may earn your bread." As we were convinced of his sincerity, he was baptized by Padri Solomon, and received the name of Dharm Sewak.

A short time after his baptism, I received a letter from Dr. Valentine, a medical missionary stationed at Jeypore, respecting Dharm Sewak. He was the adopted son of his uncle, who was the chief steward and manager of the household affairs of one of the queens of the Raja of Jeypore, an independent principality. One day, as Dr. Valentine was preaching, Dharm Sewak heard him ; he was impressed with the truth of the Gospel, and soon after visited Dr. Valentine. When his uncle discovered that Dharm Sewak had been with the doctor, he became alarmed, and remonstrated with him. Finding expostulation of no use, his uncle resorted to other measures. One day, as Dharm Sewak was returning from the city with three native Christians, they were all seized by the Rajah's soldiers in attendance upon his uncle. The Christians were beaten within an inch of their lives, and he was confined in the stocks. About nine in the evening he was released and placed in the guard-room for the night. There the *thanadar* (police-officer) and a certain Babu spent part of the night urging him to give up the idea of becoming a Christian. Finding their expostulations fruitless, the uncle imprisoned

Dharm Sewak in his own house. Visits from friends were repeated. "Why," they said, "should you wish to become a Christian? You have all you can wish for. Do you want more money?—your uncle will give it you; do you want an elephant?—your uncle will supply you with one; a camel?—you can have it, for what is there that your uncle will not give you?" "To all these things," the young man told me, "I had but one reply, namely, Do you think that these things will recompense me for the loss of my soul?"

After a week's imprisonment, he was one morning taken out of the house, placed on a camel, and escorted to Agra, and from thence sent by rail to Allahabad. On arrival at that station, he was taken charge of by two Sepoys from Rewah, and made over to the Queen of Jeypore's mother. Dharm Sewak was treated everywhere with great kindness. At Rewah he had a house to himself, had plenty of money, and every comfort. After a stay of a couple of months, he resolved upon going to Benares to be baptized. For this purpose he collected all his clothes and tied them up in a bundle, and placed his money in the centre of it, and set out one evening for the railway station. Here he took a ticket for Benares. During the night he fell asleep, and when he awoke in the morning he found that one of his fellow-travellers had mistaken his bundle for his own, and had left him a bundle of old rags in exchange. Clothes and money were therefore gone, and it was on that account that he wished to become a gardener, in order not to be burdensome to any one.

When he related all this to me, he was still afraid of the Raja of Jeypore, lest he should send and have him taken away; but I told him to be of good cheer

on that point, for at Benares the Raja of Jeypore had no power. I then asked him what he wished to do as to the future. He replied, "My heart's desire is that I may be put in a position to be able to preach the Gospel to my countrymen; I wish to tell them what has made my heart happy." He went to Jay Narayan's, where he was very diligent in his studies. After some time his friends advised him to marry, which he did, but remained a student, his wife being engaged in Zenana work under Miss M.

Dharm Sewak possessed a good share of abilities, and, being a humble, earnest, and devoted servant of Christ, we hoped he would some day become a useful instrument in the hand of the Lord to make known His glorious name among the Hindus; but the Lord's thoughts were not ours. Dharm Sewak was taken ill—it was consumption. He gradually grew weaker, and he himself foresaw what was coming. We did all we could for him, gave him food from our own table, and during the heat of the day he used frequently to stay at my house. For upwards of a fortnight I nursed him myself, hoping to arrest the disease, but the Lord had designed otherwise. One morning, after I had been absent for a week, he sent for me; he seemed better. I prayed with him and thanked God for this little relief. After prayer, he smiled and said, "I am not better, I am going to Jesus—home—to my heavenly home! I hoped I might be permitted to speak to my countrymen of Jesus, and to tell them how happy he had made me; but it has pleased Him otherwise. His will be done! I am His, and He is mine!"

The morning after, as I arose, my Christian servant



told me that, after I had retired to rest, a message was sent by his wife that he had died. The Lord wanted him to be over there! Within two years we lost some of our best and ablest native helpers in the work, and what could we say? It was the Lord's doing, and we knew and believed that He doeth all things well.

"But are there none who have disappointed you?" I wish I could reply, "None!" but, alas! I cannot. There are few flocks of sheep in the world which do not contain some black ones; and I doubt whether there is a single Christian congregation on earth without having in it some members who are anything but an honour to the Lord. Until the Lord Himself comes again, there will be tares among the wheat. I could name several native Christians who have disgraced their profession, and who thereby have caused their respective missionaries sorrowful days and sad hearts. Let me, however, add, that our native congregations in India will, on the whole, stand comparison with any congregations in England or Germany.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## EDUCATIONAL EFFORTS.

IN missionary work schools are as necessary as preaching, for by schools alone can we reach many young men who, in after life, would seldom or never listen to the preaching of the Gospel in the city. Our schools are of two kinds—such as aim at the conversion of the Hindu and Mohammedan youths, and schools for the training of Christian children.

I. *Schools for converting the young from among the Hindus and Mohammedans.*

As our schools are affiliated with the Universities, the pressure on the mental powers of the young men, arising from the high standard for degrees, the time and strength required for their studies, all these combined tell on the study of the Holy Scriptures; hence the complaint that young men now-a-days no longer care to read the Scriptures, that the Bible is a book which they dislike, and the Bible lessons such as they would gladly see discontinued.

The fact that most lads would be glad if they had no longer Bible lessons in the schools cannot be denied, but this does not spring from dislike to the Bible; the simple reason is that Bible knowledge does not tell in examinations.

If Mission friends in India would make the Bible

the chief book wherein they examined the boys in Mission schools, the boys would see how highly *we* value that sacred Book, and would be induced to study it more; but the question now-a-days is no longer—What amount of knowledge do the boys possess of Christianity, and how many have been brought to the knowledge of the truth in your establishment? but—How many have you passed for the University? This state of things is not very encouraging to the servants of Christ engaged in schools.

Among our institutions for the conversion of the young, Jay Narayan's College and Free School stands foremost.

Raja Jay Narayan used to reside in Calcutta. Being taken ill there, the Brahmins told him that if he went to holy Kashi (Benares), bathed daily in the Ganges, and drank its waters, he would soon be restored to health. He set out for Benares, followed the advice of the Brahmins, but became worse. At that time he met an English gentleman, a Mr. W——, who said to him, "Raja, you are very ill." "Yes," was the reply; "I am, you see, dying." "Why do you not apply to a doctor?" "I am dying; I have spent lots of money on doctors, but all to no purpose." "I," said Mr. W——, "know a Physician who could make you well, but I do not know whether you would agree to his terms." "How much will he demand?" the raja asked; "a lakh of rupees?" (£10,000). "No! that would not satisfy him." "Will he take £15,000? or what will he take?" The gentleman answered, "The Physician of whom I speak does not want your money, He will ask you for your heart; for this Physician is the Lord Jesus! Pray to Him, ask Him to

make you well ; at the same time take some simple medicine." The raja did as he was advised ; he prayed morning, noon, and evening, and in four months he walked upwards of three miles to the gentleman's house, his carriage following after him.

Having been restored to health, the raja asked his friend in what way he could repay the good Physician ? The reply was, "Give Him your heart ; establish a school, and endow it well." How far the first part was carried out I am unable to say, but I was told that the raja regularly read his Bible and prayed. The school, however, was established, Government also gave a grant ; but it was carried on with great difficulty. Mr. W——, the raja's friend, died ; the master was negligent, hence the school did not prosper. What was now to be done ? The raja heard of a certain Mr. Corrie (afterwards Bishop of Madras), a chaplain, and a great friend of the natives. He applied again to the good Physician to send that man to Benares. After nine months a native friend visited the raja, and informed him that a new Padri Sahib had arrived who spoke Hindustani beautifully, and loved the natives. "What is his name ?" the raja asked ; "is it Corrie Sahib ?" "Yes, yes, that is his name." The raja at once ordered his carriage, drove to Secrole, to Mr. Corrie's house, and told him of all his troubles. Mr. Corrie told him that if he wished his school to prosper, he should make it over to the C. M. S. Without saying a word the raja drove off, fetched a stamp-paper of Rs. 100, returned to Mr. Corrie, and signing his name on the paper, said, "Now, Mr. Corrie, fill up the paper ; the school, with all its endowments, shall belong from to-day to the C. M. S."

The house which the raja had given for the school had been built with Ganges water, at a cost of Rs. 55,000. It was not very large or convenient, and when the number of pupils increased a new building was required. The old school-house was sold, and bought in by Raja Sati Charran, grandson of the founder, for Rs. 5000, and on paying this amount he added a donation of Rs. 6500, so in 1842-43, a new, large, and convenient school-house was erected.

The school has, by degrees, been raised to a college, and in 1854 a second building was erected for the college classes. It is now called Jay Narayan's College and Free School, and it is affiliated with the Calcutta University. In 1842 there were 153 pupils; the number of scholars now on the books is about 600. The scholars have advanced in secular knowledge; in Scripture knowledge they have never surpassed the old standard. Although the actual conversions from Jay Narayan's are not very numerous, yet the amount of good it has achieved, and is doing, cannot be calculated. Its pupils are found everywhere; many have gratefully acknowledged the advantages they derived from the institution.

The change that has gradually been taking place in the minds of the pupils is very great. Thirty years ago, the conversion of one boy was sufficient to empty the school; but when Muni Lal and Benjamin were baptized, the scholars thought that those lads had acted wisely; and lately, when one of its masters was admitted into the Church of Christ, many of the scholars were present at his baptism, and not one left the school. The same was the case when the Babu

Tara Dutt was baptized a short time before I left India.

The natives of Benares knew our aim. When the new college was being opened, the room was full of native Babus. I plainly stated to them that it should be our aim, and that we should labour and pray to convert all the scholars of the new college into Christians. Were the natives offended by my frank avowal? No! All they said was, "That was nobly spoken." Many, indeed, would be glad if their children became true Christians at heart, only they must not be baptized.

In January, 1856, we had a grand examination in Scripture knowledge. It was proposed by Mr. H. Carre Tucker. Thirteen schools competed; twenty-six prizes were to be awarded; the first prize was Rs. 100 = £10. The sum collected for prizes exceeded Rs. 1000. Of these prizes, Jay Narayan's took ten, and more than half the money. The first prize was awarded to a Christian lad of Jay Narayan's, who is now a teacher in a Mission-school.

Of the lads baptized from Jay Narayan's I will mention two, with whom I was personally connected. The first was uncommonly like the boy in a diagram of the C. M. S. He was between fourteen and sixteen years of age. He stated when he came to me that he was an orphan, and wished to become a Christian, "because," he continued, "I cannot remain a Hindu. For what are my gods? Wood and stone. And my incarnations? The first four are beasts, the next is a deceiver, the rest are destroyers, and the worst of all is Krishna. But Christ is the Saviour of man, for He died for them." I told him he might stay, but admonished him not to destroy his caste, seeing he

was as yet but a boy. He replied, "Your warning comes too late" (*Main apnē sikhā aur sūt kātīkar, Isaion ke sath khakar, apne kammal par pakka rang charha chuka*); "I have cut my lock of hair and Brahminical string, and eaten with the Christians, and thereby put a permanent colour on my blanket; that is, I have destroyed my caste, or showed my colours."

The day after, his friends came in search of him; I allowed them to see them. When they had left, the boy threw himself at my feet, and begged of me not to send him away by force. A few days after two chaprassis, or peons, brought a note from the police officer, ordering me to send the boy forthwith to the police-station. Having my misgivings, I sent Mr. B., my assistant, with him. As soon as he had left the compound, he found about forty persons ready to seize the boy. Mr. B. went on, and, meeting the thanadar himself, he found the order was a forged one. The thanadar merely came to deliver a message from the magistrate. Unfolding a paper, he said, "I am ordered by the assistant magistrate to tell you not to make a Christian of the boy Gauri Shankar."

Next day the boy's grandmother, aunt, and mother-in-law came. They wept bitterly, threw themselves at his feet, and knocked their heads on the ground. It was a heart-rending sight. After this his aged grandfather came; he was nearly one hundred years old. He was a very bitter enemy to Christ, excessively proud and violent; he argued with the boy, flattered him, and scolded and cursed him in turn.

The excitement in the city was very great. True, the boy was poor, but he belonged to a very high caste of Brahmins.

His friends then resorted to legal measures. Gauri Shankar was summoned before the joint magistrate. The case remained undecided. We endeavoured to obtain copies of decisions of similar cases which had taken place in Calcutta and Madras. These arrived one day too late. The joint magistrate, finding the boy to be under fourteen, thought it his duty to make him over to his heathen relatives, under the condition, however, that the boy should be produced before him once every week at the chief police-station. On the arrival of the papers we resolved upon appealing to the judge, and, as the appeal had to come from the boy, I requested the joint magistrate to summon the boy to the court. This was done, and I was permitted to put the question, whether he wished to stay with his grandfather or to come to us? The boy's reply was, "I wish to go with my grandfather." When I left the court, some sixty persons shouted, "*Jay Vishnu ! jay Vishnu !*" (Vishnu is victorious!)

The following day, who should make his appearance but Gauri Shankar? He had escaped from his prison. He stated that about sixty persons had come with him to the court to rescue him by force, should he be made over to me, and, fearing that I might be injured, he had thought it wisest to say that he wished to go with his grandfather. I told him I was sorry he had prevaricated.

The boy now appealed, stating that his grandfather was nearly one hundred years old, and therefore too old to take care of him, and also too poor to provide for him; but that he, Gauri Shankar, was old enough to take care of himself, and he wished to become a Christian. The judge, however, agreed with the



magistrates that the boy, being a minor, should be delivered to his relatives.

Two days after the old grandfather and grandmother came, and told me that the boy had again escaped. The old man's pride seemed to be broken. They both wept. I urged the old man not to keep the boy at home, but to allow him to read for the present at Jay Narayan's. Besides bitter enmity to Christianity and Christ, another cause actuated the old man, viz. the boy, being a very high-caste Brahmin, received plenty of alms; but, should he become a Christian, these would cease. As the old man was very poor, I promised him some assistance. The end of this interview was that I was requested to keep the boy altogether. I promised the old man Rs. 3 a month, and he was satisfied; but when he came the first time for the money and saw that the boy was comfortably settled, he refused to take Rs. 3, and affirmed that I had agreed to give him eighteen!

About eight days after he was brought to me in a *dhuli*, or litter; but oh, how changed! He told me that after he had left me, and had nearly reached his house, God had struck him. He was evidently very ill. My prayer was, "Lord, pluck this brand out of the fire!" A few days after the old man sent for me. I was just quitting home; he lived about three miles off, and I had not a conveyance to take me there, my own horse having been already sent on. I therefore requested my assistant to see the old man. On my return I found that the old man breathed his last the very day I was sent for. It seems that on his wife's return from my house, he was already insensible. Some time after I met the attorney who had pleaded

in court for Gauri Shankar's relatives. He asked after the boy. I replied, "He is well, and reading Sanscrit." "Well," he said, "we opposed and beat you!" "True," my catechist replied, "you did; you gained the victory over us here below, and we gained it over you above; the rulers of the earth decided for you, the God of heaven and earth has decided for us; hence the boy is ours." "Very true," the *vakil* replied, and rode off.

The second youth, who was baptized with Gauri Shankar, was Muni Lal. He had been reading in the Oriental department of the school for about six years. He had been reading the Ramayan, and compared its contents, with what else he knew of his own religion, with the New Testament. The result was a conviction of the truth of Christianity. For six months he came regularly to Sigra, but he wanted courage to renounce Hinduism publicly; grace, however, prevailed. He came to me, stating his conviction, and begged to be immediately baptized, for he said, "I should not mind facing any one, not even my father; but if my mother should come and throw herself at my feet, I fear I should not have courage to withstand her." I urged him to wait a little longer, to which he agreed.

Meanwhile his father came to Sigra in search of him. All he wished was to see his son once more before his baptism, and to put the question to him, whether he was about to become a Christian of his own free will. He stated that if his son wished to embrace Christianity from conviction he had no objection, as he was old enough to act for himself. An interview took place at which I was not present.

At seven o'clock the evening service commenced.

The church was full, some Babus and a number of school-boys from the city attended. Gauri Shankar had petitioned to be baptized at the same time. The ceremony was a very solemn one, and we all rejoiced at this new token of God's grace and mercy.

During the interview the lad promised a visit to his mother, under the condition that no violence should be used towards him. The father having agreed to this, the lad went the following day to see his mother. He was accompanied by Pundit Nehemiah, Samuel, and one or two more. The father of the lad, knowing that we would keep our word, had collected a mob, and when the people saw the young man, they instantly seized him and carried him off. Our people had quickly to beat a retreat to escape a beating, as there was no want of threat and abuse.

The next morning I went myself to see what could be done, but the lad was locked up, and I could see neither the father nor the lad, but was told that he was imprisoned, that his family had cried all night, and that he had preached all night. He had eaten no food all the time, and did not wish to stay there. Another remark was made to me that the people had endeavoured to stir up his mother against him because he had become a Christian, but that she had replied, "I do not know what Christianity is, but I know that it has made my son a very good boy, for he has never loved or honoured me more than he does now."

I wrote to the magistrate, and the next morning the lad was sent for to appear in court. Meanwhile his father had set him at liberty. I was just in time

to hear his deposition. It was very short, and as follows:—"No one induced me to go to Sagra; I went to obtain that which my people cannot give me, for how can the blind lead the blind? I became a Christian of my own accord, in order to obtain salvation, for there is no salvation in Rama or Krishna, because they are not gods, not possessing divine attributes." The sentence, "There is no salvation in Rama or Krishna," the learned maulvi corrected and read, "Ram Krishna did not obtain salvation," and the question was thereupon asked, "Are they neighbours of yours?" The magistrate declared the boy free. There was universal joy on our return, and Pundit Nehemiah proposed that we should at once render thanks to our Heavenly Father for the lad's safe return. We did so, and devoted ourselves anew to the service of Him who had done all things well.

The young man's sincerity had been severely tested during his absence. A Babu told me that he had offered the lad Rs. 100 as a marriage portion, if he would return to the religion of his forefathers, but that he had replied, "Thy money perish with thee." This remark had offended the Babu as being too harsh, but on my making him read Acts viii. 20, he replied, "How bold, fearless, firm, and sincere, that timid lad has become!" He was then perfectly satisfied that the lad had not meant to insult him.

Both these young men went on steadily in their Christian walk and conversation, but both are gone to that place where they are free from persecution and are at rest.

Muni Lal, or, as he was baptized, *Matti* (Matthew),

was one day invited by a Brahmin to come and dine at his house. The man seemed friendly to all our Christians, and Matti went. He returned home very ill; and on his recovery we found that his intellect was impaired. He gradually became more strange in his ways, and one day he came and begged very earnestly to be sent to an asylum in the station. He was an excellent reader, and I sorrowfully complied with his request. He never left the asylum again: he was looked up to by his fellow-sufferers, read to them frequently from the New Testament, and was very kindly cared for by the medical man, Dr. C. Many of the natives from the city, and among them the Babu above mentioned, expressed themselves equally concerned at his misfortune, and ascribed his condition to that fatal dinner. I saw Matti several times; he nearly recovered, and on my proposing to take him out, he said, "No! let me be here. I am not fit for anything, and shall only be a burden to you; I am happy here, the Lord is always near—I am resigned to His will." He died in peace while still young. I trust he is now with his Lord and Saviour, whom he loved and trusted.

The other young man, Gauri Shankar, left us in the beginning of 1857, just before the Mutiny broke out. He wished to go to Agra, passed through Allahabad, but was most likely murdered on the way, as no trace was ever found of him.

God's ways are indeed mysterious, but they are all for the best. We cannot understand them now, but we shall hereafter. The believer's path may be dark now, but light will break forth hereafter. In Jesus we are safe.

Two lads more were invited by that same Brahmin, and both had their intellects impaired. Dr. L. told me the lads had been poisoned, but we could do nothing to cure them. The Brahmin was afterwards hanged during the Mutiny for making common cause with the mutineers.

### *Vernacular Village Schools.*

In the N.W. Provinces of India Vernacular Mission Schools are few and far between. This most important branch of education is much neglected, yet as regards educating the masses, vernacular schools are the only means by which we can reach them.

Vernacular education is no doubt in the N.W. Provinces a subject of great difficulty. Village schools are everywhere irregularly attended. The rains, seed-time, harvest, excessive heat, sickness, small-pox, and the true nature of boys, all interfere with the efficiency of these schools; yet they are of the very greatest importance. At a small outlay we are enabled to instil Scripture truths into the minds of a great number of boys. From a paper I see that the education of every Bengali Babu costs the Government as much as they give as grant-in-aid annually to a vernacular school containing 200 boys; hence for one English educated Babu the Government might educate 200 village boys.

The boys in our village schools excel in arithmetic. A number are able to measure their fathers' fields, compute the ground-rent, and do any simple calculation, such as is required for agricultural purposes. They like geography, seem fully to comprehend the

shape of the earth, its two-fold motions, and the causes of eclipses. These simple facts are good antidotes against the errors current among the people, and strike at the root of the sacred books of the Hindus.

The boys read the Word of God gladly, and the elder boys endeavour to understand it. They delight in repeating a simple Scripture Catechism, and specially in repeating the ten commandments.

We have eleven schools in connection with the Christian Vernacular Education Society; and I greatly fear that the labours of that noble Society are not appreciated enough. At the beginning of 1870 we also commenced a village girls' school; twenty girls attended.

But alas! in the whole of the N.W. Provinces there is not a single missionary of the C.M.S. who can give, and who does give, his whole time to vernacular education. Education must be English! Of course a boy that has been taught English, however deficient his education otherwise may be, can command a better situation than a boy taught in the vernacular, however well educated he may be.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties we go on in the name of the Lord, endeavouring to sow the good seed in the young hearts of the villagers, and rely on God's Holy Spirit to quicken the seed and make it fruitful, and much good seed is being sown.

About three months before I left India, I had one more thorough examination of the boys in the village schools. We have five schools at Gharwah, our outstation, and in the surrounding villages, in connection with the C.V.E. Society. I examined the boys in every branch they had been learning, and they ac-

quitted themselves well. In the Old Testament they had just finished Genesis. They were well up in the historical parts, stated also correctly that the facts related therein comprise a period of more than 2300 years, commencing with the Creation, and ending with the death of Joseph.

When the examination was over, I called the boys of the first class of each school together. They came, and were lads from twelve to sixteen years of age.

Having spoken to them of the first book which God gave to man, and of the privilege which we enjoy in being able to read and study that blessed book, I asked the first lad what event in Genesis had struck him most? He replied, "By reading this book I found that there were in ancient times great and good and holy men, such as Abraham, whose example we ought to follow."

Pointing to another boy, he stated, "I have learnt, that if men will not mind God, nor His servants, but continue to live in sin, they will finally perish, as did the people in the time of Noah."

"And I," exclaimed another, "have learnt what I did not know before, where sin has come from, and that God is not the author of it."

"I have learnt from the very first chapter," one stated, "that God is the Creator of all things, and that He is distinct from the creation;" while another had been impressed with the fact that God created man good, but that he became a sinner; and seeing that we are all descended from common parents, we all are sinners too. In fact, every boy had learnt something. They spoke of angels, of God's wonderful dealings with Joseph, &c.



The promise of a Saviour given to Abraham was well understood by all, but the first promise given to our first parents (Gen. iii. 15) seemed less clear to them, but a few questions made them comprehend, that Christ by death (Heb. ii. 14) destroyed Satan's power.

Our Christian teachers had done their duty, and schools in which boys are thus instructed cannot but prove a blessing to India. The C.V.E. Society does a good work in India; without its aid we could not have had these schools.

The superintendent of the eleven schools is from our Orphan Institution, a man intimately acquainted with Scripture. I may say he has chapter and verse at his fingers' ends, and what is still more, he has the grace of God in his heart. Whilst in the Orphan Institution J. was of great help to me. He has had severe trials, but they have been sanctified to him. He is still in the Lord's work, endeavouring to feed the lambs of Christ.

### *Girls' Schools for Non-christian Girls.*

As we have boys' schools for the conversion of boys, so we have also girls' schools for their conversion. They were usually called Mrs. Smith's schools.

Mrs. Smith was the first lady who established a girls' school at Benares, under Mr. Wilson of Calcutta. It was some forty-five years ago. The school gradually increased, till in 1844 it numbered 48 girls. Another school was then added to it, and the number of girls that attended these schools in 1872 was 190, since then the number has increased to 300.

The upper classes all read, write, and cypher, read the word of God, and delight in repeating the Catechism. They are fond of geography, and show places with pride on maps. They are also instructed in needlework, which is of great advantage to them through life.

Through these schools several girls have been brought to the knowledge of the truth; one of them is now a native pastor's wife, another that of a catechist. And one fact, which shows how girls value these schools, is that those who have been thus educated afterwards send their own girls to the same excellent Institutions.

## CHAPTER XV.

*ZENANA WORK: ITS NECESSITY—WORKING—EFFECT.*

FOR years, when preaching the Gospel at Benares, I have deeply felt that with all our preaching we can only reach the male population in the N. W. Provinces of India. All our hearers in the cities and villages consist of men, the females of the higher classes are entirely excluded from our sight, and of the lower classes the number of females who come to listen to the preaching of the Gospel is very small. It is true there are female devotees, and female pilgrims, but I never succeeded in being able to enter into a lengthened conversation with any of them on religious subjects. They listen for a minute or two and then go away. Missionaries, whether European or native, have, therefore, no opportunity of making known the Gospel to the women of India; hence, it is a cause of thankfulness to God for having stirred up His people at home to form two societies, whose object it is to send Zenana Agents, or rather female Missionaries to our aid.

Although Manu, the Hindu lawgiver, had a very low opinion of women, and made many laws against them, yet in ancient times they were not so excluded from society as they are now. They undoubtedly kept a great deal away from public assemblies, still

they appeared in public on solemn and state occasions. Sita, Ram's wife, appeared in public, and was gained by Ram by bending and snapping Shiva's bow; Draupati, the beautiful, was seated in state when Arjun bent the famous bow of Draupada, king of Pañchala, and shot five arrows through a revolving ring, and Krishna is said to have corresponded with his wife; but Manu's laws exercised, in course of time, a sad influence on the female population. His laws degraded them, subjected them to every kind of oppression by representing them as perfectly untrustworthy and devoid of honourable principles. He says, "Husbands should keep their wives diligently under lawful restrictions. No man, indeed, can restrain women by lawful measures. Women are not secure by confinement at home even under affectionate and observant guardians. Through their evil passions, their unstable tempers, their want of settled affections, and their perverse natures, they soon become alienated from their husbands."

Now although there may be much truth in what Manu says, my conviction is that many of the vices ascribed to females are largely shared by the other sex, and that unfaithfulness is quite as much on the side of those extolled by Manu. From what I know, I should rather say more so.

In after time, the great Mohammedan invasion gave additional cause for keeping females secluded from public view, for whenever a good-looking woman was seen abroad, she was liable to be recommended to the rulers of the land, as Sarah was to Pharaoh, and like her to be removed from her family or home (Gen. xii. 15).

Among the hill tribes and the people of Southern India, females of all classes mix with the men, and take part in what is going on. When preaching to these people, the missionary has an opportunity of addressing both men and women, and no doubt some of their success is owing to this state of things. With us the females of the higher classes are confined to the *Zenanas*, and are *Parda nashins*.

*Zan* is a Persian word, and signifies female, wife; *Zenanas*, the women's apartments. Every large house in India has a part apportioned to females, where no male ever enters. Here the wives, sisters, daughters, young children, and female servants reside; even fathers seldom enter the women's apartments. Thus, on visiting a zenana of one of the highest families at Benares, Mrs. L. said to a young lady, "Of course you often see your father-in-law, and speak to him." She replied, "I have been married nine years, and have seen my father-in-law but once—on the day of my marriage."

The ladies in the zenanas are called *Parda nashins*.

*Parda nashin* are also Persian words. *Parda* means a screen, curtain, veil, and *nashins* sitting, viz. a person seated behind a screen, modest. When Mrs. L. had visits from *parda nashins*, the lady would come in a closed palankeen, and would be carried into Mrs. L.'s room, and when the bearers had left the room, the lady would slip out of her palankeen; or they would come in a close conveyance, sending a note beforehand to announce when they intended coming; then every man was sent out of the way, and was not allowed to show his face in the verandah, or near the house, until the visitor or visitors had left. If a lady wished

to speak to me or to consult me, I was sent for, and had to sit in an adjoining room with the door open, and a curtain or screen between us; and thus we conversed. I must say, though, that few of the younger ladies conversed with me for any length of time without just lifting the curtain for a moment to see with whom they were conversing.

This seclusion from public is not considered a degradation by native ladies, but on the contrary honourable and respectable, and even native Christians are inclined to have a tinge of this. I met the other day with a short poem on this subject, which expresses the feelings of many native Christians. A European lady was visiting a native lady who was beautifully dressed. She asked the lady for whom she had dressed herself, seeing she never went out, and pitied her for being constantly confined to the zenana. The lady is supposed to have replied as follows:—

“ From pleasures of this life debarred,  
They tell me that my lot is hard ;  
That forced, like prisoned bird, to pine,  
Such joys as theirs can ne’er be mine ;  
That beauty, wit, and gems are vain,  
If hidden they must thus remain.

They tell me that in festal hall  
To be admired and praised by all,  
To feel one’s self—O triumph high !  
The cynosure of every eye,  
The fairest of the fair to be,  
This, this is life,—bright, glad, and free !

From such advice I turn away,  
It only serves to lead astray.  
The dance, the crowd are not for me,

I envy not their liberty.  
Happy as queen upon her throne,  
I love to dwell among my own.

Is there no peace for them at home,  
That restless here and there they roam?  
And are they of their lords so tired,  
That they should seek to be admired  
By friends and strangers? Thus can they  
Mid dance and song and jest be gay?"

*(From Dutt's Album.)*

Whilst I admit that there is some truth in what the poet says, still the effects of entire seclusion are sad in the extreme. With very few exceptions the greatest ignorance prevails among the native females of all ranks. They know little or nothing of what is going on in the world, they can neither read nor write, are credulous and superstitious in the extreme, and are far more wedded to their idols than the men are.

Their chief occupation consists in household duties; to cook the food for their husbands is one of their chief employments; but when cooked, the wife is not permitted to eat with her husband. Before he commences eating the wife must retire. Some years ago, when speaking to my munshi, a Hindu, on this subject, he said, "I dine with my wife; but before we sit down to dinner we close every door and window, for if it were known that I ate with my wife, I should be excluded from caste."

The second chief duty of the wife is the decorating and worshipping of the household god, and in teaching the little ones to do the same.

As it would be considered an unpardonable insult to ask after the welfare of the wife of a Hindu, we

can only ask after the household, and have scarcely any means of knowing how the family live together, and if we had, it would be a difficult matter to ascertain the fact; I believe, however, that most families live in harmony.

But it is the widows who have had, and most of them still have, the hardest lot in India. There are exceptions, but I fear these are rare. A *Parda nashin* from the time her husband dies is considered a widow, although she may be but a child, and may never have seen her husband, having been betrothed in her infancy. From that time she has to content herself with one meal a day, and that of coarse food; she is not permitted to wear coloured clothes; her jewels are taken from her; she is denied a cot to sleep upon, she must sleep on the floor.

She is in every one's way, she has to perform the menial offices of the zenana, and often has to hear that she is a useless being, and as one remarked to Mrs. L., gets more kicks than bread. The natives, like the Jews, have the idea that widowhood is a divine chastisement for evil, if not done in this life, yet done in a former birth. "Who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he is born blind?"

The poor are in this respect more favoured than the rich, for they can become servants and earn their own livelihood; many also re-marry. It is the widow of the higher classes who suffers most; and knowing all that befalls them, need we then wonder that widows formerly preferred to ascend the funeral-pile and be burned with their husband's corpse, to lingering out a wretched existence of misery and degradation?

But *Sati* is abolished. I know, however, several



cases where young widows, unable to bear all the misery which fell to their lot, ended their earthly existence by jumping into wells. I need scarcely mention that large numbers, too, having no income, and never having learned anything whereby to earn their bread, live a life of degradation and shame in the city.

Still the influence of females in India is great. Conversing one day on this subject with Munshi Sital Singh, one of the most intelligent of the natives at Benares, he remarked, "Europeans have no conception of the amount of influence which our females exercise in all our affairs." There is a story told of female influence, which is true with regard to more countries than India.

An old Lala, or village schoolmaster, was sitting at a corner of a large native village. Some passers-by asked him who he was. He replied, "I am the ruler of the village." "Oh, then, you are the *Zamindar*, proprietor of the village?" "No! I am not," was the reply. "Then I suppose you are the chief of the police?" "No! I do not aspire to that honour either." "But you said you were the ruler of the village—then who are you?" He quietly answered, "I am the schoolmaster of this place." "But you just now said you were the ruler of the village?" "So I am," the Lala said; "don't you see how? As schoolmaster I rule the boys, the boys rule their mothers, and the mothers rule their husbands; I am therefore the ruler of this place." There is more truth in this statement as to female influence than many are willing to allow. Yes, everywhere the influence of females is truly great in *Church* and State, and

therefore I would say, let the females of India be imbued with divine truth; let them be gained for Christ, and India will soon be at the feet of Jesus.

Formerly efforts were not made to rescue the female population in India from their ignorance and superstition, as is the case in our days, and there never have been such openings as there are now. In former years the zenanas were, as it were, hermetically sealed to all Europeans; we missionaries had scarcely even access to the houses of the Babus.

The Government has entered the lists in the widows' behalf; by a number of good and judicious laws the lot of females is ameliorated. *Sati*, or the burning of widows, has been abolished; a widow may now legally hold property or even re-marry, and a few have done so. I remember a case where a native Babu in Bombay advertised for a wife; he described what she was to be—a widow of from twenty-two to twenty-six years old, pretty, amiable, and kind. Photos were exchanged and the parties were married, and I was told that the marriage turned out a happy one.

Another means which Government has adopted is the establishing of girls' schools; of these there are a large number. Widows are trained to be teachers in these schools, and this act simply affects the whole social life of the Hindus. No sooner is a widow appointed as a teacher than she says, "I can no longer content myself with one meal a day, for I must work hard;—as to my dress, it must befit my station as a teacher; and with regard to sleeping, I must have a bedstead." The widow thus becomes independent, and although the number of such widows is small compared with

the numbers in the whole country, yet this small number will in the course of time exercise an influence on native society. The widows of the upper classes see that there is a way open for widows to ameliorate their condition, and I have never heard that any of the native ladies or gentlemen were displeased at this new state of things.

At Benares his Highness the Maharaja of Vizianagram established female schools. These were superintended by Dr. Lazarus when they were first established, and although the girls are of respectable families, Dr. Lazarus visits them. Mrs. Leupolt was amused, when she visited one of these schools with him, at seeing all the female teachers with a semi-transparent *chadda* or shawl over their faces. The school was in capital order. The Maharaja did not allow Christianity to be taught in it, and Dr. Lazarus did not allow heathen books to be read in it; he made this agreement with the Maharaja before he undertook the superintendency.

But although the Government and the Maharaja do a good work, and confer a boon on the girls and women, the highest blessing, the light of the Gospel, is not imparted in any of these schools; for this purpose another agency is required. English ladies have from time to time devoted some of their talents to the instruction of females, and there have been in India ladies, such as Mrs. O., late of Ghazipore, and others, who were shining lights as servants of Christ. I may repeat an instance of this from my former recollections, adding a few words which bear more on this subject.

As I was one day preaching in the bazaar at

Mirzapore, a large town 30 miles west of Benares, a well-dressed Mohammedan stepped forward. He appeared to me to be a head servant in some gentleman's establishment. He had been listening attentively to my discourse, and from the look of his face I discovered that I had touched on a subject which he evidently felt keenly. After having given vent to his wounded feelings, and his just indignation, as he imagined, he said, "Sir, you have stated that all men are sinners, and you have taken much pains to prove it; but, sir, this is not true. I admit that there are many sinners, and that I and those around you are such, yet there are exceptions, and my late mistress, who is gone to England, was one of them. She was without sin. During a period of eight years, in which I lived in her service, I never saw her angry, and I never heard her speak an unkind word to any one. She was very young when she came to India, and soon learned the language. After a while she read to us, her servants, from the New Testament, and then knelt down to say her prayers." He then corrected himself saying, "No, she did not *say* her prayers, but she spoke to God, and told Him all her wants and ours." She also had a small school, she spoke to the widows, fed the poor, clothed the naked, and comforted those who were in affliction, or, to use his own words, "she cooled the bowels of those who were in the fire of tribulation." He then went on to expatiate on her virtues. When he had finished I asked him how his mistress expressed herself in prayer, and what opinion she seemed to entertain of herself? He replied, "That is a point which we were unable to comprehend. She invariably spoke as if she too were a

great sinner, whereas we all knew that she was sinless." "Well," I answered, "do you think that she ever uttered a lie?" To this he indignantly replied, "No, never!" "But," I continued, "if she called herself a sinner, and you believe that she always spoke the truth, she must have looked upon herself as such in the sight of God, although you were unable to detect any sin in her; and my statement therefore remains true, that all men are sinners, and can only be saved through Jesus Christ."

The influence of our Christian women at Gharwah, an out-station of our Mission, was also for good. I remember one day coming to Gharwah I found one of our Christian women, a farmer's wife, ill, and scarcely able to do her work. Some of her heathen neighbours came to help her, and she in return read to them out of the New Testament. At that time there was some commotion in the city of Benares. It was rumoured that a new god had appeared somewhere, and that he had commanded all the women to go out begging for two days and a half, and that the women that refused to go would lose their husbands within twelve months. For the two days and a half they must take their food with them, for they must not use any of the money they might obtain by begging, but must deliver it in full to the Brahmins. Woe to those who spent a farthing of the money! Thousands of women went to beg, and strange to say, the rich as well as the poor.

The women at Gharwah and Bahuwara likewise prepared to go, and asked our Christian women whether they intended to join them? They replied, "No! why should we?" The women replied, "What! are

you not afraid of losing your husbands?" They rejoined, "Why should we be afraid? does not God alone watch over us? are we not in His care and keeping? Put your trust too in God, and you will be safe. And do you not think by your being absent from home for three days your husbands may take harm? Stay at home and take care of your husbands, that will do them more good than your going about begging. Moreover, do you not see that the whole is a trick of the Brahmins. They want your money. To whom has the god appeared? who has seen him—where? The whole is a made-up story." "Well!" the heathen women said, "if you do not go, and are not afraid of losing your husbands, we will not go."

When I heard of this decision, I said, "What will the Brahmins say if the husbands of these women do not die?" But I found they were prepared, for another revelation came, saying that the god had exempted two villages from the general rule, namely Gharwah and Bahuwara!

By way of girls' schools something had been done for years. As early as 1824 Mrs. Wilson established a girls' school in Calcutta. Up country, in the N.W. Provinces, Mrs. Smith of Benares was the first who commenced a girls' school. After this had been established a similar one was commenced in Agra, and now we find such schools all over the country, and thousands of girls are under instruction.

At Benares zenana work was commenced by Mrs. Leupolt in 1855. I had at that time a very earnest inquirer, a Rajpoot. He wished his wives to be instructed, and at his request Mrs. Leupolt visited them. She found both of them sitting in a long

narrow room with nothing in it but a small rug, some six feet by four, and a round pillow at the elder lady's back. Mrs. Leupolt seated herself beside them, and the dulhin (bride), or the elder wife, commenced at once saying, "My husband has spoken to me about your coming; he has told me that we may most likely have to leave our old house, as it is rotten and decayed, and may have to enter the new house, which he tells me is beautiful, and in which we may, when we have once entered, remain for ever and ever; but before I go into the new house, my husband must convince me that our old house is in reality so bad and the new one so good." She meant the house of religion.

Mrs. Leupolt did not enter with her on the subject, but spoke to her at once of the love of Christ. After having visited her several times, she was one day reading to her Isaiah xlv. 9-21, when the lady exclaimed, "How true what the book says! such is our case; of part of a stone a god is made, and from another part of the same stone a *sill*" (a stone for grinding curry spices). "We are very foolish; I have spent much time and much money on idols, which after all are but stones, and cannot help."

Two more zenanas were opened. When Mrs. Leupolt was taken ill in 1856, the above-mentioned ladies frequently sent her notes, for they had learnt to read and write, and before she left for England they insisted upon paying Mrs. Leupolt a farewell visit. They came in the evening in closed palankeens, which were placed in a room adjoining Mrs. Leupolt's bedroom, and when the bearers had left the room, the ladies got out of the palankeens. During Mrs. Leupolt's illness their instruction was still carried on, for one of

our Christian women was sent to instruct them; the Babu paying her.

One day the Babu came to me saying, "What kind of woman have you sent to instruct my wives?" I replied, "Why do you ask? has Rahel misbehaved herself?" "Oh, no," was the answer, "but I cannot make her out. Whenever she comes to my house, she has always a smile on her face. She speaks to my servants, asks after their wives and children, and has a kind word for every one. As they know when she is coming, they are usually ready to receive her. They all receive her with great respect, and make their salaam to her. The doors are instantly opened, and she is accompanied up to the zenana as far as they may go; and when she returns she is treated in the same respectful manner; and when she leaves, you may be sure that one or two of my servants will watch her on the road as long as they can see her. Now, if another woman came to my house and acted as Rahel does, she would be abused along with her mother and grandmother to the tenth generation. And I myself, when I speak to her, feel constrained to address her as if she were the *mem sahib* (the lady), and yet she is my servant, and I pay her. What is it that makes her so different from other women?" I replied, "It is Christianity. Rahel goes to your house in the name of the Lord, and fears no one. She trusts in Jesus her Lord, and acts as in His sight, and so she does not fear." "Well!" the Babu said, "if it be Christianity which makes her so different from other native women, there is certainly a reality in *her* religion."

Zenana work by zenana ladies was only com-



menced in Benares in 1861. On our return to India in December 1860, three ladies from Dublin, the Misses G., accompanied us to Benares. They went out on their own resources for the purpose of devoting their time and strength to the women of India.

In order to become acquainted with the language and the people, the Misses G. rented a house on the banks of the Ganges, and commenced a boys' school. As many of the boys were very young, they were brought by their mothers, and thus these ladies became acquainted with a number of highly respectable native women. Afterwards they opened a girls' school, which some sixteen or eighteen attended, all of whom were of the upper classes, and thus they came a step nearer to their proper sphere of labour. The house which these ladies had taken in the city was very eligibly situated, as it was in the neighbourhood of the place where the more wealthy of the pilgrims take up their abode during their stay at Benares. They were, in consequence, visited by numbers of respectable women who had come to holy Kashi on pilgrimage, and opportunities were afforded them of explaining to some of these pilgrims the way of salvation through Christ. Mrs. Leupolt was occasionally present, and she was convinced that these ladies had a large and useful field of labour before them.

The impression which these three ladies made on the people of the city was all for good. They were devoted servants of Christ, full of love to God and the natives, and I have more than once been spoken to by intelligent natives, as to what could have induced these ladies to come to India and labour as they did.

I explained to them their motives, and I particularly remember the remark of a native gentleman respecting them. He was paying me a visit, and after conversing with me for a short time he remarked, "We cannot comprehend why the Misses G. came to India; they do not care to marry—do not want money—nor do they wish for fame, yet they are at work day and night, and have nothing for their trouble." I explained the *why*, stating that they came in the name of the Lord and for the Lord's sake, and with the desire of doing good to their Indian sisters. The gentleman then looked at me and said, "Ah, we all *should* do so, but who *does* do so?"

But in the midst of their usefulness, and just as they began to enter more fully on their particular sphere of labour, one of the ladies became seriously ill, and to our deep regret they had to relinquish their important sphere of labour and to return to Europe. After these ladies, who also visited two or three zenanas, had left, Mrs. Leupolt entered more energetically into the work. Mrs. Low, who was then residing in Sigra, occasionally accompanied her to the zenanas. Mrs. Leupolt had set her heart upon zenana work being carried on on a more extended scale in Benares, but to effect this it was felt a zenana lady must be employed. Here again "The Scheme," as the ladies called it, "for the Improvement of the Native Christian Women," came to her aid. Mrs. Leupolt applied to the committee, stated the sum she wished them to allow annually for the work, and applied also for funds with which to furnish rooms, and wherewith to purchase a conveyance. Her application was granted, and she was empowered to apply for an agent. This important work was kept

up till 1867, when a lady was sent out by the Normal School Society.

On her arrival she set zealously to learning the language, and being a clever person she was soon able to do something. Mrs. Leupolt introduced her into a few zenanas. She succeeded in her work; gradually many zenanas opened their doors, and in 1869 she was able to report that the work in Benares had made a great step in advance, and that she was giving instruction in twenty zenanas, and had commenced a girls' school in which she had nine pupils.

The case of Ganesh Soondery of Calcutta, a young convert of zenana agents, made some stir. Some newspapers edited by Englishmen denounced the ladies visiting zenanas, and charged them with acting in an underhand way. The Brahmos joined in the cry; that united cry was echoed throughout India, and many zenanas were closed in consequence. Benares, too, felt this antichristian movement; eight zenanas were closed, with the promise, however, that they should be reopened if none but Government books were read and all Christian books excluded. It is needless to state that this promise was never given, but on the contrary it was stated that where the zenana ladies teach secular knowledge, they must also be allowed to impart biblical instruction. This decision was communicated to the Babus who had invited the zenana ladies to teach in their families. Still the work went on, for no native, not even the Brahmos, though they persecuted and prosecuted Ganesh Soondery, charged zenana ladies with acting deceitfully, as they well knew the great end zenana ladies always have had in view.

Thus the work was retarded for a short time, but

gradually one zenana after another reopened their doors, with the exception of two or three, and when Miss H. succeeded to the work, she commenced with twenty-two houses, and eighty-five pupils under instruction.

The Scriptures are read in all our zenanas, and on that point Miss H. says : " The book with whose pages it is sought to make the inmates of zenanas most conversant is the Word of God itself, which is eagerly asked for and read with delight by most of our pupils. Portions are committed to memory daily by all the pupils in the Zenana Normal School."

Zenana work is prospering at Benares and other stations. Our late zenana lady, a second Miss H., is also a devoted, able, and active lady, and the Lord has blessed her labours. Light is spreading, she and her assistants are received with affection wherever they go, and a new era has commenced for India, one which we had longed and prayed for; that is, that the ladies of India may be instructed not only in secular, but more especially in biblical lore.

Previous to my leaving India, an event occurred which I had not anticipated in my time.

Miss H. had two schools for young native ladies. One day these ladies were conversing with Miss H. about witchcraft. Miss H. stated that many things which they would attribute to witchcraft were only the results of science; then she described what could be done with a magic lantern. The ladies could not comprehend it, and exclaimed several times *that must be witchcraft*. " No ! " she said, " all these pictures are produced by the magic lantern." " Are they ? Oh, we should so much like to see a magic lantern." " Very well," Miss H. said, " I will speak to Mr. Leupolt, he

will show you one." Upon this Miss H. came to me and mentioned what had transpired. I told her if the ladies could come to Sigrā the exhibition could be easily managed, for we had everything ready. The ladies might be private in the work-room and I in my study, and as the folding-doors were eight feet square, they could see the pictures without being seen by any one; but then how could so many come to Sigrā? Then again their own school-room was evidently too small to portion off a part for a screen, but I added, "Tell the ladies, if they will allow me to come among them I will throw the pictures on the wall, and then we shall not require a screen, and all will be able to see the exhibition." With these remarks I dismissed the matter, as I saw no possibility of their having an exhibition.

Two days afterwards Miss H. came again and said, "The ladies have had a consultation, and after some hesitation they have accepted your offer. One of them has seen you, and said she was sure the old Sahib would do them no harm." Therefore it was agreed among them that I was to give them an exhibition in their school-room. Some of the ladies helped me to arrange the room, and stopped up every crevice to exclude the light, for it was in the afternoon. They were perfectly lady-like and at ease in their behaviour. I expected to see some twenty-five or so, but I found there were from fifty to sixty, for some aged women, mothers-in-law, had joined them. Before the exhibition of the first picture the room was in perfect darkness for a minute, but they did not seem to mind it. They enjoyed the exhibition, the comic slides pleased them most, and next to these the Scripture slides,

which they all understood. After the exhibition the younger ones came chattering round me, to ascertain how the dissolving views were produced. I explained it to them. After this they said, "Now, let us have an examination in Scripture," but on looking at my watch I found that we had been nearly two hours at work, upon which some exclaimed, "We must be off!" If any one had told me a fortnight before that such a thing would happen, I should scarcely have credited it.

Zenana work tells powerfully on the social life in the zenanas. When Mrs. Leupolt first visited a Babu's daughter, she was lying on a charpai, or rough bedstead, being unwell. She had a long narrow room with nothing in it excepting the bedstead and a cotton carpet, four feet by three, for the feet, the floor being paved with bricks. Mrs. Leupolt seated herself beside her. This young person had learned to read Bengali by dint of perseverance; Mrs. Leupolt asked her how she had learnt Bengali, she answered, "I asked my father what this letter was and then what another was, and so I taught myself." As soon as she was well, she commenced studying Hindi. After some little time her mother, between forty and fifty years old, was persuaded to learn too, and she constantly read the New Testament from choice.

Some time later Mrs. Leupolt found chairs and a table in the room; the lady took Mrs. Leupolt to one of the chairs, and then seated herself on the other. Meanwhile this lady was made over to the zenana lady. On visiting her again the whole room was covered with Calcutta matting. The table was covered with a cloth, and a box for her needlework was upon it. This lady was very intelligent, she learnt to read

English fluently, and to translate whatever she read into idiomatic Hindi. The ability to do this was an object which Mrs. Leupolt kept steadily in view in all her teaching. The zenana ladies are fond of wool-work, and enjoy making slippers, &c., and their husbands are proud of the work done, and show it to their friends, and this leads to the opening of more zenanas.

On a later visit to this same zenana, Mrs. Leupolt found maps in the room, and a book-shelf with books. When Lady M. came to Benares she wished to visit some of the zenanas. Mrs. Leupolt spoke to the zenana lady, but she was already otherwise engaged, so Mrs. Leupolt accompanied Lady M. On entering this zenana the lady received them very politely, for the Hindus are very polite. Lady M. looked about her, and admired the nicely furnished room. She then read English to Lady M. and translated it into Hindi. The mother was also present, and told Lady M. that she read the New Testament, and that it was the only book she wished to read.

As Lady M. glanced at the book-shelf, she espied a camera. "What," she exclaimed, "is the camera doing here?" The native lady politely replied, "I take photographs, mem," and then she produced some photos which she had taken from pictures, one of which was a photo of the Queen. They were pretty well done, and Lady M. asked for the photo of the Queen, with which she was presented. Shortly after Lady M. sent this lady a beautiful album. Mrs. Leupolt could name two other zenanas where she considers the change has been almost as great.

Thus whole zenanas are transformed. Other ladies, seeing their friend's room so comfortable, wish that

their own might be equally nice; and they are told that to make their room comfortable will not cost more than they are accustomed to spend on their idols.

But do the effects produced by the teaching of the zenana ladies stop at outward reformation and amelioration of the condition of the women in India? By no means; they go much deeper, and eternity will disclose many of the now hidden results. I well remember Mrs. Leupolt telling me of one of the ladies instructed by the zenana lady whom she occasionally visited. This lady kept her husband's accounts, carried on his correspondence, and was altogether a helpmeet to him. She read the New Testament, and loved the Word of God. In 1869 cholera raged in Benares, and this poor young lady was seized with an attack during her husband's absence. She remained without aid for six hours, and when he returned he found his wife dying. On seeing her state he stood aghast; she said to him, "You come too late, my dear husband, I am dying. The future is to me no dark land. I have read the Word of God, I believe in Jesus Christ; I have given Him my heart, and I shall go to Him." Having said so, she turned on one side, and the next moment her spirit had left its house of clay.

I cannot close this chapter without expressing our grateful thanks, and the thanks of the Benares Mission, to the ladies who have so nobly helped us with the means to set on foot the Industrial School, with means to start zenana work, and for their deep sympathy and the encouragement they gave in the carrying out of these plans. May many of England's daughters follow their example by taking a deep and active interest in the welfare of the daughters of Hindustan.



## CHAPTER XVI.

*SCHOOLS FOR ORPHAN BOYS—CHRISTIAN CHILDREN—ORPHAN SCHOOLS.*

THE Orphan School, when I left India in 1872, continued to form a part of our mission-work at Benares, and it is a branch which the Lord has richly blessed. From the beginning we have endeavoured to train up children in the fear and nurture of the Lord, so as to raise, by means of this institution, helpers in the great word of evangelizing India. By the grace of God we have succeeded in raising a number of able and devout labourers in the mission field.

While in the N.W. Provinces of India the number of our converts is small in comparison to our desires—although our work has not been in vain, and great changes have been produced in the minds of the people, light dawning on their minds—still we do wish that larger numbers were brought into the fold of Christ. There are an abundance of blossoms, but many do not develop beyond the blossom. Now, it is remarkable that nowhere else throughout India has God given so many orphans to the various societies as in the N.W. Provinces, or rather from Calcutta to the Punjab. The Orissa orphans were mostly sent to Calcutta. May not God, in His all-wise Providence, intend that these orphans should become a leaven for

leavening the masses around us, and form a centre around which others will gradually be drawn? Churches of orphan Christians do already exercise some influence.

No doubt orphans are a cause of great trouble and anxiety to missionaries, just as a large family, with small means at command, is to parents; but these orphan schools, if judiciously and well cultivated, are like a garden of God, in which many a tree may be reared to bear fruit to the glory of God on earth, and to Christ's eternal praise in the garden above.

A peculiar feature with regard to orphans, as I have seen it, is that many young men in this part of the country prefer orphan girls for wives to girls from Christian families; whereas in the south I was told husbands for orphan girls are obtained with difficulty.

On my return from Europe in 1844, the orphan boys were again made over to me. We had two divisions—the college class and the school classes. In January, 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Fuchs arrived. Mr. Fuchs took the principal charge of the college class, so that I only gave lessons in homiletics and biblical theology. We had then a noble class of able and devoted young men—they were twelve in number. Three of these have since been ordained, four are acting as catechists, one has been head-master of the infant school for twenty-five years, three have died in the Lord's work, and one has left the Mission.

The school department was entirely under me. In 1845 we had eighty-seven boys.

Various trades were introduced into the Orphan School, but they had one after another to be given up, except bookbinding and carpet-making—*i.e.* Turkish

carpets. Our establishment excelled in bookbinding. After it had been carried on for some years, an orphan from our school took it off our hands, and is still carrying it on in Benares. After carrying on the carpet manufactory for a couple of years, we had to give it up. The magistrates of Benares, Mirzapore, and Gorakpore took up the trade in their jails; and their peons, who were sent to purchase wool, fixed their own prices on the materials; they were thus able to sell their manufactured articles in weight cheaper than we could obtain the raw materials. The only advantage which we possessed, and why our carpets were still sought for, was the brilliancy of the colours, which were set with mordants, and the beauty of our patterns, which were prepared by Mrs. Leupolt. But, as people like cheap carpets, and the jails, with their free labour and cheap materials, could undersell us, we had to close the workshops. I spoke to two gentlemen about their peons taking double the quantity of wool to what the market price was, but they could scarcely believe it; and when they found out the truth, they also had to discontinue carpet-making.

The second reason which induced us to give up this trade was its unhealthiness. The fine particles produced by cutting and working the wool settled in the lungs of the workmen, and brought on consumption, by which we lost several young men. Moreover, the profit arising from the trade was small.

Agriculture was tried; but, under present circumstances, it is useless to suppose that a well-instructed young man will engage at Benares in agriculture, or *any trade* where with hard labour he can earn about Rs. 6 to Rs. 8 a month, whereas in a printing-press

he can with ease earn double and even treble that amount. When the presses are full, we shall then find young men devoting themselves to various trades, but not till then. This fact is not taken into account by many of our friends; we hear them frequently saying, "Why not establish trades for your orphans?" Where there are no presses at work, as in the south, and among the hill-tribes, you will find Christian carpenters, tailors, blacksmiths, and agriculturists; in the north also in some places, but not where easier and more remunerative work can be obtained.

We never had a press in our Benares Mission. Dr. Lazarus was always willing to take our lads as apprentices, and we also sent some to the Agra Orphan Institution, where a few lads were also engaged as carpenters and blacksmiths. But, although we had no special employment for our orphans and adult converts besides Dr. Lazarus's press, yet they all earned their own bread, and the only drawback we experienced by this state of things was that many of our people left our Mission and sought employment elsewhere.

Among the youths who have been in our Orphan Institution, a number of them are in heaven—so we have every reason to believe. Some died young others in the prime of life. I will mention but two cases. The first one is that of a youth called William. He was one of those that had been set aside to be trained for the ministry. He never was robust; but still we hoped to see him one day preaching the Gospel to his countrymen. Four weeks before his end he was seized with ague and fever, which terminated in consumption. He suffered much, but patiently.

He was constantly engaged in prayer, and longed for his dissolution. A few moments before his end I prayed with him. While I went to procure some medicine to relieve his sufferings, his spirit left its earthly tabernacle and went to its Saviour.

Another lad who early entered his heavenly rest was called Enoch. He was a lad of considerable ability; and had the grace of God in his heart, and exhibited the principles of Christianity in his daily life. As long as he was able to walk, he attended Jay Narain's College.

One day, when the Principal of Jay Narain's was conversing with the boys of the first class on death, one remarked, "Enoch is safe; he need not fear death, for he will go to heaven." The Principal asked, "Why do you think so?" The answer was, "Enoch is a true Christian, he lives according to the Gospel, his heart is in heaven, and therefore he will go there." Enoch seldom or never spoke of his own feelings, but he looked with calmness to his approaching end. Being asked, shortly before he died, how he felt, he replied, "I feel happy; I trust in Jesus;" and the Lord Jesus supported him unto the end. When he was buried, a number of lads from Jay Narain's attended his funeral, and they felt his death much. Thus another jewel was taken for the Saviour's crown.

Many of our orphans are now heads of families. Some of them have given us joy, others have caused us sorrow. The first whom I will introduce was *an idle boy*. His name was James; he was an able boy, yet always last in his class. I asked him several times how it was that he was always at the bottom; the answer was, "Master does not love me, therefore

he puts me last." "But," I said, "I love you, and yet you remain last even when I am examiner." As the plant, so the tree. He grew up an idle lad, and, when he had learnt a trade, he proved an indolent workman. He complained greatly of low wages; but I never heard him complain of having done so little work.

In due time he married, and obtained an excellent wife; but he was a lazy husband. His wife exerted herself and became a school-teacher. Upon this James gave up work and attended to the affairs of the house. But this lasted only a short time; fetching water, wood, and cooking the food did not suit him, so the wife had to earn the bread, and cook the food, and he would eat it, but not work for it. Then the native Christians began to interfere, and made James work, at least nominally; however, it was only nominally. He took to drinking, and fell deeper and deeper, till at last, having ruined himself and another family, he was expelled according to the rules of the Christian village.

During the Mutiny he suffered much; apostasy, however, he did not add to his many sins. He was seized by the rebels, who pointing a loaded musket to his breast, called upon him to become a Mohammedan; but his reply was, "Wicked as I have been, and justly as I have been punished by my Christian brethren in having been turned out of their community, I will not add to my other sins that of denying my Saviour; shoot me if you like!" They did not kill him, but kicked him about the room, and left him lying insensible on the floor.

In 1859, before I left India, he came begging of

me to intercede for him, that he might be again received into the congregation; but I told him I saw as yet no signs of penitence in him. I promised, however to bring the subject before the congregation. I did so, but the unanimous opinion was that James should not be received until he showed real signs of repentance. Subsequently he was received, and, on my return from England, I found him in full communion with his brethren.

From this time he was no longer a lazy man; but he did not survive long; the injuries he had sustained from the mutineers told on him. I saw him several times, and I believe him to have died a true penitent, trusting in his Saviour. His noble wife is still a teacher at Benares.

The second boy may be termed a *covetous boy*. Such was Th——. At the beginning of his career he was a very promising lad, and helped me a great deal with the orphans. We had at one time a kind of revival among our boys, and Th——, being one of the chief leaders, divided the orphans into small parties, and they had regularly private prayers, morning and evening. Himself became a poet, and wrote some nice hymns; but a worm gnawed at the root of his spiritual life. His first wrong step was to sign Mr. S——'s name for the sum of a few rupees. For this he was dismissed; he then joined another Mission. After various other changes he joined the Baptists, where he received his former salary, with the addition of a munshi's allowance. Subsequently he fell into very straitened circumstances. He was at the time married, and had three children, but had nothing to live on. He came again to Benares, and his wife

implored me to help them but once more, as they were starving. I helped them. Th—— was provided with work up country ; he had a kind master and good pay ; but soon after an opportunity presented itself which promised greatly to promote his temporal prospects. The lands of an idol temple were to be farmed out to the highest bidder, and these lands appeared to Th—— as the well-watered plains of Sodom appeared to Lot. Th—— became the farmer of the lands of an idol temple. The Christians warned him, but in vain. When the missionary heard of it, he told him that it was impossible for him to be head-master of a Mission school, and at the same time the farmer of lands belonging to an idol temple ; he must therefore relinquish the one or the other. His choice was soon made ; he gave up his work in the school.

Th—— was now in his glory ; but the hour of trial came—the Mutiny broke out, and I was told that his house was one of the first which was attacked by the mutineers. He was a marked man, as the farmer of lands belonging to them ; his house was set on fire ; his wife, hearing a noise outside, went to see the cause, and was immediately cut down ; the eldest girl, hearing a shriek, rushed after her mother, and shared the same fate—the second girl likewise. Finding the house on fire, he took the youngest child in his arms, rushed out of the house, and was likewise cut down. No pity was shown to any. At that moment our troops came up ; the rebels, valiant in attacking helpless women and children, saw them and fled ; but the deed of darkness was done. The mother and her two little ones were dead ; but Th—— and



the youngest child were still alive. When Th—— returned to consciousness, he remembered his former kind master, and begged to be taken to his house. His wish was complied with. The Lord had visited him!

On my leaving India in 1859, he had, I was told, left his former master and friend; but, as far as I could hear, he was cured of his covetousness. I have not met him again; but the accounts I have received of him are good. Th—— is contented, humble, and quiet. The Lord is indeed gracious and long-suffering. The Good Shepherd found again His erring and lost sheep, though injured by the thorns among which it had strayed!

Another fall came through the love of drink.

L—— was an *ambitious* boy, clever, rather timid, and boyish. Having finished his studies, he expressed a wish to become a native doctor, and Dr. Leckie very kindly took him in hand. He did very well; but it was evident that he would never make a good doctor. His next desire was to become a catechist, but on account of his boyishness he himself thought he would make but an indifferent helper in the Lord's work, and yet he longed to be one.

One day he came to me saying, "The English come to India to make money, and then go home, and live as gentlemen. I intend to do something similar. I shall become a writer, and when I have saved 1000 rupees I shall return home to Sagra, live like a gentleman, and make known the Gospel; and if any one speaks to me about my work, I can say, 'It is true what you say, brother; but I take no salary, and do things as well as I can.'"

He left Sigra, and soon obtained a writership. After a couple of years' absence, he wrote to me that he had put by a third of the desired capital, and he hoped to earn the rest. But the Mutiny broke out. L—— made over his cash to his servant, a Hindu, to take care of for him; but he never saw the man again, nor his money either.

L——'s fellow-clerks all fled at the beginning of the outbreak; he alone remained with his master, and served him faithfully. They had to undergo many dangers and great difficulties; but finally they both reached Cawnpore in safety. To L——'s great joy, he found his wife and child already there. His arrears of salary were all paid to him, and he thanked God for this new mercy. Meanwhile, tranquillity was restored, the several offices were reformed, and L—— was made head-clerk, and was permitted to fill up the vacancies with Christian writers. I had several letters from him asking for men; but I could only send him one, who is still at his post, and esteemed. By this promotion L—— found his salary trebled, and he was then nearer his great object than he had ever been, or ever will be. He had morning and evening prayers in his family—in the morning, himself and his family only; but, in the evening, Hindus and Mohammedans and fellow-Christians joined him at prayer. This was just the course which I had impressed upon him and others, for every native Christian ought to be a witness for Christ. I had great hopes of him; but, alas! my hope was soon blighted. Being at the head of the office, L—— was flattered, and as he had some European blood in his veins, he passed for an East Indian. He was invited by the East Indians,

and he, in return, invited them. At their dinners, liquor was freely used, and he imbibed a relish for drink. His master exercised great patience with him, but L—— was at length discharged.

I tried all I could to save him. I sent him money to come to Benares. He came with his wife; he promised faithfully never to get drunk again; but, before evening, his vows were broken, my endeavours to save him were in vain. His once excellent wife had fallen into the same sinful habit, and both live now disgraced and in abject poverty. Oh! may our gracious Lord yet save them!

It has been frequently stated that gratitude is not a quality predominant in the native character, and that the very words "Thank you" are not found in their language. There is some truth in this, but only some. Instead of "Thank you" they say "Salaam," or "Peace (be with you)." I could relate many instances of gratitude on the part of native Christians and Hindus to show that they can be grateful. I will here relate one of a native Christian lad.

His name was John Triloke. He was sent to the orphanage from Lucknow at the same time with Th——. He was upright, honourable, and trustworthy, but not always understood. In his ways and feelings he resembled more an Englishman than a native. He could not bear to have his word doubted. He was affectionate, and I could rely on his word. Having finished his studies, he acted for some time as a teacher in our Mission. He then went to Agra; after this he obtained a situation in a Government school at Ajmeer on a salary of Rs. 40 a month. One day I received a long letter from him, telling me that his salary was

Rs. 40, and that his wife Susan had proved to him that she could manage his household very well on Rs. 10 a month, and then he specified the various items of expense. I wondered what the end of the letter would be, for I was not anxious to know what the prices of rice, ghee, flour, &c., were at Ajmeer. The concluding paragraph explained the letter; it was, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows :—

“ Having heard that our much-honoured and beloved mother (Mrs. Leupolt) is ill, and requires a change of air, we should be glad if she came here; the climate is good, and there are many English ladies and gentlemen here who will be glad to receive her; but knowing that your purse is never very full, Susan and I have resolved upon placing Rs. 30 per month at the disposal of our honoured mother, so long as she requires the same. We do not want the money, and shall be glad if she will accept it, for we shall never forget the great kindness we received from her.”

I thanked them for their very kind offer, but as Mrs. Leupolt was well again, I told them that I could not accept of their kind and disinterested token of love and gratitude; at the same time, we were both much gratified by their offer, and highly appreciated their kindness.

Our Christians are occasionally blamed for looking out for increase of salary, and for desiring to better their circumstances. This, however, is not the tendency of our native Christians only, but it is pretty general all over the world, and especially in India; yet there are many disinterested Christians both in Europe and in India.

In our Mission we have men who would receive

double the salary they receive from us if they chose to leave the Mission ; one of these was Terah Munshi.

Terah Munshi, as he was called, knew English, Urdu, and Hindi well ; he was a good accountant and a capital logician ; the latter quality he manifested already as a boy ; he was, moreover, a good translator, and had the power of translating hymns, &c., into Hindustani, and very useful many of them have been in the schools, &c. Terah had more than one offer of good situations, but he accepted none. He had given his heart to the Lord and His work, and in the Lord's work he would live and die. He served in various departments of our Mission ; his last situation was that of head-teacher in the Normal Lads' School. He was gentle, able, and willing to put his hand to any work, whether it belonged to his special duty or not, and few things were written by us to which Terah did not give the finishing-touch. I consulted him frequently, as I could depend on his judgment. He was a genuine servant of Christ ; but alas ! like many of the young men reared in our Orphan School, he was taken in the prime of life with consumption, and died after a short illness. He rests in peace ; having lived in the fear and love of God, and died in the Lord, he now lives with the blessed.

An instance of *thorough faithfulness* is exhibited in S——, our native pastor at Sagra. Though not a bright, clever lad, yet he was always high up in his class. When he grew up he wished to learn a trade ; and he became a tailor—and a very good one he was ; but, although he worked hard all day, yet he found time for spiritual work in the evening ; for he went into the villages in the vicinity of Sagra, and spoke to the people of Jesus ; he influenced the orphan boys for

good, instructed inquirers, and helped in the work wherever he could.

Seeing his faithfulness, we sent him once more to Jay Narain's College and Free School. He had but little talent for mathematics, yet one day, when a mathematical prize was given by the Principal for Christian lads, he won it. He acted up to Luther's maxim, "Well prayed is half studied." How much can be accomplished by faithfulness and earnest prayer ! The Lord will bless both.

After he had finished his studies he was made a reader ; from that office he was advanced to that of a catechist, and, knowing his faithfulness, we gave him an independent charge at Chunar.

When the Mutiny broke out, and Chunar was threatened, I wrote to him, telling him that he might take refuge in the fort. He thanked me for the permission, but added, "When the wolf is hovering round the flock, I think it the duty of the shepherd to remain with the sheep." He remained, and the Lord preserved him and them.

In 1858 some candidates were to be recommended for ordination, and in 1859 I took him and two other brethren to Calcutta to be ordained. S—— passed a good examination, and the Bishop expressed his satisfaction to me. Just as I was about to go to church to be present at his ordination, my coat tail happened to come in contact with a nail, and I was in a sad plight. S—— being near, I called out, "Alas, brother, my coat ! Quickly once more exercise your old trade before you are ordained." Having thread and needles at hand, he set to work, and in a few minutes we were on our way to the cathedral, where he was ordained, January

24, 1859, for the Chunar station. As deacon, the Rev. D. S—— discharged his duties faithfully for some years. He was then admitted to priests' orders and removed to Benares, where I left him in 1872 as native pastor.

I could adduce additional instances of conversions of young men from our Orphan Institution, but these will suffice to show that the Lord continues to bless our efforts in this noble institution; may He continue to do so.

The number of orphans when I left India was sixty-one, including twenty nice little fellows sent to us by Government from Jhansi. At Jhansi all the Europeans were murdered in 1857. The Government did not punish the murderers, but the Lord sent a famine among them in 1869, and we can now exercise a Christian and glorious revenge by caring for their little ones, and by leading their little lambs into the bosom of the Good Shepherd. May He bless them.

The orphans are mainly dependent as heretofore on subscriptions, as though Government now gives Rs. 2 monthly for each orphan sent by magistrates to the various institutions, yet that sum far from covers their maintenance.

Among our supporters at home, the Edinburgh Juvenile Association and friends through Dr. Balfour; the Coral fund through Mrs. Cobb, once a fellow-labourer at Benares; and Mrs Trimmer, at Cambridge, are the most active and liberal, and help us greatly in this labour of love. Other friends select and support single orphans. May the Lord bless these and all of them, and reward them abundantly for what they do to these little ones. The Lord's promise is plain, and

He will in faithfulness fulfil it—What you do to these little ones, the Lord says, ye do unto me—glorious words!

*Girls' Department.*

This valuable Institution is prospering. It is well conducted, and is the great source from which our young men obtain their wives. But though this school forms part of our mission-work at Benares, it never fell within my sphere of labour; my remarks about it must therefore be of a general character.

All the girls learn to read and write the vernacular, and some learn English as well. They are taught the Scriptures, history, geography, and arithmetic. They learn needlework of every kind, and some of them are skilful at pillow-lace work, and all the older girls attend to household affairs, such as grinding corn, cooking food, and mending clothes, &c.

There have been many changes in the superintendents of this school; in 1872 it was under Mrs. Fuchs, who had it formerly for years, and who is therefore able to give a much better account of the Institution than I can. I have a paper before me by Mr. Fuchs which has reference to this school, and which I must not omit. It is an anecdote of an event which happened when Mr. and Mrs. Fuchs first came to India. Mr. Fuchs relates:—"On proceeding from Calcutta to Benares by steamer there was among our fellow-passengers a young officer, who one day greatly commiserated us for having come to this country on so hopeless an errand as Missionary work; for nowhere had the missionaries succeeded as yet in converting the Hindus. I replied that I had seen at Mirzapore, in Calcutta, a native



congregation, the sight of which had been most interesting to me, and I was sure of finding the same at Benares. 'Well,' he said, 'it was true he had seen some so-called native Christians that were going about begging; a few, the lowest of the low, lazy unworthy individuals; without knowledge and conviction of the truth of Christianity, they had submitted to baptism in the hope of being fed by the English.' The captain of the steamer overheard our conversation, but remained silent. At last when I appealed to the reports of the missionaries, men of whose veracity there could be no doubt, the captain was requested by the young officer to say, whether he from his long experience in India could not confirm his statements? He openly confessed that he had never troubled himself about the matter, and for that reason was unable to speak either for or against it.

"Some years elapsed without my hearing anything of the captain, when it happened that in the absence of the chaplain I was requested to bury an officer of a steamer, just arrived at Rajghat in Benares. After the burial I was unexpectedly saluted by Captain Berkeley, who expressed great satisfaction at seeing me again. Being obliged to stop a couple of days at Benares, he gladly accepted an invitation from me for the following day, and came with his first mate. I availed myself gladly of the opportunity of showing him our work at Sigra.

"His attention was first arrested by the orphan girls, who were sitting in our verandah, all busily engaged in sewing, knitting, crochet, &c. Being able to speak Hindustani, he put some questions to them, which were without hesitation satisfactorily answered. The open,

intelligent, and orderly appearance of the children, and the specimens of work which he saw, filled him with astonishment, so that he said, 'he should never have believed it possible for native girls to be thus far raised.'

"Seeing next our neat church, the orphan houses, the Christian villages, and being shown inside some houses, he could not fail being struck by the cleanliness and simple arrangements of the house, which nevertheless bore the appearance of comfort; and lastly, seeing the number of women, surrounded by children, but otherwise engaged in female work, as the girls were, he was deeply affected and said, 'Truly this is the most interesting sight I have ever met with in India, and which I shall never forget; and when again I hear your work spoken of, I shall know what to say concerning it.' It gave him great pleasure to buy some articles for his wife, saying that the sight of them would remind him at every return to Calcutta of his most agreeable and interesting visit at Benares."

The number of girls in this institution has averaged for several years about 67. Their progress in their studies is good, and Mrs. Hubbard, in her last report before she left India, says the daily lessons are conducted more efficiently since the introduction of two pupil-teachers from the Normal School. There are girls that were sent from the Orphanage to complete their studies in the Normal School, and having done so, they are now able to teach, where formerly they were taught. They also exercise a good influence, I trust, on their former companions and the young children. From this Institution many a noble Christian woman has issued, some of whom would bear

comparison with our more earnest classes of Christian women at home.

In conclusion I would only add that Naomi Sukhli (see vol. 1, page 126) is still alive, and was the matron of this institution for 34 years. Nobly has she devoted a long life to the orphan girls, and discharged her duties faithfully. She is looked up to by the girls as a mother, and our young men take good care when they look out for wives to propitiate with a present the good-will of Sukhli Naomi Mamma. She is the great matchmaker in our Mission, and I daresay has made more than any lady in all England can boast of. As she is wise and discreet, why should she not, as a mother in Israel, look after her children? May the Lord spare her yet for a long time, and may He continue richly to bless the Institution.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*THE INFANT SCHOOL.*

THIS valuable institution was established in 1849. From its commencement it was in Mrs. Leupolt's charge; when Mrs. Leupolt was in England, then Mrs. Hubbard efficiently superintended it.

The Rev. Mr. P—— was kind enough to let her have two girls from his valuable institution at Cawnpore; with their help she commenced the school. At the commencement she had to teach the school entirely herself, but the girls soon became acquainted with the routine of the school and its system.

It is conducted partly in Hindustani and partly in English. Previous to commencing it she prepared a number of lessons, and also had several hymns translated. We sent a girl to England with Mrs. S—— to be trained for the school in the Home and Colonial School; but when she arrived in England, the Ladies' Society considered it their duty to decline doing so. In this emergency our kind and active friend, Mrs. Edward Hoare, came to our aid, and the ladies of Ramsgate conferred the favour upon us of having the girl educated at their expense.

This school has been carried on quietly and efficiently, the number of pupils has increased, several grown-up girls attend, and native Christians, who had left Sagra,

sent their children hundreds of miles that they might attend it. The school is divided into two departments—the juvenile and the infant school.

The progress has been good in both. The hymns and lessons which the children learn they repeat to their parents, and thereby interest them in their lessons. In the evening they are in the habit of meeting together in front of each other's houses to sing their songs and hymns. Lately Th——, catechist, remarked, "The infant school is a great blessing to the village, for it renders the children united and happy; consequently there is no quarrelling among the parents; for quarrels frequently originate with the children."

The children know a good deal of geography; the first and second classes read English, Urdu, and Hindi, and write the two latter in the vernacular character. In Bible history, in both the Old and New Testament, they are well up. Their proficiency is a good deal owing to William Master; he is an excellent infant-school teacher, and has been in the school since 1849. As regards efficiency, we may boldly say that no visitor, who has seen and examined the school, has ever gone away disappointed.

We receive a grant-in-aid from Government for this school. I never thought of applying for it, but one day the Sub-Inspector, now Inspector of Public Instruction, came to see the school. Hearing a little fellow read, he took the book out of his hand, and, turning a few leaves further on, he put his finger on half a word, and said, "Read on!" The little one tried to push his finger aside, but not succeeding, he said, "How can I read the word if your finger is on

half of it?" The Sub-Inspector replied, "Then read half of it." "Very well," the boy said, and read on. The Sub-Inspector advised me to apply for a grant-in-aid; I did so, and we received Rs. 20 per month.

Sometimes it is amusing to hear the remarks which little children make. Juliana, a Normal girl, was teaching Bible history from pictures; a little girl, between three and four years old, thought the picture could not be true—at least she said she could not comprehend it. According to the picture, Cain had killed Abel, and Abel lay dead on the ground; but the child said, "How has Abel come here? It cannot be, for Abel" (her brother) "is alive and in the Normal School!" The difficulty was explained.

We had numerous visitors, and now and then one came and asked rather difficult questions. Mr. ——— wished to see and examine the infant school. He began with geography:—"Children, where is Mount Abu?" A girl started up, took a pointer, and showed Mount Abu. "What river did Alexander cross, when he invaded India?" "The Indus, in the Punjab." "Name the five rivers of the Punjab, and show them on the map." This was done. Next, "Show me Plassey, where Clive gained the great battle." Plassey was pointed out. "Children, look at me! If I go from Benares to England by the overland route, what countries shall I have to the right and the left?" The question was answered to the gentleman's satisfaction.

"Now for Scripture," he called out. "Who was the judge prior to Eli?" "Prior, prior?" the children repeated. "Yes, prior—that is, before Eli?" A dead silence ensued; at last a little fellow called out, "It

was that strong man—I forget his name.” “Samson!” the others shouted. “Who was the first convert in Europe converted by St. Paul?” After a little reflection, the answer was, “Lydia.” Next, “Who appeared to our Lord on the Mount?” The question was answered in chorus.

Questions were then put in arithmetic. “If I have 4 times 24 rupees, and buy cloth at 3 rupees a yard, how many shall I obtain?” Answer, 32. “Suppose that girl has 24 rupees, this boy 18, this girl half as much as they have both together, how much had she?” It was instantly answered. When he had finished his examination I remarked, “Do you know that nearly all your questions were difficult?” He replied, “Yes, I do, but I had an object in view in asking these questions.”

In a moral point of view the effect of the school is good. The children learn to sing and pray, and to love the Saviour.

A little girl had been ill for several months. During her illness the hymns and lessons which she had learnt were her delight. She frequently sent for her godfather to read to her and to pray with her, or, as she expressed it, “to say Amen.” The Lord spared this little lamb, and she is growing up a servant of Christ. One day S—— told Mrs. Leupolt she had learnt a lesson from her little girl which she should never forget. It is customary among our people to have family prayers. Now this woman’s little girl would always attend prayers, even if it were very late. One evening, however, she was overpowered with sleep and her mother put her to bed, and as it was getting late, and she herself was feeling very tired, she like-

wise went to bed but without having had evening prayers. About midnight the child awoke, and whispered, "Mamma, had you evening prayers? I had not, I went to sleep." The mother replied, "Be quiet, it is past midnight." The child was quiet for a little while and then said again, "Do tell me had you prayers? for I had not." S—— again replied, "Be quiet, child, and go to sleep." But the little one was not satisfied, so she again asked, "Please tell me had you evening prayers?" And the mother had at last to tell the child that she had not had evening prayers. "Oh then, get up," the child exclaimed, "and let us have prayers." The mother arose, had prayers, and then both went to sleep. The mother told me, that she had never forgotten that occurrence. Truly out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise.

One anecdote more, about a little favourite. She was a little girl between four and five years, and one that would never stay away from school whatever the weather might be. One day in December it was raining very heavily, and I told the master not to ring the bell as it was so cold. The little girl however came, and sat in her wet clothes for three hours. Fever was the consequence, and she became very ill. During her illness Mrs. Leupolt saw her frequently. One day, however, she sent especially for her, saying, "Mem, I wished to-day to see you once more, for I am going to Jesus." Mrs. Leupolt replied, "You will soon be well again." Mrs. Leupolt then prayed with her, and after the little one had thanked her once more for all her past kindness, she took her hand and they parted. She then called for her parents and said, "I am now no



longer your child, I belong to Jesus; but do not cry for me, I am going to Jesus, to heaven, and there I will wait for you, mamma, and when I hear that you are coming, I will stand at the door, and as you enter I will take you by the hand and lead you to Jesus. Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, when we meet to part no more." She then told her brother and sister to be obedient to their parents and teachers, and then she ceased speaking. Her mother, meanwhile, stood near her cot weeping. As the child did not move she looked at her, and lo! her spirit had gone to Jesus.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*NORMAL SCHOOLS, MALE AND FEMALE.*

FOR years the want of a school for training catechists, readers, and schoolmasters, and also for training young women for schoolmistresses and zenana teachers, was deeply felt in our Mission; and although we always had a class of young men under training, and at one time a very superior class, supported chiefly by the late Mrs. Edward Hoare of Tunbridge Wells, still we never had a regular institution for this purpose, nor a missionary who could devote his whole time and strength to training young men. But, thank God, the desideratum was supplied to us.

In 1858 Mrs. Leupolt, then in England, stated our wants to a lady in London. Through the kindness of Mr. H. C. and Miss Tucker and the Lord Bishop of Norwich, that lady presented to us the sum of £2000 to erect suitable buildings for training-schools for male and female teachers. In 1860 the C.M. Society engaged two trained masters for the lads' department, and a lady for the young women's department; and in 1861, a suitable site having been obtained, two large and convenient buildings were erected. At the same time five lads, from sixteen to eighteen years old, were set apart for training, and also three girls, from thirteen to fourteen years old. The former were placed under

me, the latter under Mrs. Leupolt, till such time as the teachers appointed for the respective departments should be sufficiently advanced in the native languages to take charge of the pupils.

In March, 1862, the first building was completed. It contained apartments for two married families, a large hall, and six class-rooms. On the 19th the school was publicly opened.

Messrs. Treusch and Weber took charge of the institution. To the former the training of the young men was allotted, to the other the training of the scholars in the model and practising school.

The young men received a superior education, and could easily have passed in the Calcutta University if they had been permitted to pass their examination in the vernacular. Among other things they excelled in writing and drawing, and a number of them were superior violin-players. Two youths also learnt to play the harmonium.

In 1866 Mr. Weber was transferred to the Lucknow Mission to carry on the educational work of the C.M.S. in that city, and the whole burden of the Normal and Practising School fell on Mr. Treusch.

Mr. Treusch's trials and difficulties have been very great, arising chiefly from the class of young men sent to him for training; for, amidst a large number of excellent Christian lads, there were many who ought not to have been sent to us; still this institution has done good service. Some eighty young men were sent forth within ten years, and these have proved excellent teachers.

Soon after the building for the Normal lads' school was completed and opened, a second building for the

girls' department was commenced. It contains comfortable apartments for a lady superintendent, a large hall, four class-rooms, and apartments for an assistant or overseer. Miss Hooper was appointed by the Home Committee for this school: she first assisted Mrs. Leupolt, and in April, 1863, she took the entire charge of the institution. I was merely nominally principal, acting up to my old and tried maxim, "Never to interfere where the work is well done." Miss Hooper proved a first-rate teacher, and gave an impulse to the school; her heart and soul were in the work; but family circumstances compelled her to leave the work for a time. During the interim the Misses Leupolt carried on the work, first one, then the other, and it prospered, the number of scholars increasing to forty-nine.

The training of the girls is elementary, but thorough. They all learn to read and write the Urdu in the Persian character, and the Hindi in the Nagari character. They are also instructed in English.

They are made thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, learn geography, history, arithmetic, grammar, composition, and singing—in the latter they excel; they are also instructed in the art of teaching. In the afternoon they are trained in every kind of needle-work. Four of the girls regularly attend to the house-work and the kitchen, and I can bear testimony to the good curry and *dal*, etc., which they prepare. They must all learn to sew well, the elder ones also learn to cut out and fix the work.

The Government School Inspector, who had visited all the Native female schools in North India, reported: "This school, whether as regards the state of the in-

stitution, the neatness of the arrangements, or the discipline, is a model for training-schools. Mrs. Greaves examined their writing, heard them read both in Urdu and-Hindi, and translate from one language into the other. I myself examined them in the geography of Europe, and their knowledge of the map was such as would have done credit to boys of the first class in the collegiate schools; their acquaintance with the geography of Palestine and St. Paul's travels was almost perfect. The singing-class is under the superintendence of a German gentleman and his wife, and the girls sing to the harmonium and violins, which latter instruments are played by the pupils of the male Normal School. In the sewing and lace-making departments all was full of animation—girls with happy faces engaged in lace-making (pillow), needlework, and braiding, busy hands plying the sewing-machines. If such training-schools as this could be established in all the principal cities of India, and the services of the pupils afterwards engaged for our village schools, female education would indeed present a bright and hopeful prospect. No less pleasant was our visit to the infant school. The children are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, in all of which they were examined in the presence of the Inspectress. They had also learnt a little English. After the examination we had the pleasure of witnessing a hurdle race, which the boys and girls appeared thoroughly to enjoy."

The behaviour of the girls has been throughout good. They have, of course, their failings, like every one of us. They are cheerful and contented, and many of them have the grace of God in their hearts. I speak of those in my time, and I am glad to say

that those who are now in the institution are of the same character. They are taught to think, and the discussions which they now and then have among themselves show thoughtful minds.

Thus one day, as I entered this institution, I found them warmly engaged in discussing the characters of Mary and Martha, the sisters of Lazarus. The question was, whether Mary was anything of a housekeeper or not? Forty-five girls maintained that she was a lovely, dreamy, gentle, delightful character, a book-worm, but nothing equal to Martha; whilst two stood out for Mary, asserting that she was a first-rate manager, with qualities which Martha did not possess. I was chosen umpire, and demanded the reasons for their assertions from both parties.

The majority said that Martha had to do all the work, and that Mary was only fit to help her, and to fetch things for her, and that this was even a difficult task for her. The other two girls, who were Emma, a Bhagulpore girl, and her friend, maintained that Martha certainly did all the rough work of the house, but that Mary possessed the peculiar gift of arranging rooms, so as to make everything in the house look neat, nice, and beautiful; in fact, she knew how to give a finishing-touch to everything, such as only a mind like Mary's could give. Martha knew this, and, having done all the rough work, she wished Mary to come and help her in putting everything in the house in such nice order, that their Lord and Master might be made truly comfortable and happy. Had Mary been nothing of the kind, Martha would rather have said, "Lord, keep her, for she is only in my way."

I decided for Emma and her friend, and whilst we gave Martha the praise of being a thoroughly good housekeeper, we put Mary down as being, besides a good housekeeper, one of those beautiful characters who possess the gift of knowing well how to make a house look nice, neat, beautiful, and comfortable.

Previous to my leaving India I made inquiries after all the girls that had been sent out by us as teachers, and I am thankful to say I received a good report of every one. Since then the work has continued to prosper. As new zenanas are constantly opening, there lie unlimited fields of usefulness before the girls. May the Lord's gracious care and blessing continue to rest upon this useful Institution !

## CHAPTER XIX.

*THE INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION.*

FOR years the want has been felt in the Mission of some means of industry, whereby Christian women and young persons might find occupation, and be kept from idleness, and whereby they might also obtain means of employment, which, if not highly remunerative, would yet enable them to earn something to help them to make two ends meet. In former years the young women were engaged in fancy wool-work and crochet, but these had to be given up, as there was little sale for the work.

While Mrs. Leupolt was in England and on the Continent, she sought in every direction to discover something which might afford permanent employment; but her inquiries were fruitless for want of funds.

About the year 1863 the late Mrs. Johnson, daughter of the late Lieut.-Governor of the N.W. Provinces, the Hon. J. Thomason, wrote to her on the subject, proposing various schemes, more or less feasible, and offered at the same time her cordial support and co-operation, and expressed her desire to interest other ladies in "the scheme." The Hon. Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. (now Lady) Muir were spoken to; both ladies kindly threw their interest into it, other ladies followed, and, at Mrs. Drummond's suggestion, a



scheme was drawn up for circulation, stating the object of the Association, and inviting the co-operation of ladies residing in other stations of the N. W. Provinces. Mrs. Drummond kindly promised Rs. 50 a month towards the object, as long as she remained in India, and Lady Muir offered to defray all the expenses of a teacher for lace-making. Mrs. Shakespear gave a Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machine, Lady Muir a Thomas's, and two or three ladies gave Weir's hand-machines, and other friends liberally helped with funds to carry out "the scheme." By the assistance of the Benares C.M. Association, two rooms were comfortably furnished for a work-mistress, and in 1865 the Secretary of this Association in Benares reported:—"In the course of the past year an Industrial Establishment was set on foot by the Hon. Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Muir, and other ladies for 'the improvement of native Christian women.' It comprises every department of needlework, and is to include lace-making. The sewing-machine is introduced, and native Christian women and young persons are to be trained in sewing, cutting out, and in fixing their own work, so that they may not only find occupation for the time being, but also be in a position to improve their circumstances, and widows may be enabled to earn an independent livelihood. The charge of this establishment devolves at present on Mrs. Leupolt, who has a European assistant to aid her in the work. All the girls from the Normal School, with the exception of those from the Orphanage, attend this establishment for five days in the week, from two to five o'clock, except on Mondays and Wednesdays, when the hour from four to five is

devoted to singing. The girls are taught as thoroughly as the women, and some of them will be trained to work one or other of the machines."

Thus the work was established. Several respectable native Christian women came forward to aid Mrs. Leupolt, among others Mrs. Terah, the wife of the head Munshi, and she has since reaped the benefit of her support of the plan, for her husband having died, she was able with what she earned, and a small pension from the widows' fund, to maintain herself and her two children.

Several widows, too, joined the Industrial, and one of them soon became an adept at the sewing machine, and one continued to work at it after she had remarried. Another widow followed her example by trying her skill at Thomas's machine, and, after some painstaking, became an excellent worker.

To needlework a second branch was added—that of lace-making. Lady Muir, as above stated, came forward, offering to defray all the expenses of a teacher for the lace-making department, if one could be obtained. In 1865 Mr. and Mrs. Leupolt visited Southern India, and, coming to Santepooram, Mrs. Leupolt succeeded in obtaining a young woman from Mrs. W——, of the London Missionary Society. Continuing her journey to Trevandrum, the capital of Travancore, she met with a very superior lace-maker, who was in poor circumstances, and was glad to be engaged as a teacher. The expenses of both these women were defrayed, and they came to Benares.

Meanwhile Mrs. Leupolt had procured materials for making lace from England; lace pillows were made, and a new kind constructed, which consists of a kind

of cylinder, and saves the trouble of removing the pins at the end of the pattern. All the expenses were defrayed by the Ladies' Association.

The lace department has succeeded in every respect. The commencement was made with children; they soon liked the employment, and the effect upon them was all that we could wish for; some of the duller girls began to brighten up, and it was a pleasure to see the rapidity with which their little hands soon moved at the lace pillow. Among the girls from the Christian village there was one sharp little girl, very intelligent, but she certainly was the naughtiest of the naughty. She would not apply her mind to anything. One day Mrs. Leupolt made her sit down to try lace-making; she did so with a very bad grace, but she tried, for she found there was no help, and she was astonished at her own success. Afterwards a change took place in the child; she has become a well-behaved child, and a clever lace-maker.

There were also some young women engaged in lace-making, and one of them became qualified to teach others. From among the orphans several girls ceased to study, and they earned enough to pay for their food and clothes, and to lay up a trifle against a happy day which they expected would come some day.

The lace made at Sigrå is, according to competent judges, equal to lace made in England; and it was a pleasure daily to see from twenty to twenty-five pairs of busy hands busily engaged at the lace pillows. These, with the needle-pliers, swelled the number of cheerful faces to between sixty and seventy.

To needlework and lace-making a third branch was added—that of making vests. In 1865, Mr. Krushe,

Mr. L——'s brother-in-law, residing in Poland, presented Mrs. L—— with a vest machine. It was to be a simple one—one of the best. The machine was ordered in England, and forwarded from thence; it was badly packed, and consequently much injured. Besides this, it was sent without any directions as to how it was to be worked.

The injuries to the machine were repaired, the machine set up: but it would not work. Many persons interested themselves in the machine—among these Col. T——, then at Benares. He mentioned that he had two clever workmen in his regiment; these were sent to Sagra, and set to work, with Mrs. L——, to see whether they could make anything of the machine. Several soldiers came to see it—among these two stocking-makers—but they stated they had never seen such a machine.

One day, when Mrs. L—— was trying it, she said, "I saw in Poland that a weight was attached to the work." She took a string and attached her keys, &c., to it, and fastened the work to a hook, and, behold, to her great joy, a few stitches were formed. But still she had to write to Poland for directions before she succeeded in working it. Before these were received, the working of the machine had been mastered. Mrs. Terah, a widow, was taught to work it, and on it cotton vest material was first made, and this was succeeded by silk and wool gauze vest material. The labours of those engaged in this department were crowned with success as long as we remained in India.

Thus, through this institution, the widows find employment which saves them from want; the Normal girls and the Christians' children are trained to habits

of industry, neatness, and order; and the Mission therefore owes a deep debt of gratitude to the ladies who established and helped to maintain this institution. The Government also give a grant-in-aid to it.

At the commencement, nearly the whole burden of this institution fell more or less on Mrs. Leupolt. A European assistant, however, was soon provided for the needlework department, who was superseded by Miss Metcalfe, an able and experienced work-mistress, who was sent out by the Society of Friends and supported by them. Miss Metcalfe was soon able to take charge of the needlework department, and under her training the women and girls improved rapidly. She carried on this work until 1869, when she considered it her duty to commence a field of labour among heathen girls.

The work continued to prosper, and Mrs. Leupolt found it necessary to obtain another work-mistress, who was recommended by the ladies of the Berlin Society; she is a devoted and faithful servant of Christ, and the work continues to prosper. The whole burden now rests upon her; she has more orders for work, I hear, than she can fulfil, although she has daily some sixty persons at work.

The accounts we have since received about the Industrial are cheering, and we praise the Lord for it. This work is also His, and we trust He will continue to let His rich blessing rest upon this institution and upon all connected with it. Since Mrs. M——'s return to Europe the whole burden of this institution has fallen upon Mrs. Treusch.

## CHAPTER XX.

*THE BLIND.*

SOME years ago we had a number of blind boys in our Orphan Institution. Besides them there was a very intelligent blind man, a convert. This man was constantly repeating texts of Scripture and portions of hymns as he pulled the punkah. There was also an intelligent blind woman in the village, who was an earnest and sincere Christian. Some of the blind boys, as soon as they were taken ill, pined away and died. The dying of these poor blind orphans, and this man's love of Scripture, made Mrs. Leupolt consider what could be done for them. She thought of Mr. Moon's book; but here were persons to whom his St. John, the only book then printed in Urdu, would be of little use—they required Hindi; so Mrs. Leupolt set to work to form an alphabet adapted to the Hindi, which is also the Sanscrit alphabet. After repeated efforts and failures she at last succeeded in forming a very simple alphabet, which yet strictly followed the systematic arrangement of the Hindi alphabet. She then had types cast for printing in raised characters. The first type she received as a present, but, as they were not sharp enough, she was obliged to have new matrices made.

The alphabet being completed, she next commenced printing the "First Hindi Reader" for the blind; at the same time she taught one of our orphans, who was a bookbinder by trade, to read it, and after this was accomplished she taught him to set up the type and to print. So far success crowned her efforts; the First and Second Readers were printed; then the blind woman in the village was taught to read it, and finally she was able to point out the errors in the proof-sheets and to save Mrs. Leupolt this labour; but, before the first book even was finished, several of the orphans died, and the blind man died suddenly of cholera. In consequence of this it seemed that all her labour had been in vain; but another field of usefulness for the books and teacher opened.

Raja Kali Shunkar had established a blind asylum at Benares, and, with the consent of its superintendent, Mrs. Leupolt introduced her teacher and books into the asylum. At the commencement there were many obstacles to be overcome. Some of the lads were determined not to learn, and the superintendent, a Mohammedan, also secretly encouraged them in their resolution, and annoyed and persecuted the willing boys, so that for a time Mrs. Leupolt was obliged to discontinue her efforts. But after this man was dismissed, and a European overseer appointed in his stead, the work was renewed.

A number of boys and lads soon learnt to read fluently; but it was still uphill work, for some of the boys left the asylum, and two or three of the best readers died. Others, however, took their places, two of whom especially delighted in learning to read, and they did so in a remarkably short time.

For a considerable time Mrs. Leupolt paid the teacher, supplied the books, and rewarded the boys. At last the Commissioner and Director of Public Instruction visited the boys to ascertain their progress. After this visit of inspection Mrs. Leupolt had no longer to defray the teacher's expenses ; moreover, his Honour, the Lieut.-Governor, had the thanks of Government conveyed to her for what she had effected for the blind. From this time the system was successfully introduced in several stations.

To encourage the lads to learn, Mrs. Leupolt gave the diligent lads and boys pice once a week ; but this practice had to be discontinued. They hoarded their pice until they had about a shilling ; they then considered themselves rich, and decamped for a month or two, when they would return perfect skeletons. After this they were rewarded with molasses, and occasionally with a little tobacco.

At the beginning of 1870 the first teacher died of consumption. An orphan lad, named Titus, from the lower classes of the Normal School, having finished his course of study, was selected for the work ; he was taught to read and write the raised characters, and he was installed as teacher. In the morning he taught the blind, and in the afternoon he taught the lame and decrepit who were not blind. He was directed not only to teach the blind to read, but to tell them tales and anecdotes, and to instruct them well in mental arithmetic. Some of the lads took considerable interest in the latter, and entered heartily into it ; it also gave them something to think about. This young man is throwing his energies into the work ; he is liked by the boys, and, as he has experienced the love of Christ in



his own heart, we trust that love will reach the hearts of his pupils.

This raised alphabet for the blind has one great advantage, it is suited to all the languages of India which are based on the Sanscrit alphabet; and these languages are spoken by millions of people. Another advantage is, that as it inserts no vowels except those which are written in Hindi, &c., and as the aspirates are all represented by a single character, it is a far more economical system for the blind than if it followed the Romanized system.\*

One curious feature has often been observed—that is, that the blind boys learn to read as quickly as those who can see. Another benefit accrued to the asylum from the blind inmates having been taught to read; the authorities thought they might also be taught to labour, and an Industrial was commenced. At the advice of friends, specimens of printing in this raised

\* For the benefit of others who may see the blind around them, and long to relieve the monotony of their lives, I will describe the simple apparatus used by Mrs. Leupolt:—

The type set up, as usual, in printing; two or more iron frames; two rough stones, level on one side, to place the type on; a country rolling-pin tightly bound round with one and a half yards of stout flannel the width of the cylinder; a dish for water, into which not more than twenty papers should be immersed at a time, on account of the size. The wet paper to be laid on the type and rolled over some four times; while rolling, the rolling-pin should be pressed heavily upon.

\* Mrs. Leupolt's first teacher used to teach the blind in the morning till ten o'clock; in the afternoon he set up the type or bound the books; a coolie impressed the type for him. This inexpensive method can be employed in a country where labour is cheap; and wherever a Mission is conducted in one or other of these twelve languages, there might be a press for the blind! By following the native method of publishing Hindustani works in Hindi characters, this system could be applied to Urdu. Matrices or type could be procured from the Orphan Secundra Press, Agra.

type were sent to the Agra Exhibition in 1867, and a first-class Special Prize Medal was awarded to this alphabet. The native gentry were very much interested when reading for the blind was first introduced ; they could not conceive how it was possible for the blind to learn to read, and many came to our house to test it.

Before we left India, the First and Second Readers were printed : the whole of Genesis, and Exodus to the end of the twentieth chapter. On leaving India, Mrs. Leupolt made over the books and printing materials to the Rev. J. Erhardt of the Secundra Orphanage, where the work is still being carried on under his superintendence. May this important work which has been set on foot spread more and more widely, and may it bring much comfort to the blind, and, by God's grace, open their eyes to know and believe in Him who is the Light of the world, the true God and eternal life !

## CHAPTER XXI.

*DISSEMINATING THE HOLY SCRIPTURES AND TRACTS.*

ANOTHER mode of making known the glorious Gospel of Christ is by selling Bibles, New Testaments, portions of the Scriptures and tracts. Formerly we gave them away, and even now missionaries may use their discretion and make presents of their books, if they have reason to believe that the books will be read; but the rule is with most of the missionaries to sell them, being assured that those who purchase them will also read them; for it is a Hindu maxim, that they will have the value of their money out of their books.

When I first came to Benares I attended a Mela, a great gathering to worship an idol. The concourse of people was large. A brother missionary of the Baptist Society had a great number of large sheets for distribution. Mr. Bowley of Chunar had translated the ten commandments into Hindi, and having added a few notes to them, he had had them beautifully printed on a large sheet. The boys and grown-up people were most eager to get them, and Mr. S—— gave them away in numbers. I too had some, but seeing boys take them of whom I was sure that they could not read, I feared that their motive was to sell them, and therefore I would not give the ten commandments

to any one except he could read. I disposed of but a small number.

The day after the Mela there was a great festival of kite-flying, in which rich and poor, young and old, take part. On going to Secrole on business I passed the kite-fliers; the string of one of the kites was cut, and the kite came into my hands, and behold, it was made of one of those beautiful sheets containing the ten commandments! On inquiring I was told that most of the boys' kites were made of sheets of the same.

Testaments and parts of the Scriptures nicely bound were much sought after, but alas! we found that frequently the inside was sold to manufacturers of fire-works, and the cover was used for their own Hindi and Urdu books.

Tracts when offered were taken, and now and then torn up before our eyes. Now, by selling the Scriptures and tracts this abuse of Christian charity is prevented. But the price must not be too high, else the people will not purchase them, nor yet so low that the people could obtain their price back by selling them to shop-keepers.

When itinerating I have always had one or two colporteurs with me, and they sold in a short time several hundreds of New Testaments to the people living in jungles to the south of Benares. The colporteurs were paid by the Bible Society.

The Gospel of St. Luke and the Acts bound together are very useful. I gave one day a gospel of St. Matthew to a man. Meeting him some nine months after, I asked him whether he had read the Gospel. He replied, "Yes," answered a number of questions, and then asked me where Jesus now was. It is therefore well to give a tract along with the Gospel or another

portion of Scripture, which speaks of the ascension of Christ.

But it will be, and is asked, Has the distribution of the Scriptures done any real good? Can a heathen understand the Gospel? I at once answer "Yes." By disseminating the Word of God, it finds its way to corners which the living voice can never reach, and who can say what good God's Word may not do? The Holy Spirit can explain the Word and bring it home to the hearts of those who read it, as He has done, is doing, and will do unto the end. The Word of God is not bound. The Bible Society furnishes many instances of this, and I will also mention a few.

### 1. *Afghan Maulvi.*

Thus, not long ago I had a visit from an Afghan maulvi, or learned Mohammedan. He told me that some time ago, when walking across the market-place of Cabul, he saw a New Testament exposed for sale. He bought it and began to read it. During the first Afghan war an English officer took, beside powder and shot, two boxes full of Testaments and tracts with him, which were left behind when the army returned to India. These Testaments and tracts seem to have found their way into various parts of Central Asia. There they no doubt are still, silent messengers of the Lord, doing His work.

On reading the New Testament the maulvi became uneasy, for he was convinced that if this book be true the Koran could not be. He spoke to his friends, and they advised him to burn the book, which however he would not do.

From Cabul he went to Ghaznè, and after a short

stay there, he came down to Peshawar to inquire further into the truth of Christianity. He told me he did not see any of the missionaries at Peshawar, but saw some of the native Christians, who spoke to him of Christ, and explained many passages of the New Testament.

His doubts about Mohammedanism increased, and he said to me, "I returned to Ghaznè a most miserable man. Can it, I asked myself, can it be possible that the Koran is untrue? and that Mahommed was no prophet of God? I shuddered at the thought, and yet, if the New Testament be true, it cannot be otherwise. On speaking to my friends, and telling them of all my doubts and fears, I was advised to go on pilgrimage to Mecca, drink the water of a certain well, and all my doubts would vanish. I adopted their advice, went straight to Bombay, and thence to Mecca. At Mecca I stayed a full month, I drank daily the water of that well, and spent besides three months in Arabia. I saw all that was going on at Mecca and in Arabia"—I interrupted him, "And are your doubts gone?" "My doubts, my doubts," he replied with great energy, "they are gone! they have vanished! I am fully persuaded that Mohammed was an impostor, and that the Koran is a lie! If we are bad in India, the Mohammedans in Arabia are ten thousand times worse. The New Testament is true—the New Testament describes me exactly as I am, and meets all my spiritual wants; the Koran does neither. The New Testament is the Word of God. I shall now first go to Calcutta and see the bishop if I can, and then I shall return to the north, and be baptized somewhere." The maulvi said all this in the presence of another maulvi, who had come along with him.

Here was a man who had been convinced of the truth of God and of the way of salvation by reading the New Testament. The New Testament met all his wants as a sinner, the Koran did not.

## 2. *Obed Masih.*

In April 1856, an Israelite came to Benares. Mr. F—— and myself being absent, Mr. Fuchs took charge of him till our return. On coming home he was made over to me. His name was Obed, and he told me that he was born in Jerusalem, and had spent his early days in that city. He knew Hebrew, and had come about five years before with his parents and two sisters to Calcutta. Being diligent as a peddler, he obtained a livelihood for himself. He had come to us, he said, with the desire of being baptized; he had not seen any missionary, but he believed that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ, the Messiah promised to the fathers, and wished publicly to acknowledge Him as the Messiah and his Saviour.

At first I did not know what to make of him. He appeared very sincere and kind-hearted and active, but I was surprised at the amount of knowledge which he possessed. I sent him to Mr. F—— and Pundit Nehemiah, to ascertain their opinion of him, and both testified to his sincerity. I had much delightful conversation with him, *no arguing*, as he believed Moses and the Prophets who testified of Jesus. We read together and prayed together; and strengthened our faith in reading Isaiah liii and Psalm xxii, comparing these delightful utterances of God with the New Testament. I had not to explain, nor to teach; Obed had been taught by a better Teacher than myself, and that

Teacher had brought the Word of God home to his heart. And what was the source from which he had derived all this knowledge that Jesus Christ was the Messiah promised to the fathers? It was from the book of God, the Bible.

I had at this time a baptism of a Mohammedan convert. When Obed heard of it, he came to me in great distress, saying, "Why am I denied the blessing of being admitted into the kingdom of the Messiah, seeing that I believe with all my heart that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, the Son of God, and the Messiah promised to our fathers?" Seeing his deep anxiety, we fixed on the coming Lord's day for his baptism.

As usual on such occasions a number of our people joined in prayer with us, that Obed might be baptized not only with water, but also with the Holy Ghost, and in the evening service Obed Masih's heart's desire was fulfilled, and he became a follower of Jesus the Messiah, to whom all the Prophets had given witness, that through His Name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins. Oh, that every Israelite might read that blessed book, the Bible, as Obed Masih did, believe in the Messiah and be saved!

After his baptism he continued his trade and prospered. He was cheerful and happy. In May, 1857, he purchased a large stock of goods with which to go to Agra and Delhi, and hoped to be back in three or four months. His hopes were high—but he never returned. His being a Christian, along with his valuable goods, offered sufficient inducement to the rebels to murder him and appropriate his goods to themselves. He is gone! but we shall find him among the noble army of martyrs praising the Lord!



### 3. *Adhin Masih and Surah Anandī.*

In the year 1855 I was requested by the Calcutta Cor. Com. of the C.M.S. to pay a visit to Jubbulpore, and see whether the place were suitable for a mission station. The reports, which the committee had received, varied, and the question was, whether Jubbulpore should be permanently taken up, or not. Mr. Rebsch, the then missionary of Jubbulpore, urged me to come, and therefore we set out for that place on the 16th of January. We, our catechist, reader, and myself, had a very profitable trip, preaching every day, morning and evening, on the whole march, Mrs. L. going among the women.

Arrived there, we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Rebsch. I saw the work, a very promising one, and the end for which I came was obtained; a C.M.S. Association was formed, and Jubbulpore has since then been a permanent station of the C.M. Society.

During my stay at Jubbulpore I went almost daily with Mr. Rebsch to the town, and we also visited the adjacent places. Among other villages we visited Garha. Here Mr. Rebsch introduced me to a pundit, who had for fourteen years read the New Testament, and was fully convinced of the truth of Christianity. For the last ten years his wife had joined him in reading the New Testament. She too was a Christian in heart. We visited them frequently, and spoke to them of the advisability of openly confessing Christ, and being baptized. The pundit, as he was called, had read the Word of God to his neighbours and others, and we found six families deeply impressed with the truth.

When Mr. Rebsch and myself went to see the pundit,

Mrs. R. and Mrs. L. usually went to see the pundit's wife. Both seemed earnest and sincere Christians, but rather timid. They made up their minds, however, to make a public profession of Christianity by being baptized on Sunday, the 18th. The church was full, a number of Europeans also attending. Both Adhin Masih and Sarah Anandi were very happy and we too. The service was very solemn; the Lord was with us, and our hearts and mouths were full of praise. Fourteen years ago a missionary supplied the pundit at Hardwar with a New Testament, thereby the good seed was sown. Mr. Mosley S., the magistrate of Jubbulpore, cultivated the ground, Mr. and Mrs. Rebsch watered it, and the Lord gave the increase. I gathered in the sheaves, the first fruit of Jubbulpore, and thus one soweth, another reapeth, that both may rejoice together; but to the Lord belong the honour and praise. This child of the Bible, for such the pundit was, continued making known God's truth as before his baptism—his outward position was changed, he was now a public witness unto Christ. (Acts i. 8.)

#### 4. *Paul.*

Many years ago two missionaries made a missionary tour in the kingdom of Oude. That kingdom was then sealed to the preaching of the Gospel, and they made the tour at some risk. Coming to Lucknow, the capital of Oude, they hired a house, and having boxes of Bibles, Testaments, portions of the Scriptures and tracts with them, they opened a shop, and exposed their sacred wares for sale. They spent some three weeks there, spoke to visitors who came to see them

and to purchase books, and thus they were enabled to make known to some of the people the way of salvation through Jesus Christ.

The day fixed for their departure from Lucknow drew near. They made it known to the people that they would soon leave, and at last announced that they had resolved upon closing their shop the day following, and that therefore if any one wished to purchase any books, they must do so at once.

The appointed day came. Their shop consisted of two rooms like the rest of the shops, an outer room and an inner one. The entrance-room was used as a sale-room and to receive visitors, the room within was made use of for eating and sleeping. The crowd that morning was large, they saw the empty boxes ready for the books. Both the missionaries stood in the entrance-room, ready for packing up, when a rush was made by the people, who pushed them into the inner room, and locked the door from the outside. They remained prisoners for a few minutes, when the door was opened again. They came out and found that the people had kindly saved them the trouble of packing and taking care of the books, for the shop was empty, every portion of Scripture and every tract had been carried off—the people had been purchasing in Oude fashion.

What was now to be done? The wisest thing they could do, and also did, was to take their empty boxes upon the carts and return home, praying that the seed they had sown might bear fruit to the honour and glory of God.

What became of all those Scriptures and tracts I never could learn, but I know that one of the New Testaments came into the hands of an Hindu munshi,

and was the means of bringing that man to the knowledge of Christ.

How he obtained his Testament I could never fully learn, but so much I know that his Testament was one of those which were carried off on that day. The prayers of the missionaries were heard!

The munshi read his Testament carefully and diligently. The Word came home to his heart, and by the assistance of the Spirit of God he found in Jesus the Saviour of the world and his own Saviour.

About that time he was engaged by Col. L—— as a munshi. The Colonel spoke to him of Christ, and the munshi opened his heart to Him. There was joy on both sides. Sometime after the Colonel made his munshi over to Mr. F——, and after some further instruction he was baptized by the name of Paul.

I became acquainted with him in 1859 when he was a candidate for holy orders.

Paul was a fine-looking man, tall, with a pleasing countenance, resembling in outward appearance more a Mohammedan than a Hindu, and for sometime I believed he was a Mohammedan convert. He was an earnest and sincere Christian, pleasing in his intercourse with others, and an eloquent bazaar preacher. He was ordained by Bishop Cotton in February, 1859.

After his ordination he was engaged as a native pastor in several places, but his talents pointed more to the work of an evangelist than of a pastor. A few years before I left India, he received an independent charge at Faizabad, where he laboured for some time, and from whence the Lord of the harvest called his faithful servant home. (Matt. xxv. 21.)

5. *Rahim Bakhsh.*

Rahim Bakhsh is another instance of being brought to the knowledge of the truth by reading God's Word.

Some years ago a grand durbar or levée was held at Agra. Numbers of native princes went with their retainers to attend the durbar. A large number of troops were assembled, and those who were present state that it was a grand sight to see all the native princes blazing from head to foot with jewels. Thousands of people from all parts of India assembled at Agra, shops were erected in the open fields, where tents were pitched, and the ground soon presented the appearance of a large bazaar. Our colporteurs seized the opportunity and opened a bookshop, exposing their sacred wares for sale.

A young Mohammedan, a native doctor, visited Agra at that time to see the grand pageantry exhibited there. As he was strolling about he espied a bookshop. He examined the books, and purchased a New Testament. Having plenty of time on his hands, he began to read it, and was much struck with its contents. He compared the New Testament with the Koran, but what a difference! Style, language, contents all so very different. Returning home he continued reading. In perusing alternately the New Testament and the Koran, he felt a difference which he could not explain; the one seemed to him divine, the other human, yet both claimed to be of divine origin. Gradually light dawned upon him, and he became convinced that Jesus was the Saviour of the world, and his *own Saviour*. At this stage he visited us in our chapel in the city. He came not to argue,

but to hear and to be further instructed. We supplied him with a *Din-i-Haqq*, or inquiry into the true religion, which he valued much, and in which he greatly delighted.

Meanwhile Rahim Bakhsh continued his practice as a native doctor in the city, but made up his mind to be baptized. Young as he was, he had plenty of trials. His wife left him and sent him a bill of divorcement—she preferred others. The marriage-tie among Mohammedans is very loose, and the whole system is curious, and little known to Europeans.

He was baptized by the name of Rahim Bakhsh. After his baptism his practice in the city began to fail, and as I very much wanted a man like him, I took him as my *munshi*, and we worked a great deal together. We revised carefully the whole of the Mohammedan part of the *Din-i-Haqq*, examining every quotation from the Koran to see that the construction put upon it was correct. This work made him very happy, and he exclaimed several times, "Here we have the very essence of the Koran!" He approved himself a faithful and earnest servant of Christ.

Before I left India he was engaged as a catechist; he was sent afterwards to the Divinity School at Lahore; and on his return he was appointed to Ahirorah in charge of that station.

At Ahirorah he resumed his medical practice. He had a dispensary and plenty of patients from Ahirorah and the surrounding places. He has fixed hours for administering medicine. When his patients are assembled, he first reads to them a short portion of the New Testament, then offers up a short prayer, and after that attends to their cases. He chiefly practises

homœopathy, and has had considerable success. He learnt this whilst he was with us. Whenever he gives a dose of medicine he requests the patient to ask God's blessing upon it, but not to ask it of any idol but of the true and living God.

Being the chief catechist, he goes regularly with his two assistants among the people; they have thus continued opportunities of making known the Gospel far and wide.

Since I wrote these pages I have heard that Rahim Bakhsh has been ordained, and is now an assistant to my old brother and fellow-labourer, the Rev. D. Mohan, pastor of the native church at Allahabad.

## CHAPTER XXII.

*ITINERATING.*

AT the beginning of my missionary life I was unable to itinerate. I had first to learn the language, early took part in the services of our Hindustani Chapel at Secrole for Drummers, &c., and was made superintendent of Jay Narayan's Free School, where I laboured for seven years; we also began to build chapels, established orphan institutions, and these things, together with preaching in the city, compelled me to stay at home; but in time I was released from Jay Narayan's and other duties, and was therefore able to preach the blessed Gospel beyond the city to the people in the villages. My colleague, the Rev. W. Smith, who gave his whole time to preaching, spent for forty years annually from four to five months in going from village to village to make known Christ to the people. I went for twenty-five years.

The object we have in view in going from village to village to preach, is to spread the Gospel far and wide, to sow the good seed in the morning, and not withhold our hands in the evening, hoping that this and that may prosper, and praying that both may be alike good. (Eccl. xi. 6.)



For this purpose we take tents, with which the C.M. Society furnishes us. These tents are pitched in a central village, under a tree, on the highest ground we can find, near a well with good water. High ground must not be overlooked, for if it is, and a thunder-storm comes on, it is not very pleasant. I once came late to a village. A level piece of ground offered an eligible spot for our tents, and they were pitched there. It was a beautiful starlight night when we arrived, and being very tired, we promised ourselves a good night's rest. At midnight I was awoke by some heavy peals of thunder, and the rain poured down in torrents. The lightning was very vivid, and on getting up to see whether all was right, I stepped ankle deep into the water, and my things in the tent were swimming about.

When the tent is pitched, we visit first the village in which it stands, then go out morning and evening into the surrounding villages to speak to the people, inviting them at the same time to come and visit us. Visitors come during the day, and if Mark iii. 20 happens to take place all the better. It now and then occurs that we cannot go out in the evening, the tent being full of visitors till late in the evening.

The *time* of itinerating is the cold weather from the 15th of October to the end of March, now and then a week before and one after. It might be undertaken in the hot weather and the rains, but those who venture to do so will soon come to an end of their itinerating. Before October the ground is too wet, and it is therefore unhealthy to be in tents; and after March the heat in tents is almost unbearable. I can stand a great deal of heat, but I remember one

season, when, at the end of March, I had to take my place in the tent during mid-day under the table, being unable to bear the pressure of the heat from above. Nor is there any occasion for being in tents all the year round, in order to accomplish the object in view. If a missionary is desirous of itinerating all the year through, as some do in the south, where the heat is much less than in the north, he can spend the cold weather in tents in the villages, and the hot weather and the rains under a roof in the various towns where there are no mission stations. Houses can be rented in all towns in the N.W. Provinces.

The work itself, the making known of the Gospel in the villages, is beset with more difficulties than people generally think.

The villagers have usually but few ideas, and use a small number of words to express their ideas. The missionary therefore must be particular in the choice of words; if he go beyond the people his preaching will be lost, as I fear it is now and then the case at home also. The people will look at him, appear very attentive; if he be very earnest, nod assent; but if he should ask what they have understood, they will most likely make the same reply as some of the hearers made to Dr. Cary and Henry Martyn, saying, "We do not understand English."

Then they are ignorant of God and themselves, and of course of the way of salvation. Neither Hindus nor Mohammedans know anything of the fall of man. In their opinion man is as God made him. The Mohammedans look upon sin as an outward spot, which can easily be removed, and the Hindus consider it as something left undone in their daily worship. That

sin implies a corruption of their nature, a darkening of their understanding, an alienation of their hearts and wills from God, and that therefore they are enemies of God and unfit to appear in His presence, they have no idea.

As they have no correct notion of sin, so they have none of holiness. Holiness of heart is a strange idea to them. Thus, one day as I was speaking of the necessity of our becoming holy, a Hindu called out, "What do you mean by holiness? We mean not to neglect our bathing and worshipping, but you evidently mean something else, explain yourself."

The same is the case with regard to heaven. The heaven of the Hindus is but a temporary place, hell is the same. A man goes to heaven to enjoy his reward for the good he has done in this life, or he goes to hell to suffer the punishment for his evil deeds which he has committed while on earth. When they have received according to their merits, they both have to come again into this world to be born again. In the opinion of learned Hindus, real heaven is absorption into the Deity, and this can only be obtained by an old Brahmin, who indeed wishes to do good, but has not the means to do it, or who would gladly do evil, but cannot do it, and therefore he has no works, neither good nor bad, and having no works, he has no merits of any kind, hence nothing to enjoy and nothing to bear—he can obtain absorption.

The whole error lies in their incorrect notion of God. They do not know God.

In preaching, therefore, we must bear all these things in mind. Read to them John iii. without careful explanation of what Christ means, and the

Hindu will say, "I wonder Nicodemus did not understand that he must be born again; of course we must be born again and again, till we have obtained absorption." And yet, thank God, the way of salvation, that good old, old story of the love of God in Christ, carefully, plainly, simply, faithfully, and feelingly told, is understood. Man's conscience, his spiritual wants which he feels, bear witness to his need of a Saviour, and the Spirit of God accompanying the Word continues to prove the Gospel to be the power of God unto salvation of every one that believeth.

I have found conversation with the villagers as to their hope of salvation of great use. By asking them to state how they hope to be saved, and the grounds of their hope, they are led to think what their hope and the reason of that hope is.

In itinerating we meet various kinds of people; ignorant and intelligent ones, kind and angry ones, and as such characters may be found in every mission periodical, I need not mention facts of these.

In itinerating most missionaries go over the same ground again and again. To visit in one season three or four hundred villages and towns cannot do much good; we must have line upon line, precept upon precept. I shall never forget the anxious countenance of a Zamindar who told me, "It is now twenty-two years since I heard the same truths which you have told us from Mr. Bowley; when shall we hear them again? The intervals of your visits are so great, that we forget what we have heard ere you come again."

The only efficient plan, which must finally be adopted in the N.W. Provinces, is to go with a staff of evangelists and catechists through a large district, place

catechists here and there in the most eligible places, visit them during the hot weather and the rains too, if practicable, and thus work on unitedly in the name of the Lord, till the knowledge of the Lord covers the land. But for this we require more labourers. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he send forth labourers into His harvest.

The efforts produced by itinerating are of great importance to the future development of Christianity in India. By itinerating as we do, we can disseminate a very great amount of divine truth, and I have travelled through districts where the people had laid hold on a great amount of Gospel truth. The seed is thus being sown, may the Lord send us a gracious Pentecost.

I do not remember any instance of a convert having been baptized during the time the missionary was itinerating; but I remember various instances where persons have followed the missionary to his home, and after further instruction have been baptized. I too had a few such cases, and will mention two, both rather peculiar ones, in one of which I still fear I made a mistake.

The first was that of a woman. I had pitched my tent at Chakiya. In visiting the place I met some of the followers of Ramaya Baba, a kind of devotee, who, though baptized, was yet looked upon by the people as a demi-god. Some of his followers listened to our preaching, among these some women. One of them became impressed with the truth and wished to be baptized. I saw and conversed with her frequently. As she appeared very earnest and sincere I promised to baptize her, but requested her to inform her husband of the fact, and tell him that she wished to be

baptized. She did so, and her husband sent her a new dress for her baptism. Neither he or she had considered the consequences of this step till she was baptized; then the difficulty arose, what was now to be done? She a Christian, and he a Hindu! However he came, was very civil, and took his wife away, only lamenting that she could no longer cook his food, which it seems she always did so well. They go on very peaceably together.

Whilst preaching at the same place, at Chakiya, a Mohammedan came daily and listened most attentively. I first thought he came to oppose us, but he never opened his lips; only now and then he would ask an explanation of points which he did not fully comprehend. When we left Chakiya, he followed us for three weeks, and finally came to Benares. He was an able man, and a splendid man at the needle, doing the most beautiful embroidery equal to Kashmir shawls.

For some time I did not know what to make of him. His feelings about sin were so intense and acute, as I never saw in any other native. Had he been a European, I could have understood him, but he was a native, and the feelings of natives are usually not so keen. However, he seemed sincere. I read with him and prayed with him, and his apprehension of Christ was equally intense.

When his baptism was delayed he became very low, and for several days he declined to eat, so that at last I considered it my duty to comply at once with his heart's desire. Great was his joy when he was baptized; his countenance brightened up, and we rejoiced with him.

Hitherto he had worked as a tailor, but after his

baptism he was anxious to spend his time in speaking to the people of the salvation of their souls. As it was against our rule to appoint a novice as a catechist, he undertook the work on his own account. He purchased a large umbrella, sat on the bank of the Ganges, like a Hindu faqir, and spoke to the people. As he had to earn his bread he could only spend half the day in preaching. The mistake I believe I made, was to decline supporting him. He wished to carry on mission work in his own way, and in his case I think he was right, for he was one of those comets who will take their own courses.

He chose the name of Khadim Masih, *i.e.*, servant of Christ, and such he was indeed; for he was very devout, earnest, sincere, active and zealous.

He went on in this way for a year or so. I helped him occasionally with a few rupees, but finding Benares a very barren place as regards converts, though he had always plenty of hearers, he took his leave of me, and left for up-country. Wherever he came to, he was sure to speak of Christ and salvation. He was an eloquent speaker.

After the Mutiny he returned to Benares, and came to pay me a visit. As he looked very thin and pale, I asked him whether he had been ill? He replied, "No! but the rebels seized me as I was preaching, beat me unmercifully, and cast me in the stocks; and there I lay for weeks without a change of clothes, or being let out of the stocks for a moment, and all this time I had but little food, which perhaps was good for me."

The description of his sufferings is of such a nature

that I must draw a veil over it. It was indeed very very sad, poor servant of Christ!

A European was placed with him in the same position, but he sank under his sufferings. He too felt as if his end were drawing near, when, behold, European soldiers broke into his prison-house and found him in that deplorable state. They at once released him, supplied him with food and clothes, and were extremely kind to him *in every way*; but he could scarcely speak to them. When he narrated to me his release his heart was full of praise to God, and of gratitude towards the soldiers.

As he did not wish to remain at Benares, I asked him to stay at least till he was fully recovered, but he was anxious to go to Calcutta and see what he could do there. Therefore after a stay of a few days in our midst, we recommended him to the grace of God, and let him go. I have not heard from him since.

“ From all Thy saints in warfare,  
For all Thy saints at rest,  
To Thee, O blessed Jesus,  
All praises be addressed.  
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle  
That they might conquerors be,  
Their crowns of living glory  
Are lit with rays from thee.”



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### PASTORAL LABOURS.

#### *Benares.*

ON the 19th of January 1833, the late Mr. Knorpp and myself joined the mission at Benares. We found *one* missionary of our society there, the Rev. W. Smith, senior missionary of the N.W. Provinces, and as far as preaching is concerned, the ablest missionary in the field. Six months before our arrival he had been transferred from Gorackpore, where he had been for a year and a half, to Benares. There had been missionaries in Benares before him, but he was the first of the C. M. Society who attacked the stronghold of Satan, sword in hand. (2 Cor. x. 4.)

Mr. Smith was working in Jay Narayan's Free School, which numbered about one hundred and twenty boys. He had a girls' school in charge of Miss Leslie, with about forty girls. His congregation of native Christians consisted of five members,—a catechist and his wife, a Christian bearer and his wife, and an elderly woman. We of course had no work and could not do anything, because we did not know the language.

Following the example of our good brother Smith, we set at once heartily to work in learning the language, and on the second of June, the same year, I preached my first Hindustani sermon. I gave the matter, the

munshi the language, and having learned the sermon by heart, I read it to the congregation. The sermon was understood, for years after Levi, my catechist, told me its contents. From that time I continued to preach regularly ; at first every fortnight, and then every week. But though I was thus able to preach to the people, I knew as yet little of the language. I mention this because I have been frequently asked how long it takes to learn a language.

I frequently went with Mr. Smith to the city and heard many of his arguments. Here I had a double advantage, language and arguments.

After two years I ventured alone with a catechist, and found that I could make myself better understood than I could understand the people ; and after I had been eight or nine years in the country I felt how difficult it was to think as the natives think, and to speak as they speak, and yet if the missionary wishes to be efficient, he must master both. Our congregation gradually increased. A catechist from Chunar, Christian Triloke, joined us, and in 1836 our orphan institution was established.

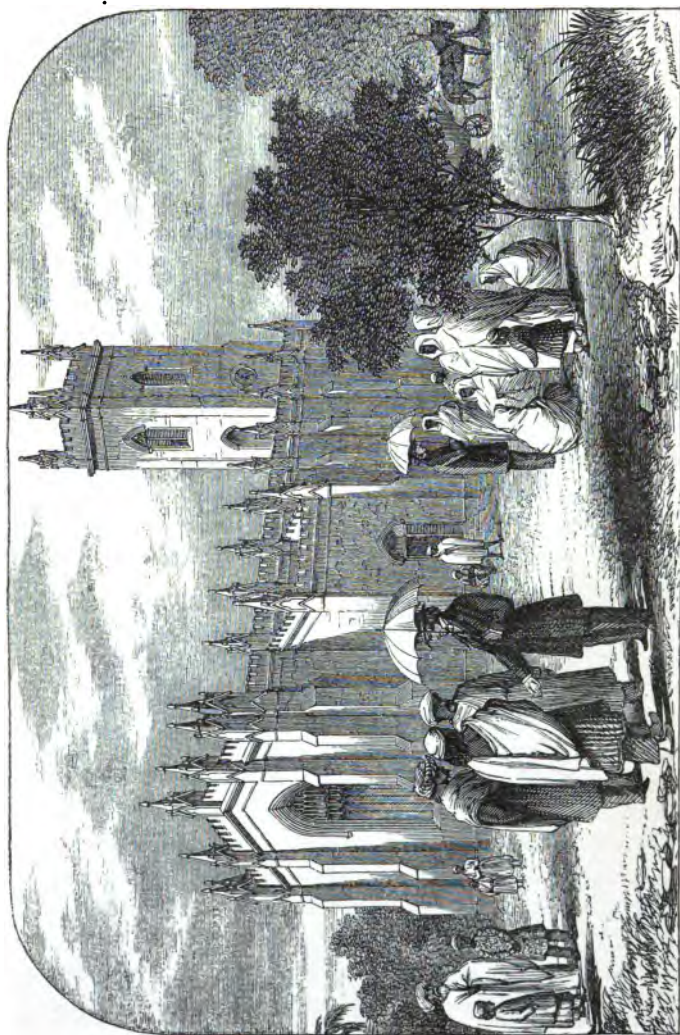
The year 1838 was a sad year for us. At the beginning of it Mr. and Mrs. Knorpp both died of typhus fever within three days of each other. Ram Rutton, Naomi's husband, who was one of our best Christians and the most energetic catechist, followed. At this time a considerable number of orphans were sent to us, but the majority of them died. The year 1839 was still sadder as regards the orphans, and I may say the saddest we ever had. At that time we sowed the good seed with many tears, but we also realised the promise, "those who sow in tears shall reap in joy,"

(Ps. cxxvi. 6). We were richly blessed among our orphans and in our congregation.

Mr. Smith and myself frequently conversed with each other regarding our work. One day, after having as usual prayed together, in the course of conversation Mr. Smith and I expressed what we aspired to; our aspirations were high, but we hoped to realise them. We said to each other that if we saw a congregation of some three hundred native Christians around us, a nice church erected at Sigra, a staff of catechists at our disposal for city work, we should cheerfully and willingly lay down our pilgrim's staff at the brink of the silent grave and enter our heavenly rest. This object was attained. In 1844 and 1845 the necessity was felt of forming our people into a regular congregation. A piece of land was taken for a Christian settlement, south of and adjoining the orphan boys' institution.

Previously scarcely any of our Christians had more than one room. To remedy this a meeting was held by the missionaries and the plan of a Christian village was drawn up and laid before the committee of our association and the native Christians. The plan was approved of, and forthwith fourteen houses were erected on the ground taken for the village, and four in the mission compound. A substantial brick well was sunk in the centre of the village, ninety-two feet deep, with sufficient water for one hundred families and even more, there being a spring in it. These houses were all soon inhabited, and sixteen more were built, including two for catechists. The erection of this village was a great step towards the consolidation of our mission. Now our Christians had a home. The rules respecting residence in the village are strict; no Chris-





MISSION CHURCH AT SIGRA, BENARES.

tian is to be allowed to reside in it who does not walk, outwardly at least, according to the gospel. Thus while we preached the glad tidings of salvation in the city, we wished and expected to see them exemplified at home, that we might say to the heathen, "Come and see, thus we preach and thus we live."

Before I proceed I must just mention that all the ground along the Gangetic valley is alluvial soil, yet on digging the well, at a depth of ninety-two feet we came on some fossils. One was brought to me of a skeleton. I gave strict orders to stop the digging, as I wished to excavate the fossil, but a boy must needs go down the well and dig a little deeper; he came on a spring, and all efforts to clear the well of water were futile, and thus the skeleton, or whatever it was, is safe at the bottom of the well. I kept the fossil for years, showed it to medical men and others, but no one could make out to what creature it may have belonged.

Meanwhile the foundation of the church had been laid, and after some intermission the building of it went on, funds came in as they were needed, and we went on building in faith.

By looking at the picture of the church, it will be seen that the tower is somewhat slender in comparison with the church. The reason of this is, it is eight feet higher than the sketch I made. While it was building I went into the villages to preach. I had pointed out to the workmen the height the tower was to be. The men worked very hard, and agreed among themselves to build the tower eight feet higher than they were ordered, and also agreed not to charge for the labour, hoping that this would please me. On my return the tower was finished up to the pinnacles, and

on looking at the work, the workmen pointed out to me what they had done. I told them that I was much gratified by *the motive* which had led them to raise the tower another eight feet; at the same time, I pointed out to them that after all the additional eight feet was a mistake; they saw it too, but I assured the men the tower should on no account be altered.

During the building of the church we had, thank God, no serious accident.

At the commencement of building the church, we had fifty prisoners to help us for six weeks or rather more; these were allowed us by the Government. As prisoners in India take the greatest possible care to do as little as possible, I gave the men daily a certain amount of work to do, and told them when that was finished, they might have the rest of the day for themselves. They were delighted, and worked hard to finish a good day's work by one o'clock. Among the prisoners there was one very inquisitive man. He asked me how the scales for sketches and plans were used, inquired into the formation of arches and the principles on which they were constructed, &c. &c. I explained it to him, and supplied him with the materials with which to draw them. Some six years after I went to Goruckpore, and on looking at a building which the magistrate was having erected, a well-dressed native with a rule in his hand, and some paper under his arm, came up to me and made a profound salaam. As I did not speak to him, he asked me whether I did not know him. I said, "No, but I suppose you are the *mistri* (master mason) of this building." "I am," he answered, "and do you not remember a prisoner, when you were building your church, who asked you how

plans were made and arches constructed?" "I do," I replied; "is the man here?" "He is," the man said, "and is standing before you. The knowledge I obtained in helping to build your church was of great use to me; I followed it up, and you see I am a master mason now. My short prison life was for my good."

The interior of the church, the pulpit, reading-desk, communion-rails and benches, were chiefly made by myself, catechist readers, and schoolmasters; and I still remember an old catechist coming to me to ask for employment, but when he saw us all heart and soul at work, he was frightened, and went off as fast as he could, and we lost nothing by not engaging his services.

We have also a splendid window of stained glass. It was designed by Mrs. L——, *but there are no figures* in it. I would not have a stained-glass window with figures in it on any account, nor a cross on the communion-table, or on the wall, or anywhere about the church: for whatever we might say or however explain it, the Hindus would consider the figures and emblems as the gods whom we worship, and the Mohammedans would be offended and call us idolaters. I do not think we could do greater injury to the Lord's work than by introducing figures of the Apostles, and even of our Lord, or emblems such as crucifixes or crosses, in our mission churches, or use banners in procession, and so imitate the Mohammedans in their *Taziyas* during the Muharram. Up to this time the Hindus and Mohammedans make a distinction between us and the Roman Catholics. A lady once asked me why I was so much against these things. My reply was, "I have read Luke xvii. 1, 2. If I can help it, I will not give offence to any one. Our church is called St. Paul's, and we hope



that no other doctrines than those preached by him may ever be preached within its walls. We wish to exhibit, not crosses, but Christ crucified, not march about with silk banners, but to fight manfully under Christ's banner against sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to be Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto our life's end."

The body of the church is seventy by forty feet without the communion-rail, and has two transepts, each eighteen by sixteen feet. The church is liked by all who see it. I call it the outward glory of our mission.

This church was opened in October 1847 by the venerable Archdeacon Dealtry, afterwards Bishop of Madras. A friend of the mission, Mr. J. Stevens, a merchant of Benares presented us with a couple of bells, the venerable Archdeacon Pratt gave a church clock, and Major Kitto gave a beautiful font. Never shall I forget the Sunday that the bells called us for the first time to this house of God. As I walked thither I could not help shedding tears, but they were tears of joy and thankfulness.

Thus our aspirations were realised. We have a nice congregation, a nice village, a Gothic church large enough to hold five hundred persons, and He that saith, "The silver is mine and the gold is mine," had supplied the necessary funds for these objects. The church cost nearly £1600, and the erection of the village between £300 and £400, yet we were not put to shame for want of funds. We had cause to praise the Lord, and we did praise Him.

Thus the Christian settlement was fully established, and pastoral work formed in future a regular branch

of my mission work, until such time as we were provided with a native pastor. The number of houses in the village increased to forty-four. It is not probable that we shall require more in Sigra, although we hope to see many houses in the city inhabited by native Christians. The houses belong to the Mission, and the Christians pay house-rent. This plan was adopted at the beginning, in order that any man, who called himself a Christian but did not live according to the Gospel, might be expelled from the village. The collecting of the rent, however, and the repairing of the houses, are entirely managed by the native Christians. Thus the native Christians have a home, and they look upon Sigra as one. Several residing at other stations send their children home to be educated just as we do, but our home means Europe, and theirs is Sigra, Benares. Thus the work became consolidated, the tree planted began to take root downwards and to bear fruit upwards; and although we cannot say that every inhabitant of our village is in heart a true Christian, yet we can say that there are many among them who adorn the profession they make, and walk worthy of the gospel of Christ.

This Christian settlement is called *Isái gáon*, or Christian village. The Christians have their own laws and regulations, which every Christian has to subscribe to if he wish to reside in the village. The various cases or offences are tried by juries, and these have power to fine, and in certain cases to inflict corporal punishment. Hitherto no case concerning the village has come before the magistrate, and I have been told by more than one magistrate that they do not wish that the cases of native Christians should be

brought before them. Our rules and regulations do not include wounding or murder; if such a case were to occur, the rule is to hand the culprit at once over to the civil authorities, but such cases have not occurred.

But perhaps some one may be interested to know a little more of the management of our little settlement, I will therefore relate some particulars.

### I. *Temporal Management.*

As I stated before, the Christians at Sigra have their own code of laws and regulations, by which all their differences are settled. The principal law is that of love, but other laws have been found necessary, and a code has been drawn up, and approved of by the congregation, and every resident of the village has to sign it. The laws are founded on the ten commandments, excluding, as stated, wounding and murder. For the administration of these laws there are different grades of officers—the *Naib Panch*, or deputy jury; the *Panch*, or jury; and the *Sudder Panch*, chief jury, or court of appeal. The *Naib Panch* consists of two persons who settle minor disputes; the *Panch* (five), to settle graver ones; and the *Sudder Panch*, to which the complainant can appeal.

Every man is tried by his compeers, but one superior is usually among the members of the *Panch*. The parties may object to the members forming the *Panch*. If a man declines to submit to the *final* decision of the *Panch*, he is not bound to submit, but he excludes himself by this act from the village and from the whole Christian community, and will not be

received again until he expresses his willingness to abide by the decision of *the Panch*.

To make the Christians independent, various funds have been established. Among these are— (1), *The Widows' Fund*. This fund is voluntary, but every native Christian is exhorted to subscribe to it. The subscriptions are now three annas in the rupee, *i.e.* three in sixteen, and those who commence subscribing at twenty years of age or under have to subscribe two annas only for each rupee the widow is to receive; but no member is allowed to subscribe for more than Rs. 8 a month, lest the fund should be swamped. There is also (2), *The Poor Fund*. This includes the sacramental money, and any voluntary contribution. The chaplain of the station also helps to sustain the fund. This fund is now entirely in the hands of the native pastor. Next comes (3), *The Native Pastors' Fund*. For years the native Christians supported a Christian reader, who went into the villages around Siga, making known the gospel. They selected the right man, a man who would speak for Christ wherever he might be, at home or in the villages, on the roadside and in the railway carriage; but when a native pastor was appointed, their subscriptions went to his fund, and the association employed the Reader. To this fund every Christian in the congregation subscribes one pice ( $\frac{1}{64}$  of his income). The people residing in the city subscribe to a pastors' fund connected with the city church. Whatever is collected is forwarded to the secretary of the C.M.S., Calcutta.

## II. *Spiritual Management of the Congregation.*

In former years I had the charge of the congrega-

tion. To carry on this work efficiently, and yet not to consume too much of my time in this branch of labour, I had an assistant, usually a catechist, who aided me in visiting from house to house, in speaking to the people and praying with them. Under us we had five sub-assistants, each of whom had the charge of certain families, in order to see that family prayer was duly conducted, and that they regularly attended the house of God. These were chiefly elected by the people. The act of excluding a person from the Lord's Supper is confined to the missionaries, including the native pastor; expulsion from the village is in the hands of the people. At present we have a native pastor, and the various assistants which were under me have been abolished. He has the sole charge and the responsibility of the Sigra congregation.

On the Lord's-day there is twice divine service in the Sigra church, morning and afternoon. The time of the service varies with the season of the year. On the same day there is a morning service in Secrole, *i.e.* in cantonments, where the native Christians residing in the station, and the drummers, &c., of the native regiments, attend when they are Protestants. In the infant schoolroom a morning service is held with the young children generally by one of the missionaries, and in the city church there is a morning and an afternoon service regularly, so that there are four morning and two afternoon services. Besides these services all the young people meet at noon on Sundays in the prayer-room in my house, and have a Bible lesson, either Biblical theology or Bible history. We have had as many as eighty or ninety together. The Lord's supper is administered once every month. Every

Thursday evening the native pastor has a prayer-meeting in the Christian village; and on the Monday next after the first Sunday in each month there is in the morning a missionary prayer-meeting which we all attend, and in the afternoon the native pastor has a missionary meeting, where missionary information is communicated to the congregation. Occasionally also there is a special day set apart for prayer and fasting. The native pastor has morning prayer daily in the village prayer-room.

Whilst I was pastor I had from time to time all the communicants separately with me, when I conversed and prayed with them. In our congregation we have had joyful days and sorrowful days, days of thankfulness and days of humiliation. The sorrowful days were, when we were visited with epidemics and death, or when a member of the congregation had gone astray; and the days of joy were such as the day of the jubilee of the C.M.S., or when large numbers presented themselves for baptism; and I remember also several seasons of refreshment on Good Fridays, when the Lord was especially near. The Bishop's visits were always grand days, and the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, short as it was, was a joy to all. I might record the deathbed scenes of several persons of our congregation; their gratitude, their affection, their expressions of joy in the prospect of being soon with the Saviour, but let their memories rest in peace. Their names stand recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life. They are safe, and have only preceded us; they will welcome us at the gate of Heaven when it shall please the Lord to call us home.

### III. *City Church.*

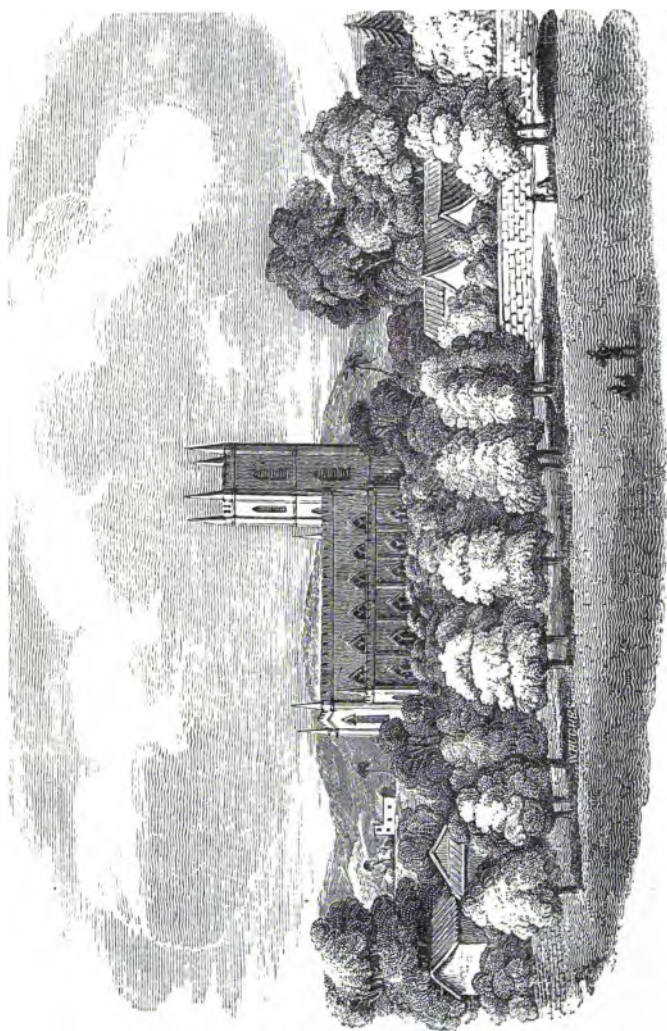
This church stands almost in the middle of the "holy city," and we hope and trust it may be one of the means by which the city of Benares may indeed become a holy city.

It was erected in 1869, through the personal exertions of the Rev. W. Smith, my fellow-labourer, and we call it Mr. Smith's Church. He called it St. Thomas's. This church stands there as a witness for Christ to all the inhabitants of Benares. The congregation for which it was built consists of the native Christians living in the city, catechists, readers, school-agents, and a few others. It was opened in 1869 by Mr. Smith, and was consecrated, as it were, by the baptism of a teacher of Jay Narayan's College and Free School. Besides the native Christians, the church is attended by a number of Hindus and Mohammedans, who come to see how we worship God, and to hear what morals we inculcate on our people.

In 1871 Catechist Samuel Nand was ordained native pastor to this little congregation, and up to that time three adults and six children had been baptized there.

Divine Service is performed twice on the Lord's-day, morning and afternoon. Besides these services there is daily preaching carried on, chiefly outside the church.

One of the adults baptized was Tara Dutt, now Josiah Dutt. He had received his first impression of divine truth in the London Mission School at Almora, in charge of the Rev. J. H. Budden. Tara Dutt instructed his wife, and both with their family were baptized together. Thus our Lord's words were fulfilled,



VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF CHUNAR, BELONGING TO THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.





“One soweth and another reapeth, that both, he that soweth and he that reapeth, may rejoice together.”

The native pastor takes one service, and one of the missionaries the other. There is a small harmonium in the church, played on the Lord's-day by Miss S., now Mrs. Weber, which attracts the natives, and the gospel is as faithfully preached in St. Thomas' as it is at St. Paul's, Sigra; for the gospel alone is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. And if therefore the people in the city wish to know how and what we preach to our Christians, we say, Come and see.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## BRANCH STATIONS.

FOR years we have had branch stations in connection with Benares. After Mr. H—— left Jaunpore, Azimgurh and Jaunpore formed branch stations of the Sibra mission, and I had for several years the charge of them. At present we have three branch stations, Gharwah, Ahirora, and Chunar.

I. *Gharwah.*

The village of Gharwah is situated in the Mirzapore district, fifteen miles south-east of Benares. In 1842 the late Mr. Bowley lent a Zamindar, who was expected to become a Christian with his whole house, a certain sum of money upon the village of Gharwah, which he received in mortgage. Unwilling and unable to trouble himself with village affairs, he rented it to the Zamindar, on the condition that he should pay the Government revenue and the usual percentage on loans for the amount he had borrowed. The year after this transaction Mr. B—— died.

In 1847 the Gosain, as the Zamindar was called, had nearly ruined the village, and was unable to pay the revenue to Government. Mr. Broadway, my assistant, being one of the executors of Mr. B——'s

estate, was informed, that unless he bestirred himself, capital and interest would most likely be lost. On hearing this, Mr. B—— and myself visited Gharwah, and found the rumour correct. This being the case, I at once paid the Government and thereby prevented the village from being sold. As the Gosain was unable to repay us, the Government gave us possession of the village.

The year previous to this I paid a visit to Gharwah and the surrounding villages, and was surprised at the bitter spirit manifested towards us. I pitched my tent at Bahuara, a large village, and though there were heaps upon heaps of straw on all sides of us, not a handful could I obtain either for love or money; but scarcely had a year elapsed when the feeling was entirely changed, and I could scarcely realise that the people were the same. Much of this change of feeling was probably due to the way in which we acted towards the Gosain from whom we had the village; for whilst he did all he could to injure us, we did all we could to help him; and in 1854 he begged of us to purchase the village; we did so, and gave him exactly what he asked, viz. Rs. 11,000 and one hundred bigas of land at the Government rent, the property being worth the money.

At the time, unknown to us, the people watched us closely to see how we would deal with the Gosain. A neighbouring Zamindar told me, "You acted unwisely in the case of the village, you might have obtained the property without paying a single pice. The Gosain persecuted you, and you helped him, paid him the amount he asked to save his houses in the city, which would otherwise have been sold." I referred to our Lord's command to love our enemies. "True," he replied, "but who does do so? You acted indeed up

to what our Shasters call a perfect man, who, it is said, is like the sugar-cane, the more you press it the more sweetness it yields."

I never thought that our conduct in this transaction was so closely watched through the whole district as I afterwards found it had been. Years afterwards I came in my itineratings to a village some forty miles from Benares, where I visited a Zamindar. After our addresses to the people, the Zamindar asked me about Gharwah, whether we were going to sell it, for if so, he was willing to purchase it. On my replying, "No! we shall not," he continued, "You missionaries are good men, but not wise men. The village of Gharwah was yours; a little wise handling would have secured it to you without paying a single rupee, whereas you paid him Rs. 11,000, and gave him one hundred bigas of land at Government rate." "Very true," I replied, "and I wonder whence you have learned all this, seeing you are so far away; but tell me, is the property worth the money?" He replied, "Yes, and a great deal more; for if you will sell it now, you can get from 16,000 to 18,000 rupees for it." "Well then," I said, "we at all events received the equivalent of our money; and suppose you had been the Zamindar, how would you have wished us to act towards you?" "Just as you have done to Ram Narayan Gosain," was the reply; "but who ever thinks of acting thus? It is not our custom." "I grant this," I rejoined, "but Jesus Christ commands us to act towards others as we wish that they should do to us. The Gosain was in distress; he required money to save his houses; now, should we have taken advantage of his distress? No, we did not. You see thereby how much you require

the gospel, to teach you to act as true Christians do."

In a missionary point of view, Gharwah as an out-station is well situated, being the central spot of a large number of villages, but I can scarcely say that until now it has been efficiently worked. With the exception of three years, we never could spare a really superior man for that place, and that period was during the Mutiny, when we had as catechist, the now Rev. D. Mohan, there. The gospel, however, has been fully preached at Gharwah and its neighbourhood. We have had a number of almost Christians there, but only one family of the neighbourhood has had the courage to make an open profession of Christianity.

Of late years we had two readers stationed at Gharwah; they are devoted, hard-working, humble Christian men.

In 1871 catechist Lazar joined them, a man of middling abilities, no great preacher, but full of love, with a winning way to draw people to Christ.

An instance of his love is the conversion of a young Brahmin from Oude, who went with his friends and relatives to Juggernath on pilgrimage. On their return he was taken ill, and they, thinking that he would not live, had abandoned him under a tree. During the three days he had been lying there no one had offered him as much as a drop of water. Lazar happened to return from a mission tour, and on seeing the young man he did not wish to act either the part of the priest or the Levite, nor that of the young man's countrymen, but the part of the Samaritan; he asked the villagers to help him to carry the young man to the next police-station, where there is a dispensary;

but no one was inclined to lend him a helping hand, nor did the young man wish to go to a hospital, but in faint accents said, "Oh take me with you." Hearing this, Lazar asked his wife and daughters to descend from the cart and help him to place the sick man on it. They did so, and the young man was brought to Gharwah, where Lazar lived.

On the way Lazar spoke to the sick man of Christ and His love to sinners. The young man listened attentively, and asked Lazar why he took such care of him, seeing that his own people had left him to perish. Lazar explained: love induced Christ to care for us, and love must induce us to care for others.

When they reached Gharwah, Lazar asked the Brahmin of the village to bring some food and water and he would pay for it. The young man then sat up in his cart, took off his Brahminical string and gave it to Lazar, saying in the presence of all the people that were standing round the cart, "I hereby renounce my caste. I will be no longer a Hindu. My own people left me to perish, the villagers did the same, though I am a Brahmin; this stranger saved me, and he did so because his religion commands him to love others. His religion is a religion of love, and I will join him, and become one of his family."

I saw him at Gharwah. He appeared a very humble and unassuming man. After six months' instruction, he was taken not only into the family of Lazar, but, I trust, adopted by our heavenly Father into the family of God. From the beginning the man laboured with his own hands to earn his bread. From what I knew of Lazar, I was induced to believe that Gharwah was the right place for him. He had there a well-defined

sphere of labour; but Mr. H——, to whom I made over the charge of Gharwah, thought it a good plan to remove Lazar and both the catechists to Ahirorah. There he became acquainted with a Hindu priest, who gave him a piece of ground on which to build a chapel.

After Lazar and the two readers had been transferred to Ahirorah, the chief work at Gharwah fell upon Robert Albert. He was formerly in our Orphan Institution, and always my right hand. I placed him at Gharwah in charge of a circle of schools in connection with the C. V. E. Society. There are five of these. He is a trained teacher from the Normal School. Besides these schools he has a number of orphan boys in his charge, and is the house-father of the boys. In the absence of the catechist he conducts divine service on the Lord's-day, and has daily morning and evening prayers with the orphans. He is a humble, earnest, cheerful, and devoted Christian, full of love. His influence is for good.

Mr. Fuchs mentions the conversion of a Hindu devotee, who was led to Christ through the Christian conduct of Albert and his family of orphans. Mr. Fuchs baptized this Gosain in July 1874. He writes:—

“The Gosain is a Brahmin, born in the territory of the Raja of Punna in Central India, but his father, who was a musician and singer in idol temples, had no fixed place of residence. He left Central India for Mathura, and after a number of years came to Benares, and his son, about twelve years of age, proceeded with his father to Calcutta, where the latter was engaged by a Raja to instruct his dancing girls in singing. The son was instructed in the same art,



but never learnt to read or write. They remained about eight years in Calcutta, after which they departed for the N.W. Provinces, and on the road near Burdwan a Gosain joined them as travelling companion, but they had not proceeded far on their way when the father died, and the son was adopted by the Gosain, and became, consequently, a member of that holy brotherhood. His new father was also a musician, with whom he became more proficient in his profession. On their way up the country they arrived at last at Jagdispur in the Patna district, where they were well received by Raja Kuar Sing, and from that head-quarter they were strolling about from village to village leading an easy, jolly life, never being in want of food and clothing, and more they did not desire. In 1857 they were driven out from that quarter in consequence of the Mutiny, in which the Raja took a leading part, and perished with many of his people; and our two Gosains were slowly moving up country till they arrived at Gharwah, and put up with the Gosain residing there, where the old man died. All that he left as heritage to his adopted son was a little pony, but a richer inheritance was in store for him; for he became acquainted with the above-mentioned house-father (Albert) of the farmer boys, from whom he, for the first time in his life, heard of Christ. The New Testament and all that he heard of Christianity made such a deep impression upon his heart that he wished to know more of this new way; he also felt very happy in his mind in company with the house-father and the other Christians near him, that in spite of all the efforts of the Gharwah Gosain and his people to draw him away from the Christians by kind or

threatening words, he firmly resolved never to forsake them but to become a follower of Christ. It was then considered better for him to be put under the catechist at Ahirorah for Christian instruction. He is naturally of a very cheerful temperament and exceedingly goodnatured, and therefore he became from the day of his arrival at Ahirorah the favourite of all our people there.

But what could he sing and play now on his guitar? No longer the impure heathen songs, which he wished to forget entirely, and was therefore very glad to learn Christian hymns and tunes, especially those set after the native style of music, which our people were delighted to hear him play; and the boys told him that he must be called Dáúd, and having been informed who Dáúd (David) was, the new name pleased him much, and therefore he wished to receive it at his baptism. Previous to his baptism he used frequently to accompany the catechist to the bazaar, and with all simplicity and joy he would tell the people that he had found peace in Jesus, of which they knew nothing and could nowhere find in their own religion. He has been lately removed to Sigra, where he is very happy, and beloved by all that see and know him.

As a Christian *settlement*, Gharwah has not as yet succeeded. Some of our best farmers died. People from the city on coming here are subject to fever, for during part of the year the whole district is more or less under water. One of our best farmers was called Yaqub. He was an earnest, patient Christian man. One day Yaqub was called by a Benares man, who was engaged in the press, a digger of the earth. "You are very right," Yaqub replied; "I do what father

Adam did, I till the ground, and you know that earth we are, from earth we were taken, and earth we shall be again, and you will have to share the same lot, but blessed is he whose home is not this earth."

The number of Christians residing at Gharwah is only twenty-six, children included, and I do not expect that that number will increase much for the present. Agriculture is a delightful employment, but includes toil, exposure to heat, cold, and rain, whereas the presses of India afford a comparatively easy livelihood; for with six to seven hours' work a day, a young man may secure an income treble the amount to what a farmer can secure, who has to work with his own hands; but the presses will soon be filled, and then trades and agriculture will be taken up, as is the case in those places where there are no presses. But notwithstanding this, we still cherish the hope that Gharwah will become a thriving colony for many of our people at Sigra, and a beacon of light for the whole neighbourhood, to which many will resort, and find what they need for their true and lasting happiness.

During the Mutiny all our people remained on the spot, though they had no earthly protector whatever. They trusted in the Lord, and He protected them. During that time several very curious incidents occurred at Gharwah, and near it, upon which our Christians looked as tokens of divine favour.

When the Dinapore sepoy mutinied, a division of them passed through the district in which Gharwah is situated. The road by which they passed is about three miles from our village. When the sepoy arrived within that distance, a man told them that

close by there was a Christian settlement ; the number of Christians was small, but they had plenty of money, of bullocks and of grain ; they could easily kill the Christians and take the spoil. The sepoy rejoiced at this, and a party of them was instantly ordered off by the commanding officer, with instructions to kill the Christians and bring off the spoil. As they were on the point of starting another man stepped forward, and putting his hands together reverentially asked, "Colonel Sahib, how many do you send ?" The Jemadar replied, "A small party." "A small party—hm !" And looking very serious and solemn shook his head and said, "I would advise, Colonel Sahib, that you send a larger party, and if you had a gun to send along with them, it would be all the better ; for you know these Christians, they are terrible fighters. They have surrounded their place with a high wall, have loopholed it, they are richly supplied with muskets, bayonets, powder and ball, and I assure you, Colonel Sahib, they will give your party a warm welcome." When the rebels heard this, they at once resolved not to go, and moved on. When they were off the other man exclaimed, "Why ! you have told the sepoy lies upon lies. Where have the Christians walled their houses in ? Where have they plenty of powder, shot, and muskets ?" "I know," was the rejoinder, "that I told them a lie ; but shall I allow my friends to be murdered by these cowards ? I was sure my story would frighten them, and look how they run ! I have saved my friends, I have done a good deed, and I shall be rewarded hereafter." Our Christians were safe.

A few days after the outbreak, when the accounts

from all sides were most dismal, and news of the various murders reached the villagers, they sat one evening together discussing these events. In the assembly was a man from a neighbouring village, who farmed some of our land. Hearing of these murders, he joyfully exclaimed, "Now our golden days will come again, now we shall get rid of the English! I have to pay rent, and have the money ready in my black box, but I shall not pay the rent now; if the Christians are all murdered, I shall save my money." Late in the evening he went home, elated perhaps with the prospect before him, but coming to his house, he saw the door wide open, the black box also, and alas! the money gone. Some one had marked the words about the black box, and relieved the man of the money it contained. The Christians, however, were not murdered, and the man had to borrow money to pay his rent.

Another man in a neighbouring village attended an assembly of village politicians. The Christians were pitied, for after all, it was said, they and their sahibs were good people, kind neighbours, and thoroughly honest in their dealings. One man differed from them, and exulted at the prospect of seeing all the Christians rooted out of Hindustan, and he hoped to see the day soon come when their own kings would be again the rulers of the land. As he used very strong language he was reproved by his fellow-Hindus, but he, like one of old, cursed the Christians by his gods. On returning home, there was indeed no David in the way to sling a stone at him, but as he entered his house he was seized with cholera, and before morning he was a corpse.

At that time there was a prophet at Behuwara, where we have a small share in a village. He predicted

that a fire would break out soon, and consume all the houses of those that cultivated any of the land. The prophet lived to the west of us. About the middle of June his prophecy seemed as if it was going to be fulfilled. The west wind blew strongly, and behold a fire broke out in a neighbouring house, not belonging to us. The wind drove the flames against our schoolhouse, a high building with a tiled roof. For a moment a perfect calm took place, and the flames rose high into the air, like a pillar of fire. The next moment a current of air carried the flames backwards, and the prophet's house was instantly in a blaze. As the heat had been great, and the houses were all thatched, the flames rose high up into the air, and the wind being very strong, the sparks were carried across our schoolhouse, and also across the five or six low huts adjoining our house, which were inhabited by those who farmed our land, and then the sparks descended right into the other buildings, which were in a moment on fire. The people seeing this were terrified, saying, "Let the Christians alone, and all that belongs to them, otherwise you will all be ruined men." The people saw the hand of God in this, and left us alone.

When I heard of the occurrence I could scarcely believe it, and went to Gharwah with Mr. Pomeroy, a young civilian, to see the place. We examined and found the statement perfectly correct. We saw at once how a natural explanation could be given. The high-tiled roof kept off the fire from the huts near the house, and the sparks that rose above the roof, being carried by the strong current of air beyond those five or six houses, descended into the buildings of others, but

still the hand of the Lord was in it. How easily might a spark have fallen down and set the huts on fire. He still maketh His angels *winds*, and his ministers a flame of fire.

Our prayers and our labours are that this little station may become the centre stem of a great, beautiful, Christian-banyan tree, from which branches, *i.e.*, churches, may shoot forth in every direction, and take root in the neighbouring soil to the praise and glory of God. One branch has already shot forth, and has taken root in Ahirorah.

## II. *Ahirorah.*

Ahirorah became a branch station in 1870. It is a country town at the entrance of the Vindhiya Hills. It is a thriving place and a busy mart, to which the produce of the country south of Benares and Mirzapore is carried. A missionary preaching there will constantly meet people from the southern hills, coming from a great distance. For years we wished to take up Ahirorah as an out-station, but we could never spare a catechist to be located there. The place is about twenty miles from Benares, and I have for years regularly visited it, and spent many a happy day among the people there, and I trust our labour was not in vain. Mr. H—— placed catechist Lazar there, and he soon gained the love of the people, and had several converts whom Mr. H—— baptized. However, in a little time it was found advisable to let Lazar return to his native country, the Panjaub, where he now labours. In his place Rahim Bakhsh was appointed, of whose conversion an account is given in Chapter XXI., on the disseminating of the Word of

God, as his conversion resulted from reading the New Testament.

On his arrival at Ahirorah, he took up the work with zeal, resumed his medical practice, and has been blessed in his labours.

### III. *Chunar.*

The late Bishop Currie of Madras was the founder of the Chunar Mission. He was appointed chaplain to that station in 1814. The welfare of the people of India lying near his heart, he persuaded the C. M. S. to take up Chunar as a branch station. The Society did so, and in 1815 Mr. Bowley, an East-Indian, was called from Agra to take charge of this new station.

On his arrival he found thirteen native Christian women, widows and wives of European invalids, who welcomed him.

In the year 1818 Mr. Turnbull gave a piece of land, freehold property, for the site of a church. The ground was his own private property, and at that time not within cantonments; but in 1845 the ground was taken into cantonments, and declared by the colonel in command of the station to be Government property, which, however, I never admitted, always maintaining that the church and the ground attached to it were the property of the C. M. S.

Mr. Bowley collected funds for the building of a mission church, which was completed in 1822. The same year an asylum for widows was erected, the first in North India.

In 1828 Bishop Heber confirmed fifty-seven native Christians, and three years later Mr. Bowley stated that sixty adults had learnt to read. The same year



Mr. Friend joined Mr. Bowley, but died the first year. Mr. Eteson succeeded him, but he confined his labours solely to the English congregation. The chapel in the barracks was erected in 1826 by the Rev. W. Bowley, and is also the property of the C. M. S.

In 1842 a Government chaplain was appointed to Chunar, and the year after my old friend Mr. Bowley died. He was an able, devoted, active, and superior missionary, an East Indian, and was the first who translated the Bible into Hindi. As to language that translation has never been surpassed, although in a critical point of view improvements have been made.

At the time of Mr. Bowley's death his congregation consisted of 200 native Christians, of whom fifteen families were converts, the rest were orphans, widows, or native wives of European invalided soldiers. Mr. Richards succeeded Mr. Bowley in 1843, and during his time there was a struggle about the right to the church property. On my return from England in 1845, I found Mr. Richards more or less excluded from the church. He had divine service with the native congregation in a room of his own house, and for administering the Lord's Supper he had supplied himself with a pewter communion service. As I had been requested by the Committee of the C. M. S. to look after Chunar, I took no notice of what had transpired since Mr. Bowley's death, but had service as in former days in the church, to the great delight of the native Christians, and as we were to have the Lord's Supper, I sent for the communion-plate belonging to the church. The chaplain disputed our right to the church; I allowed him to do so, but I stated that the church was the property of the C. M. S., the com-

munion-plate too having been supplied to the church by the C. M. S., and the very prayer-book as well as the communion service bore the mark of the C. M. S. I therefore claimed the church as the property of the C. M. S. The dispute was referred to the Bishop by the chaplain, and finally I was told it came before the Court of Directors. They investigated the case, and decided that the church and all that belonged to it was the property of the Church Missionary Society.

The year after this dispute the colonel in command of the station ordered me to glaze the church. I replied, I was willing to do so, but as neither I nor the native congregation required glass windows, I hoped the Government would defray the necessary expense. Colonel B—— referred the case to the Commissioner of Benares, who, after some correspondence, sent me Rs. 500 for glazing "the mission church, the property of the Church Missionary Society."

The church is now as formerly used by the English congregation, and we always allow the chaplain to fix his own time for divine service.

In 1847, Mr. Richards was superseded by Mr. H——. During his time all the Christians left with the exception of three families. On Mr. H——'s leaving Europe Mr. R—— resumed his office, but died in February 1855. I must not forget to mention that Mr. Bowley left all his property to the Chunar Mission. The property was disposed of, and the amount realised was invested, and is called Mr. Bowley's Fund, "the interest thereof to be expended for the benefit of the Chunar Mission."

At the end of 1855 Babu Solomon was appointed to Chunar, and he faithfully discharged his duties, first as catechist, and from 1859 as an ordained

pastor of the congregation. On his being transferred to Benares, Babu Thakur Sing was placed in charge of Chunar, under the superintendence of the missionaries of Benares.

The school had been placed in the charge of Francis Daniel, and the number of scholars, including Turnbull Ganj, increased to 220. Babu Francis Daniel also conducted divine service to the satisfaction of the missionaries.

In this congregation, consisting mostly of pensioners, there has always been found much real piety.

As regards educational work this Mission flourishes more than in former times, although Mr. Bowley had always a good school; but the Mission as a whole is not equal to what it was under Mr. Bowley. For years there have been many excellent men in the Lord's work, who were brought to the knowledge of the truth through his instrumentality. On my arrival in India, Chunar was the chief place from which our Missions in the North-West drew their readers and catechists.

Among the Christian women of the barracks Mr. Bowley's labours were also blessed, and there are still some who bear evidence to his ministry by their consistent Christian conduct. Though long departed this life, Mr. Bowley's memory is still held in grateful remembrance by Christians and non-Christians. He was a man of God.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## VISITATIONS FROM BISHOPS AND ARCHDEACONS.

ONE of our festive days was always when we had a visit from our Bishop or Archdeacon. During my stay in India we had three Bishops and three Archdeacons.

The first Bishop was *Daniel Wilson*. I knew him in Islington before he became Bishop, and in 1832 I was one of those who went out with him to India. My relation to him was much like that of a son to a father. He always spoke and wrote to me as such. In 1837 he stayed three weeks with us in the Mission compound at Sigra, Benares, and accompanied us several times to the city to preach to the Hindus and Mohammedans. He was the first Bishop who confirmed our young people at Benares.

In January 1841 I went over to Gorakhpore to take charge of that Mission for a short time. Some time after our good Bishop was expected. Mrs. Leupolt had stayed behind when I left Benares, and was to follow me.

When the Bishop arrived he called me to his carriage before he got out. I went to him and he addressed me in a very solemn way, saying, "I have to reprove you." "For what, my Lord?" I asked.

"For having overworked yourself at Benares. I have heard all about it. You have done wrong, and must not do so again. And now," he continued, "I have to tell you something that will please you; your wife is coming." "Alas!" I replied, "she is not. I had a letter this morning, saying that one of the children had got the measles, and therefore she was delayed." "But I know more," his Lordship replied; "it turned out not to be the measles. Moreover, I left her just starting from Azimgurh. On coming to the river, I left a relay of horsemen to wait on her, with orders for the bearers not to put the palanquin down in crossing the river, but to keep it on their shoulders, in order that she might not be disturbed in her sleep." At 11 o'clock Mrs. L. arrived. As the bearers put down the palanquin at my door, she asked, "Are we at the river?" I replied, "No, but at Gorakhpore." She wondered that she should have crossed two rivers without perceiving it, but on my explaining to her the plan which our good Bishop had adopted, the mystery was cleared up. The men kept the palanquin all the way on their shoulders, making, I dare say, the usual noise.

At Gorakhpore the Bishop preached his first sermon in Hindustani. The day was *very* hot, almost unbearable. I shortened the service considerably. In a short time the good Bishop was wet through with perspiration. He preached from the text, "I am the light of the world" (John viii. 12), comparing the natural light with the spiritual light in its nature and effects. When the service was over, the first words of the Bishop were, "Brother, the Prayer-book was not made for India; I was glad you shortened the service, and I am sorry I preached, for I am sure no one understood

me, though the people seemed attentive." I replied, "You were understood, my Lord, I am certain." "Ah," he rejoined, "you tell me so, thinking it would please me, but I know I was not understood." At that moment my bearer David came into the room. I asked the Bishop, "Shall I inquire about the sermon?" He replied, "Do." I turned to David, asking him, "Were you at church this morning?" "Yes, sir, I was." "Who preached?" He smiled, saying "His Lordship." "On what did he preach?" "His text was, 'I am the light of the world.'" "Do you remember anything of the sermon?" "Yes! His Lordship compared the natural light with the spiritual light." David then mentioned the four points of comparison and their application. When done I said, "Well, David, you may go;" and then turned to his Lordship and asked him, "Were you understood, my Lord?" He was mightily pleased.

The Bishop came several times to Benares; he held ordinations and several confirmations, but the last time he seemed to live at the gate of heaven. He dined at our house with all the missionaries of our conference, and we had a foretaste of heaven. Others felt as I did. The Lord was near.

In December 1856 I felt overworked. Besides my own work I had to attend to Jay Narayan's College and Free School. I required a month's rest, and asked the committee of Calcutta for leave. As I expected my daughter from England, I wished to go to Calcutta to meet her. The leave was at once granted, but Mr. Cuthbert, the secretary, wrote not to come to Calcutta, as there was not room anywhere. "My house," he said, "is full, so are the houses at Mirzapore, where

the other missionaries reside. The Bishop too is full, he cannot take you in, and to stay at any hotel would be very expensive." "All right," I replied; and writing to the Bishop told him my wish. He replied by return of post in large letters:—

"Come! come! come! The heart is open, the house is open! The most joyful news I have had for a long time. May God bless our being together!"

Mrs. L. and myself received a hearty welcome, and spent a happy time with the good Bishop.

Bishop Cotton was in many respects different from Bishop Wilson. I often thought he must have strongly resembled Bishop Heber. Whenever he came, there was joy among our people; but the last time I pitied him. He came early to Sagra, commenced with examining the infant school, then he went on with the orphan schools. The training school of our young men and young women came next. Then followed Jay Narayan's Institution, with its 500 scholars. After that two girls' schools in the city, and on returning to Sagra, there were four more schools awaiting him; and last, but not least, the Industrial. The good Bishop had been incessantly occupied from 7 A.M. to 3 P.M., with the exception of a short time for breakfast.

At 4 o'clock he had to confirm eighty-six young people and to preach besides. Notwithstanding all this labour he was hearty and cheerful. The missionaries of the London Missionary Society were present, as they always were on these occasions.

I met his Lordship for the first time in February 1859. I then took three candidates for ordination to Calcutta. Arriving there, the Bishop expressed a wish that the candidates should stay with him till they were

ordained. I said, "Please, my lord, let me first say a word to Mrs. Cotton." She was present, and I said, "I must tell you, Mrs. Cotton, that my brother Paul has hitherto never been guilty of handling either knife or fork." She smiled, saying, "Well, fingers were made before forks."

On my taking the three candidates to the large bedroom prepared for them, Paul stood aghast, and asked what these beds were for? "To sleep in," I replied. "But how can we get in?" "Why, open the curtains." "And these grand marble things?" he inquired further. "Those are washing-stands, and adjoining is the bath-room." He threw down his bundle of clothes in despair. "Good brother," I said, "be not terrified; when we are with the great, we must be great; and when we are again at our work, we will sit down with the villagers on a charpoy and be equally happy." He became resigned.

On going to lunch I said to him, "Now look at me and do exactly as I do. Wine and beer you need not take." As we sat at table he let his hands hang down. I took my place close to him, when behold a pair of hands came from behind, took knife and fork, cut the meat, then the right hand took a spoon and showed how it was to be handled. No one at the table perceived what was going on; Paul at once took the spoon, and all difficulties were over. At first I ascribed this help to the kindness of the servant, but on further consideration it struck me that the whole was done through the kindness of Mrs. Cotton. The good Bishop and Mrs. Cotton spent daily some time with the three candidates.

When the news of Bishop Cotton's death reached



us, I could scarcely believe it. His death seemed so unworthy of that sainted servant of Christ, and it would be difficult to say who expressed the deepest sorrow, we or the missionaries of other societies. He was equally endeared to us all. His loss was sincerely mourned by us, the missionaries of other societies, and by Hindus and Mohammedans; in fact, by all who knew him. If there was resemblance in the lives of Bishops Heber and Cotton, there certainly was in their deaths also, and eternity will disclose the *why* they died so.

Bishop Milman was of a different type from the two previous bishops. He was an able man, kind, cheerful, helping wherever he could. His kind advice and his purse were ever at our command, as were also those of the other bishops. He was a great linguist. When he had only been six months in the country he came to Benares. After visiting our schools, and confirming some eighty candidates of Benares and other stations, he had to preach in the afternoon. He opened his manuscript sermon, and closed it again. He had taken the wrong sermon, an English one instead of the Hindustani. He, however, preached, and in the evening I catechised the orphans on the sermon, and they gave me all the leading points of his discourse.

In the evening he gave an address at Jay Narayan's Institution. There were upwards of 600 English-speaking young men together. He spoke on faith, its nature and effects, and the foundation necessary for it. It was a very able discourse, and told on the scholars as well as on us.

The day after he paid us a farewell visit. He

then gave an address to our teachers which I shall never forget.

He drew the pictures of two masters and two boys. All were equal in abilities, and in aptness to teach and to learn. One of the masters was a Christian man; he led his pupil from the beginning to Christ, and made him feel that God's word is supreme. The lad became a thoughtful, humble, Bible Christian. He grew in grace, as well as in knowledge of every kind. Whilst an ornament to society, he was an honour to Christ, and the love of Christ was exemplified in him. He became eminent in piety, lived for the Lord, and died in the Lord, and when he stood before the throne of Christ he was equal in glory to the highest archangel.

The other teacher thought nothing of the Bible. In his estimation, it was not a book a young lad should read; hence the lad never opened it, but made great progress in every other kind of learning. As he advanced in age, he advanced in ungodliness. The Bible he despised — his master had counted it as nothing. The saying "that evil communications corrupt good manners" was exemplified in him. He became an infidel, sank lower and lower, scoffing at everything good, despising all good counsel, blaspheming his Maker, and thus dying, sank into the bottomless pit. The Bishop described the characters so vividly and graphically that one could see the one rise to glory, and the other sink into hell.

At the end of the discourse the Bishop turned towards the teachers and asked, "Which of the two masters would you wish to be like?" There burst

forth from every one the answer—"The *first*." "Then," the Bishop said, "go and do likewise."

Whenever the Bishop was with us he showed a very great deal of interest in the work of the C.M.S. May the Lord reward him for all his kindness to us and all our missions!

The first Archdeacon I was under was the sainted Corrie, late Bishop of Madras. When we were setting off to our several stations in 1833, the Bishop asked Archdeacon Corrie to give us a parting word. We were six missionaries together; two of the S.P.G. and four of the C.M.S. Mr. Corrie said he would say nothing as to the necessity of our living near to God, his address should consist in a request he had to make to us, and he hoped we would act up to it. The request was simple, and was this, that when we came to our several stations we should make no alteration in anything that existed in the mission until we had been two years in the country. I acted literally up to it, and that advice saved me from a great many mistakes. I wish every missionary in going out would act up to it. We missionaries come to the country, we knew nothing of the language, nothing of the minds of the people, yet we believe ourselves qualified to judge of things about which we know nothing or but very little. Those missionaries who upset things in the first year usually bring matters back to the old standard the next; but thereby time is lost, and the work of Christ is hindered. In writing this I have a brother in view who stayed a month with us in Benares. One day he told me that we carried on our work quite in an erroneous manner, he would strike out a new way; and he did

so. After three years I had a letter from him saying, "I have erred! You were right at Benares, I see it now."

I heartily wish that our committee would make it a rule, that no young missionary taking charge of a station be permitted to make any change in things existing till he has been two years in the country, knows the language, and something of the mind of the people.

The same year that I went to Benares the Archdeacon paid us a visit. He was very kind, inspected our work and schools, but not churches and burial ground, because we had none at that time. At Jay Narayan's he examined the Persian class. When he had done, the head munshi came to me and asked, "Who is the gentleman that examined my class?" I replied, "Archdeacon Corrie; why?" "Well," the munshi exclaimed, "if this sahib does not go to heaven, none of us ever will; his countenance is like that of an angel!" And such it was.

Mr. Dealtry was the next Archdeacon. He had been secretary to the C.M.S. at Calcutta for a long time, so we were old acquaintances, and we truly rejoiced when he visited us. He opened our church, the glory of Sagra, and was the first to preach in it Christ crucified, the risen and living Saviour of the world, our Prophet, Priest, and King. When called to the Bishopric of Madras he was succeeded by the Rev. J. H. Pratt.

Mr. Pratt was one of those who, I believe, had no enemies in India. Even those who disliked his honest, straightforward Gospel views, could not but respect him. He was very superior in attainments of all kinds of knowledge, especially of mathematics; and yet so humble, pious, cheerful, and good-tempered that there

was no possibility of finding fault with him. His praise was in the Gospel in all the churches.

He visited us several times, and we were always happy when he was among us. The children delighted in his examinations. In 1872 he was to have stayed a week with us; rooms were prepared, but instead of coming himself the news reached us that his Master had called His faithful servant home!

As I have written about our Bishops and Archdeacons, I must also say a word about our beloved Society.

Whenever I have come home from India, and the case is just now the same, it has appeared to me that the C.M.S. is looked upon by some as *not* being a staunch Church Society. Well, I wonder what Society has done more for the Church of England than the C.M.S. The Church Missionary Society prepared the way for a bishopric in New Zealand, one in Africa, others in China and North America. The Society has also given Africa a bishop from among her own sons, the C.M.S. has given a bishop to New Zealand, and the other day the Society gave from among their missionaries a bishop for the Mauritius, one for China, and one for North America. The C.M.S. have prepared the way for bishoprics in India, one in the the South, one for the N.W. Provinces, and one in the Punjab, and has the men ready from among her own missionaries, men tried and approved of by their successful labours, who would make excellent missionary bishops. But then, it is said, there cannot be two bishops in one diocese. That is true at home, but in India the work of the two bishops would be entirely distinct. The missionary bishop would have nothing

to do with the work of the State bishop ; he would be a bishop of the primitive type, an overseer and missionary at the same time, and therefore he should be a man who has himself laboured for some twenty-five or thirty years as a missionary among the people. The missionary bishop should be as intimately acquainted with the minds, mode of thought, and social habits of the natives as our bishops at home are with the minds, mode of thought, and habits of English life. This would enable him to know exactly the requirements necessary for native pastors.

If it be necessary let them be called Suffragan Bishops ; but still they should not be engaged in English work unless it be absolutely necessary. Their whole time and strength should be given to work connected with the Mission, one of which objects would be to prepare the way for native bishops.

When native bishops are appointed, they will for years carry on the work in the way they have been trained ; but there is no doubt but that finally they will form their own Church polity, and adapt our liturgy to their own people and country. For the present they are sincerely attached to our Protestant English Church, and will remain so unless the Home Government make the mistake of sending them ritualistic bishops *as they have sent* ritualistic chaplains to India.

As regards the missionaries of the C.M.S., it is true we do not endeavour to convert the people to the Church of England, but to Christ, and that not by crosses, or processions, banners, and candlesticks, but by the preaching of Christ crucified, the only Saviour and Mediator and Intercessor of mankind ; but when

the people are converted, they are incorporated into the Church of England, and are shown that the Church of England is truly a Bible-Church, and our people prize her liturgy and services. One of our Christian women, being one day spoken to about the Prayer-book with its services, replied, "I love the litany and prayers, because I know every petition thereof as it comes, and can bring it before my Saviour as it comes; and as to the marriage service of which you speak, why the Queen of England, the greatest Lady in the world, had no other service than that which was used when I was married." It is in the Church of England that, before God, high and low stand on the same footing.

The Lord preserve us from innovations foreign to the true principles of our Protestant Church, and foreign to the principles of the C.M.S. Pictures, crosses, and banners with processions would do great harm. The natives would say, "Wah! you worship idols as the Hindus do, and have taziyas" (kind of procession during the Muharrum) "as well as the Mohammedans;" and our Christians would mourn over such things.

Since writing the above, C.M.S. men have been appointed to bishoprics in Lahore in the Punjab, Tinnevely and Travancore in South India, also to bishoprics in New Zealand, Japan and North America.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*SOMETHING ABOUT THE GORAKHPORE MISSION.*

DURING my sojourn in India, I was in charge of this Mission in the year 1841 for eight and a half months, and since that time I have always taken a special interest in the prosperity of the Gorakhpore Mission. This Mission was commenced in 1823 by the late Mr. Wilkinson, nine years previous to my arrival in India. The late Rev. W. Smith, my fellow-labourer for more than thirty-nine years, learnt his first missionary lessons at that station.

The Mission consists of two stations, one at the town of Gorakhpore, and the other three miles off, called Basharatpúr, or the town of glad tidings. Here the native Christians chiefly reside. Basharatpúr is a large farm of eleven hundred and eighty acres of land, rented from the Government. The greatest part was then jungle.

In 1839, Mr. Wilkinson had to return to England to seek restoration of his enfeebled frame in a more salubrious climate. On his leaving, the Rev. F. Wybrow, then secretary to the C.M.S. in Calcutta, sought and obtained permission to resign his post as secretary, and take charge of the Gorakhpore Mission. He was, like his predecessor, full of love, earnestness, and zeal.



Thinking it his duty to be, in the cold weather, as much as possible in the midst of his people at the branch mission at Basharatpúr, he pitched his tent, in the beginning of November 1840, near a tank, close to the Church. The miasma from the tank was so great at night, that he had to close up his tent carefully, and take other precautions besides, as otherwise he would not have been able to bear the smell of the offensive exhalation arising from the tank. When he had been six weeks there, he was taken ill with jungle fever, and died shortly before Christmas the same year.

His death was a heavy blow to us all. Mr. Smith was requested by the Calcutta Committee of the C.M.S. to go over to Gorakhpore, and take charge of the orphaned Mission, but he was then absent, and some information having reached me, which made it most desirable that the Mission should at once have a missionary, I wrote to Mr. Smith, and set off at the beginning of January, 1841, for Gorakhpore.

In doing so, I had a double end in view. I had had a sunstroke and severe fever, and was still far from being well. By going to Gorakhpore I would have a thorough change of air, and I hoped thereby to obviate the necessity of my returning to Europe. However, the Lord's ways were not again my ways.

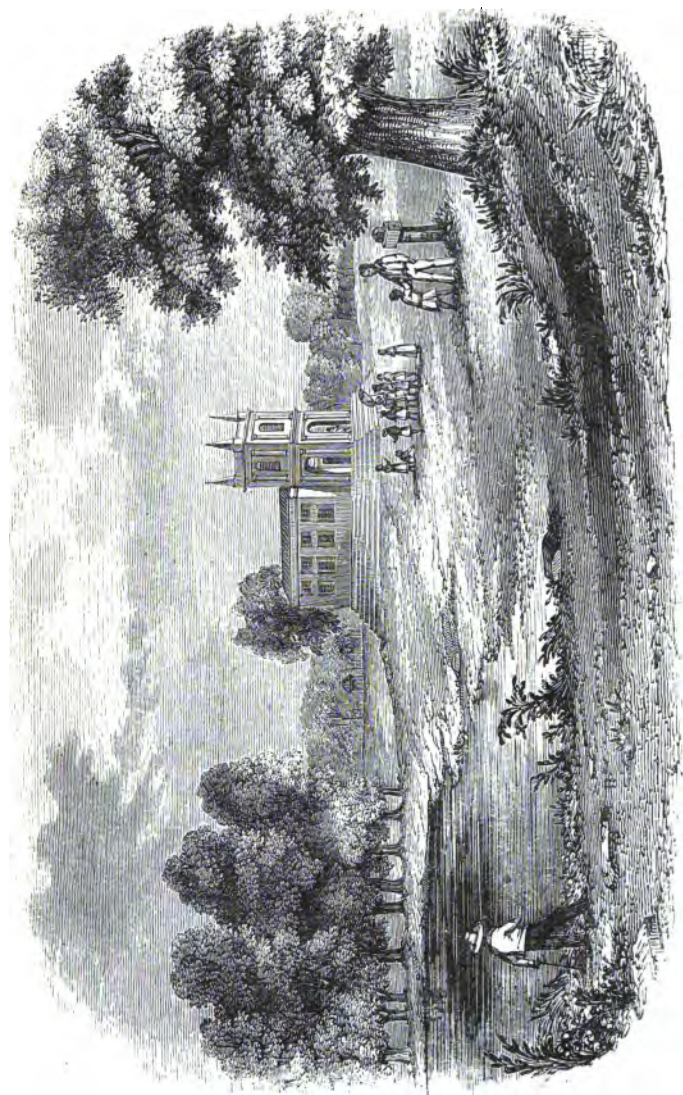
On my arrival at Gorakhpore, I found that the missionaries had been faithful and diligent labourers of Christ. The hearts of the people were full of praise of both, for the kindness and love which they had received from them. In this Hindus and Mohammedans joined. One day I was accosted by a Mohammedan, asking me whether I knew Wilkinson

Sahib? On my replying in the affirmative, he said, "That gentleman did me one day out of some land." I asked, "How so?" He answered, "You see my farm borders on yours, but in his time the boundary-line was not definitely fixed. But you know, you could never make that man angry, so I said to my friends, 'I will have a thorough quarrel with him about our boundary-line.' Well, I went to the Sahib and said, 'Let us fix on a day to settle our boundary question;' he agreed to it, and having provided stones, I went on the appointed day to his house saying, 'Come, let us mark the boundary with stones.' He was perfectly willing, but in his smiling way said, 'Friend, I have no time to help you to-day; please take my part too, and manage the business alone. I promise to abide by your demarkation of the boundary.' Now, what could I do? I could not get up a quarrel, but in marking the boundary I had to give up ever so much of my own land to get it straight, for how could I do otherwise? so you see he did me out of some of my land."

On my arrival at Gorakhpore there were two catechists labouring at that station, one had the preaching department, the other was employed in the seminary; a Mrs. Logue was in charge of twenty-seven orphan girls. At the farm of Basharatpúr the native Christians resided, consisting of such as were converts of Messrs. Wilkinson and Wybrow, and of such as had joined the Mission from a place thirty miles off, inhabited by Roman Catholics. The latter had been baptized, but that was nearly all they knew of Christianity. Of the origin of that Roman Catholic colony I know nothing, nor could I ever learn anything about it.

Connected with the establishment at the farm I found fifty-eight orphan boys, some of whom had been sent over from Benares. The congregation and the farm were in charge of Babu Charles Das, of whom it could be said what was said of Barnabas of old, he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. I often wondered that he was not spoiled by us and our European friends; but he remained a humble and genuine servant of Christ. He was assisted by R——, a schoolmaster, and by Mr. G——, a European sergeant, whose description of hell I shall never forget. He had set the jungle of the farm on fire. It was in June, and the high grass and dry underwood burnt most furiously, no living creature could escape. As far as the eye could reach there was a mass of fire and smoke. "Such," he exclaimed, "is hell, and who can escape that fire!" It reminded me of what the burning of Sodom must have been.

The state of the Mission, however, was still of a primitive type. I will just mention here a sad and yet ridiculous case. A lad from among the Roman Catholics, but who had joined our Church, wanted a wife; but wherever he applied he got a refusal. At last he came to me, asking whether he might try his chance among the orphan girls. As there was nothing against his character, and he could maintain a wife, I gave him permission. His personal appearance was against him, but he settled the matter wholesale, for when the girls were together at dinner, he walked up to them and said in a loud voice, "Will any of you girls be my wife?" The girls looked at each other and smiled. He repeated his question, when



CHURCH AT "THE FARM," NEAR GORAKHPORE, NORTH INDIA.



one of them had compassion on the poor fellow and said, "I will." She was the water-bearer of the school. The match was settled, the banns were called, and I had the honour of marrying them. I had spoken to the girl before, and they seemed both very happy. The ceremony over, they sat down to dinner. Having been a Roman Catholic, a number of his old friends came over from B., the Roman Catholic settlement. As I suffered still from sunstroke, I went back to Gorakhpore. I had scarcely returned an hour, when Charles Das and some of our chief men of the village came, and said that the people from B. had brought five large pots of native liquor with them; one they had already drunk, a fight had taken place with the bridegroom, who had been wounded, and unless the liquor was destroyed there would be sad doings. Mrs. Leupolt went with Charles Das and the other members of the congregation, and asked the men from B. how they dared to bring in this poison without permission, and taking a stick she broke the earthen vessels (gharas) to pieces. The whole party looked rather sheepish, laughed, and thought that they had had quite enough, and dispersed. The better part of the people thanked Mrs. Leupolt for the short way in which she had settled the affair.

The day after the bride had to cook her dinner; she did so, made an immense fire which set her hut in a blaze. Some of the people said, "No wonder; having been a water-carrier all her lifetime, the fire, the enemy of water, would have its revenge on her." Our friend the Collector, Mr. Edward Reade, hearing of the case, was much amused, and gave the man a present which enabled him to rebuild his hut and put a tiled roof

on—his old hut having only had a thatched one. The young couple lived very happily together.

I had not been long at Gorakhpore before I could see that the Roman Catholics, settled among our people, were no blessing to the Mission. Besides being very ignorant, they were all given to drink. There were, however, in the congregation a number of very excellent men from among the converts. The first of these who paid me a visit was a Mohammedan convert, called Razuddin, mentioned in my first volume. I will mention him again, as he belongs to the Gorakhpore mission.

Razuddin was an aged Christian man. He was commonly called the Old Sheikh. I conversed with him several times on religious subjects, and I found him a well-instructed, earnest Christian. In one of these conversations we spoke of Mr. Wybrow, and he expressed himself as follows:—

“Mr. Wilkinson was called away, but the Lord sent another shepherd in Mr. Wybrow. He was young, but we loved him and he loved us. One day, as we poor sheep were feeding around him in the wilderness, he stooped. This was not his custom. We looked at him, and he at us; he shook us by the hand, stooped again, tied his sandals on his feet, took his staff in his hand, and walked across Jordan into Canaan, leaving us poor sheep in the wilderness. We could not blame him, for his Lord stood on the other side and beckoned to him. He called him away, but He has sent another—He has sent you; if you are called away, He will again send others, and if all earthly shepherds fail, He will never forsake us, His poor sheep.”

Soon after my arrival he became ill, but recovered.

After this he had a relapse. I took him to my house, and he was with me for three days; but his sons, who were still Mohammedans, ascertained that their aged father had gold about him, and their love and zeal for him were rekindled. They told him I was unable to take such care of him as they could, brought a palanquin during my absence, and persuaded the old man to accompany them to their house, which he did. The day after or so I called on him and found him very ill. He had his Testament open before him, and had evidently been reading it. I asked him whether he had been reading? He replied, "Yes! I read my favourite chapter, the 2d Corinthians, v." "Shall I read it again?" I asked. "Yes! do so," was the reply. I took the New Testament and read that beautiful chapter. We then conversed on the glorious subject contained therein, and rejoiced at the bright prospect before us. We were both ill. I did not know how it would go with me, and he was evidently in a dying state; but we were sure of the resurrection to eternal life, and rejoiced at the thought of meeting soon in Heaven. I then knelt by his bedside for prayer—and we felt the presence of the Lord. On parting we shook hands in the full assurance of our next meeting being in Heaven. But how astonished was I, when I heard three days after that the old Sheikh had apostatized. I could not believe it. Our native Christians repeated the same rumour, but I could not credit it. After breakfast, however, I received a note from the old Sheikh, saying, "Sir, I hereby inform you that I have embraced Mohammedanism. I have had enough of you Christians, of Christ, and of you all, and will in future have nothing more to do with you. I hope this may



please God and the Holy Spirit" (meaning, I suppose; Mohammed). What could we now say? I was too ill to visit the poor man, I therefore sent Charles Das to his house, but he was not admitted into his presence, but was asked whether he had not heard what he had written to me.

We now sorrowed, but the enemy rejoiced. "There!" the Mohammedans said, "there we can see what Christianity is. So long as a man is in health it is nice to be a Christian, for he can eat pork and drink wine, but when death stares him in the face, then there is but one valid religion, and that is the Mohammedan;" and what could we say? We had to be silent, but we followed the example of Hezekiah, took the letter and laid it before the Lord, and prayed that He might silence the enemy. After a few days I looked again at the note, and it seemed to me almost incredible that a dying man could have been able to write such a steady hand, yet the writing was the old Sheikh's in every stroke. Taking the note to Mr. Reade, he at once said, "A note from the old Sheikh?" "Yes!" I said, "read it." He did so, was as sad as we were, but made remarks on the steady handwriting.

Ten tedious, sad, and anxious days passed away, when one morning I heard a great noise in my verandah. I sent to ascertain the cause. The eldest son of the Sheikh entered the room, and in a great passion exclaimed, "I shall confess the whole truth! I shall speak the whole truth!" "What have you to tell?" I asked; "speak out, but do not make such an uproar." "My father," he replied, "did not write that letter which was sent to you, but his brother wrote it. He is able to imitate my father's hand-

writing so exactly, that my father himself has been puzzled about certain writings, unable to decide at the moment whether he or his brother had written them. When my father could no longer speak, when his eyes were already fixed in death, his brother and my brothers held the Koran over him, wishing him to touch it, but he would not, but lifted up his hand and pointed towards heaven, shook his head, pushing the Koran aside. They wrote that letter fearing that if you knew he had died a Christian you might be inclined to claim my father's property."

But conceive what that aged Christian must have felt during the time when he had to pass through the gloomy vale of death? Without a word of consolation from his pastor, without a Christian brother coming near him, for of the letter which was sent to us he could know nothing, he must have felt forsaken by his friends, and even by those whom he had supported with his property for years; yes, forsaken by all men, and persecuted by his own brother and children to his very last moments! But although thus all were against him, the Lord, the Good Shepherd, was with him and sustained him. He was his comfort, joy, and hope. In his Saviour's name and might he no doubt triumphantly closed his eyes in the sleep of death, and in his Saviour's might and grace he opened them triumphantly in the joy of heaven, and who can doubt but that hereafter we shall find this aged and persecuted Christian with a crown of glory on his head?

Some time after this occurrence, which became known all over Gorakhpore, I was taken ill with the same fever which had been sent as a messenger to

take Mr. Wybrow to his eternal rest. I was at death's door, but spared to intercessory prayer. When the crisis of my fever came on, the two medical men attending me gave me up. My native servants went in and out. My head had been shaved, hot-water bottles been applied to my feet, mustard plasters had been made use of, but all to no purpose. My hands and feet were apparently dead, and I was told afterwards the only warm spot left was on my chest. About noon the medical men said, "No hope left!" My head servant Bunsî heard it. He instantly left the room, and calling all the servants together, communicated to them what he had heard. At the same time he said, "The sahib must not die. Remember what we have been reading lately at prayers, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' To prayer then; let us ask God, and He will give us what we ask; for He has said He will." Hindus and Mohammedans were assembled for prayer, one Christian among them. They all turned to him. "David," they said, "you can pray, for we have heard you speak to God. Now tell God what we want; it is nothing less than the sahib's life."

David did pray, and earnestly pleaded the various promises. When he had finished, they fully believed that I should be well. They sent to ask. The messenger returned saying in a sad voice—"No better!" "To prayer again," was the call. "You know it is said," Bunsî exclaimed, "'ask and it shall be given you, seek and you shall find;'" David, cry more earnestly." David did so.

Again they sent to inquire, but this time Bunsî himself came. He entered the room on tip-toe just as Dr. Brander said, "Half an hour more, he cannot

last longer." I heard it, and was glad to think that within so short a time I should be with the Lord. Mr. Menge commended me to the grace of God.

At this crisis Bunsen's and the servants' hearts did not fail them. They were still all assembled, and hearing what the doctor had said, they said, "The sahib must not die. David, David," was the call, "cry aloud, God will hear us;" and David did cry aloud, and prayed more earnestly than ever. Their meal-time was long passed, none had taken any food; they had remained assembled for nearly three hours. At this time a certain feeling of thirst came over me, and I asked for a glass of wine, which I had not taken for weeks; I received it. I asked for a second, the medical man said, "Give it to him, it is all the same." I drank also some wine and water. Scarcely had I taken the wine when I swooned away. The outward world receded. I remember I entered an immense plain, indescribably beautiful. At a distance a glorious light burst forth, the whole seemed to be a most beautiful garden. Around and near me there were a number of glorious and shining beings who passed to and fro; I felt happy, very happy, and called out in German, "Hier ist gut sein—it is good for me to be here." But this heavenly region passed gradually away, all became a blank, and I remember nothing more of what happened till the morning after, when I awoke and found myself, alas! still in this world!

Mrs. Leupolt watched me for a long time. With the apparent swoon a slight colour returned to my face; hands and feet, I was told, became gradually warm, and she perceived that I had fallen into a sound sleep. Meanwhile Bunsen came once more himself to hear and

to see how I was. As he entered the room he looked anxiously at Mrs. Leupolt. The medical man was gone, the room was dark, she was alone, what could it mean? She beckoned to him and whispered, "The sahib is asleep, the crisis seems to be over." Bunsî hastened back, calling out to his fellow-servants, "The sahib is spared; he is asleep; now, David, return thanks to God." Earnest thanksgivings were offered up, and afterwards they went joyfully to their houses; God had heard their prayers!

I recovered rapidly. The effects of the sunstroke, too, were gone. Some days after I joined Mrs. Leupolt at dinner, and I shall never forget the way in which Bunsî walked about. I said to Mrs. Leupolt, "Look at Bunsî, what is he about?" I asked Bunsî, "What is the matter?" He replied, "Sahibji, that you are sitting here to-day, is entirely our doing," and then he related with great animation all that I have just described. At the conclusion, he added, "We knew that God would hear us;" yes, He did hear them for Christ's sake.

During this eventful time I experienced great kindness from the medical men, Mr. and Mrs. Reade, the Collector, Mr. and Mrs. Menge, Charles Das and others. My own little girl, about two years old, went during the day of the crisis several times to Mrs. Menge, kneeling before her, and putting her little hands together. Thus giants also, as Luther calls praying-children, pleaded with the Lord for me.

On my leaving Gorakhpore for Europe to re-establish my shattered frame and reinvigorate my enfeebled constitution, Mr. and Mrs. Menge, who had arrived shortly before my illness, took charge of the Mission, and carried on the work at Gorakhpore.

On my return from Europe I found the Mission considerably increased. A fine large bungalow and a whole village had been erected at Basharatpūr by the Collector, Mr. T., who was then, and is still, an active servant of Christ in the Mission, assisting now at home. The village was built on a beautiful spot, but it was on low ground, and therefore the houses were unhealthy. The Christians pointed out to me that even in May their houses were scarcely dry; consequently they were often laid up with fever, and their inability to work was ascribed by some to laziness.

Gorakhpore was at that time an unhealthy place, fever prevailed. On Mr. and Mrs. Menge leaving the station, Mr. H. Stern took charge of it, and has now been there, with the exception of a short time of absence, when the work was carried on by Mr. and Mrs. R., for thirty-two years. The number of Christians was then, orphans included, 250 souls. This little community gradually increased, the Orphan Institution prospered, city work was continued, and the schools were in a thoroughly efficient state. On my visit in 1856, I was delighted with all I saw, and the description which Mr. Cuthbert, our secretary, gave of that Mission, made my heart rejoice. However, Mr. Stern's path was not altogether smooth; he had many sore and sad trials from within and without—truly the heart alone knoweth its own bitterness.

In 1857 the Mutiny broke out. Gorakhpore fell; the Europeans had to flee, being escorted by the Goorkas of Nepal. When the Europeans had left, the native Christians were no longer safe. A friendly Mohammedan gave them timely warning of impending

danger. They were to be murdered and their village was to be burnt that night. He advised them to go off at once in small parties, so as not to excite suspicion. They followed his advice.

Babu P., the senior catechist, formerly of Benares, became their leader. Whatever they could carry they took with them, and met in the jungle to the south of Gorakhpore at a place agreed upon, and then marched on with their little ones towards Dinapore. One or two swift of foot remained to see what would happen. In the evening their enemies came, every portable thing was carried away, the village was set fire to. The bungalow they could not destroy. The Christians were safe and marched on. At the close of the third day their food came to an end, and yet they found themselves in the jungle. Early on the fourth day they had the open field before them. They had avoided cooking lest the enemy should discover them, but they continued their morning and evening prayers as usual.

On approaching the end of the jungle, two men went to ascertain whether any rebels were near. They brought word back, saying, "There are soldiers near, but," they added, "they were soldiers, and yet they were not. They had white faces, blue jackets, short swords, and were very lively." P. exclaimed, "They are friends, let us go on in the name of the Lord." They went on. No sooner did the soldiers see them than there was a stir, but observing that there were a number of women and children mixed up with the men, a few soldiers went forward to inquire who they were. The answer and explanation was given, and the men of the naval brigade were very kind to them. The chaplain of the brigade then came forward and took charge

of the native Christians. Thus they were not only safe, but well provided for by the kind chaplain, the Rev. Mr. W. The Christians thanked God and took courage.

When the Mutiny was over, the Christians returned to Gorakhpore. Through our kind friend, the Commissioner, compensation was obtained. Mr. Stern erected a new village on high ground, and there now stands that beautiful village, a glory of the Mission and a comfort to the Christians. When I first saw the village, I could only exclaim, "Another blessing arising out of the Mutiny." God is good! The number of Christians has increased to 518. They prosper in their outward circumstances, and in their souls, and both stations, that at Basharatpūr and Gorakhpore, may be called model establishments.

Mr. H. has at present a staff of faithful and willing labourers. A native Missionary Association has been formed, and supports a native evangelist, who preaches the Gospel in the neighbourhood. A branch station at Bastee is also connected with the Gorakhpore Mission.

Gorakhpore is one of the few stations of the C.M.S. that was within the territory affected by the famine of 1877. Mr. H. was wonderfully helped. Scarcely a mail passed without bringing him some help from sources of which he never thought. Well, we need not wonder, knowing that our Heavenly Father has His treasurers everywhere. This bountiful liberality of God's people made a deep impression on the native Christians. The Government, too, helped, and Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians were unanimous in praising the Government; and thus whilst Christian friends at home and the Government in India showed



their kindness to the people by their gifts and sympathy, they thereby opened the hearts of the people, and so secured to the missionary and native helpers attentive and willing hearers to the preaching of the Gospel. Praised be the Lord for all His mercies !

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE MISSION AT LUCKNOW.

*Its Origin.*

PREVIOUS to 1858 the great kingdom of Oude, of which Lucknow is the capital, was almost hermetically sealed to the Gospel. Lucknow had been visited by several missionaries, and a number of New Testaments and Bibles had been sold in that great city, but up to that time there was no resident missionary in any part of the kingdom, nor am I sure that any would have been permitted to reside there; I think not before Oude was annexed.

As the people of Oude and their rulers would not have Christ to reign over them and had therefore closed their hearts and country to his message of salvation, the Lord, in His mysterious providence, made an opening by allowing the Mutiny to break out.

From ancient time it has been the Lord's prerogative to bring good out of evil, and to make the wrath of men praise him. (Ps. lxxvi. 10.) So it was also in the year 1857 in India.

The enemies, among whom the Mohammedans stood foremost, wished to annihilate the English Government, extirpate the Christians, Europeans and natives, root and branch, and make an end of Christ's kingdom in India; but the stone which the builders rejected

remained the head of the corner ; it was indeed the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes. The enemies fell on this stone and were broken to pieces, and afterwards the stone fell upon them and ground them to powder. (Matt. xxi. 42-44.)

The benefits which the Lord conferred on us by the Mutiny are numerous and great. We learned to understand the prayer, "Give peace in our time, O Lord, for there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God."

One of the great blessings which have accrued to India is the establishment of Christian missions in the kingdom of Oude, and among these, of our own mission in Lucknow.

In the month of August, 1858, I was ready to start for Europe ; fourteen years having expired since my last return to India, I longed for some rest and change. My portmanteau was packed when I received an order from the Calcutta Corresponding Committee to proceed to Lucknow, to look out for a suitable house for a mission station, to commence preaching the Gospel in that great city, and to form there, if possible, a Church Missionary Association.

On receiving this order I made it known to our Christians, and asked whether there was any brother who was willing to accompany me, and share in the great work before us.

David Mohan, my fellow-labourer for many years, and now pastor of the native congregation at Allahabad, was, as always, ready to share difficulties and dangers, joys and sorrows with me for the Lord's sake ; and we therefore prepared at once to set out on our journey.

The 28th of August, 1858, was the day fixed for

our departure. It was a solemn day, which I shall never forget. Native Christians are sometimes accused of having no love, but if such friends had then been with us, they would have altered their opinion.

The whole congregation was assembled to see us off, and to bid us "God speed." There was still danger on every side. Oude was yet full of rebels; we parted, therefore, as those who might possibly not meet again on earth. Many prayers ascended to the throne of grace for us. Tears flowed, but they were tears of gratitude and love. Great and small, old and young, accompanied us through the village, and most of the people, as I was told afterwards, returned weeping to their homes, a feeling of loneliness stealing over them. May the Lord in mercy pour out His richest blessing upon every member of this dear congregation, many of whom have since entered into their rest.

Our venerable old patriarch, Christian Triloke, the senior catechist and oldest member of our congregation, stood in front of the people. For twenty-five years we had laboured together. Tears rolled copiously down his aged cheeks. "The Lord's ways," he said, "are mysterious. The mother" (Mrs. Leupolt) "the Lord has sent to England, the daughter he has taken to Himself, and now He calls you also away." And after a short pause he continued, "But the Lord remains with us! He will go with you." Few were the words, but our hearts felt them deeply.

Outside the village near our burial-ground we parted. As I passed the place, I glanced across the cemetery wall at the graves of several of my beloved ones; among them there was the resting-place of our first-born, our beloved Jane Martha, whose course was so early finished.

There her body rests, and will rest until the great and glorious morn when the voice of the Son of God will penetrate the graves and call those that sleep in Him to arise in glory. But only her body sleeps ; her spirit is no doubt active, like that of Moses and Elias. Meanwhile, however, those loving lips, which so often whispered comfort to the sorrowing sister and consolation to the aching heart, are closed ; those white hands, which were ever ready to dry the flowing tear of the mourner, are active no longer ; and that cheerful countenance, always beaming with love and kindness, smiles no longer ; but she is still beloved by our Christians, and her memory is sacred to them. Our people have their own ideas why it pleased the Lord to call her away, and Jane Martha has been, I heard a woman say, called to heaven to establish a school for our Sigr little ones, for they cannot love the Lord without being told of His love, and who is better qualified to speak to them of the Saviour's love than Jane Martha ? She is gone to heaven to meet us on our arrival at its gate.

The sun was setting as we drove off. We travelled throughout the night, and reached our destination, Allahabad, early on Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs., now Sir W. and Lady M., gave us a hearty welcome. These good and kind friends had taken charge of our shepherdless flock at that station. They have done much for the Christians. I visited these from house to house, and on the 2nd September we set out for Futtehpoore and spent the evening with the Rev. J. Gopinath and his delightful family. From them we went the next day in my own conveyance to Cawnpore. Everywhere we saw the footprints of the enemy, but the enemy themselves had disappeared.

At Cawnpore we spent a couple of days with our friend, Captain B. I visited the entrenchment of General Wheeler, and wondered how he could choose a spot which was commanded by fine barracks without his being able to return a shot, whilst the strong, massively built magazine, commanding the river, was left to the enemy. I went also to the river-side, where so many of our brave men, and ladies and gentlemen, were destroyed.

From thence Mohan and myself went to the assembly rooms. The house was gone, but the well, into which the poor victims were thrown after they had been barbarously murdered, was there, but covered in.

As we stood before the well, the whole Mutiny passed before our minds' eyes : we felt sad, sad indeed, silently wondering at the mysterious dealings of the Lord. Near the well some pious sergeant had erected a tombstone. We looked at it ; the inscription was evidently made with his own hands, and contained the following prayer :—" Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them : wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God ? " (Joel ii. 17.) We both read the inscription and earnestly repeated the prayer aloud, " Spare thy people, O Lord, spare them ! " yea, Thou hast spared them.

Close by another stone was erected, evidently by the same person and engraven by the same hand, which contained the following inscription :—" Fear not, O land ; be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things " (Joel ii. 21). As we read the words, we both exclaimed, " He will ! He will ! " and I said to

Mohan, "These two verses shall be our watchword on our way, the prayer and the promise, for the Lord will yet do great things."

On our return to our kind friend and host, he placed a hundred rupees into my hands as an earnest of help for our Mission at Lucknow, from Him who says "the silver is mine, and the gold is mine." The day after, we set out for our final destination.

On crossing the Ganges at Cawnpore, and entering on the soil of Oude, we followed the example of Columbus on landing in America, and our good Bishop Wilson on entering the Punjab; we took solemn possession, not of America, nor of the Punjab, but of Oude, in the name of the Lord of Hosts, not for Queen Victoria and her Government, for theirs it already was, but for the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. Our earnest prayer was: "Let this great country, O Lord, soon be Thine own; let its inhabitants soon acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

We then wended slowly on our way, wondering how it was possible that Havelock with his few men could have gone on and reached Lucknow. Every village on the road was loopholed, and had to be taken, and the march taking place in the rains, his poor brave soldiers must have frequently had to sleep on the wet ground. The Lord was with him; I know of no other explanation.

In the course of the day, as we stopped to refresh ourselves and our horse, a native official came begging of me not to stop long, as there were ten thousand rebels near the place, only five miles off. I thanked the man for his information, but told him not to trouble himself as we did not care for the rebels, and

that as soon as we had refreshed ourselves and rested our horse, we should be off.

Nearing Lucknow, we could see signs of the severe struggle that had gone on; but on approaching the city we wondered how it had been possible for our brave soldiers to have crossed the ditch which surrounded three sides of Lucknow. It was, I should say, some 20 feet wide, and 18 or 20 deep, the sides being perpendicular; yet they did cross it in spite of the enemy; but Havelock was wise to go round the city, and not through the city to the Kaiserbagh, for had he attempted the march through the city, it would have been doubtful whether he would ever have reached the place. We, however, drove through the city.

For about half a mile round the Residency, where our people were besieged, all the buildings had been demolished, and the eye saw nothing but ruins.

We reached the Chief Commissioner's residence about four o'clock, and were kindly and hospitably received by Mr., now Sir, R. Montgomery.

The morning after our arrival I stated the object for which I had come, and with which he was already acquainted.

The first thing was to find a good mission-house, or a site for one, on a dry and healthy spot, suitable as to situation for our work.

There were plenty of houses at my disposal, as the Government had confiscated all the houses belonging to those of the rebels who had taken part in the Mutiny, and had either been killed or had disappeared.

Dr. Butler, of the American Episcopal Missionary Society, had preceded me by three days, and had

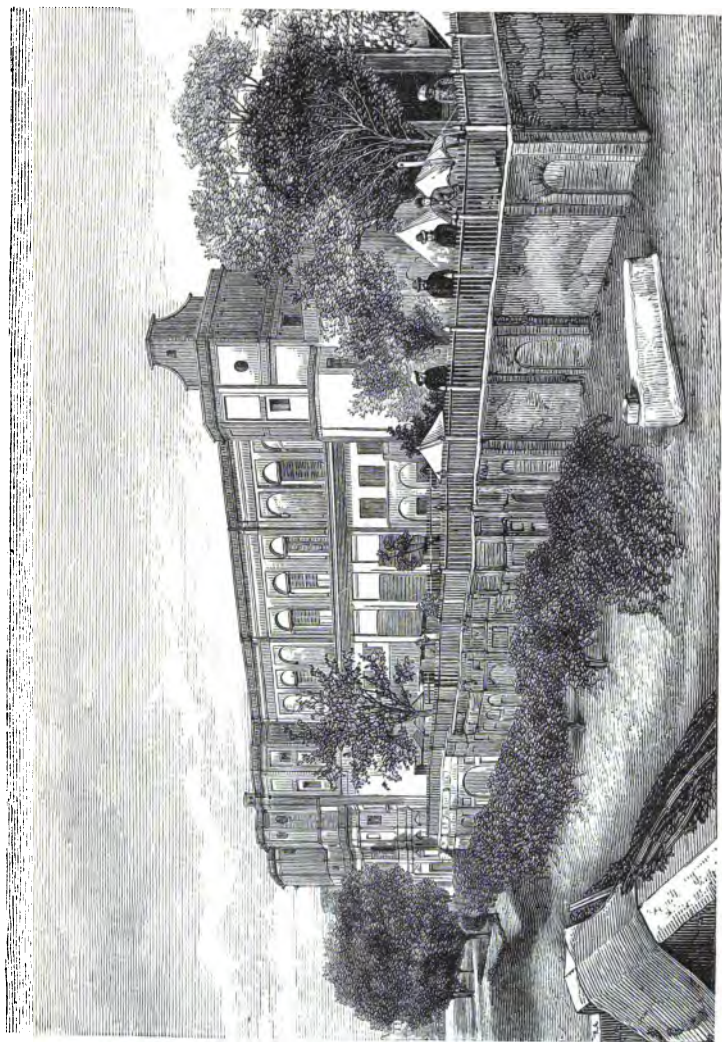


already accomplished his end by fixing upon a house in a part of the city near the river Goomti, for which, however, I did not envy him after I had seen it.

At his request the Chief Commissioner had divided the city into two divisions, Dr. Butler claiming for his mission one-half of the city, and leaving the other half to us. Whether the line of demarkation was ever transgressed by us, I cannot say ; some of the American missionaries, I latterly saw, had taken up their residence close to our mission-house.

I spent upwards of a fortnight before I could fully make up my mind as to a house ; for the mission-house required to be in a healthy locality, to be well built, and large enough for two or three families. At last Mohan and myself fixed upon two houses joined by a verandah. They were not exactly what we wished for, but the best we could find.

The day after I met Colonel Crombie, the chief engineer ; he asked whether I had met with a suitable house. I explained. He replied that he had also looked for one, and could now offer it, as the European quartered there had left. The house was called the Zuhur Bakhsh, and had belonged to a rebel of the royal family who had disappeared. We went to see it. It is a palace, aloof from every other building. Its length is five hundred feet. We did not go into the house lest we might lose ourselves in it, but went on the roof to survey this noble building from above. Colonel Crombie asked me what I thought of the house, adding, if I thought it too small, I might take a slice off a building across the road. I asked whether he was in earnest as to my getting the Zuhur Bakhsh. He replied, " Yes, and by



THE ZAHUR BAKHSH, CHURCH MISSION-HOUSE, LUCKNOW.



applying to the chief Commissioner and the General you will obtain it."

The next day I carefully examined the Palace, found the walls and timbers sound, and on applying to the authorities, the building was made over to the C.M.S. for their use so long as they required the building. The C.M.S. have the building still, but after I had left one of the missionaries applied to the Supreme Government to have the house made over to the Society. It was done on a lease of eleven years at a nominal rent. The lease has since been renewed. Had the missionary been satisfied with the original deeds, the trouble of renewing the lease every eleven years would have been saved. But it is well as it is.

On the arrival of Messrs. Menge and Storrs with their families I took my quarters on the roof. My rooms consisted of a drawing-room, 30 feet by 18; a dining-room of the same size; two bed-rooms, 24 by 18; two bath-rooms, 18 by 14; and a dozen smaller rooms. You will think they required furniture; so they did, and we had it. Mohan and myself had a table between us, two chairs, and each had a native cot. The furniture cost no less than six shillings, and on leaving Lucknow we had the magnanimity of leaving our furniture to our friends.

We took possession of the mission-house, and thus the first point was gained.

The second point was to commence preaching. Captain H. asked me several times, when we would commence our preaching, for he wished to hear us. I told him, we intended to do so at once, and he accompanied us to the city. He certainly belonged to the

Church militant; for he was armed with sword and revolvers, and was ready for action.

We went to a place we had previously fixed upon. To preach the Gospel at Lucknow was a novelty, and the crowd was immense, calm, quiet; the windows, too, in the surrounding houses were filled. Captain H. took a place on an elevated spot opposite to us, watching the people and listening to our preaching. He soon disappeared. He had come, I was afterwards told, for our protection. From that time we went twice a day, morning and evening, and I have had nowhere larger crowds to speak to and more attentive hearers than in Lucknow. We had glorious preaching.

Thus the second point was also gained. The next was the formation of a C.M. Association. Our friends at Lucknow were all willing to help; a letter from the Court of Directors forbidding Government servants to have anything to do with missionary and Bible societies helped us greatly on. An Association was formed, Rs. 5000 (£500) were subscribed in a short time, and with this the end for which I came to Lucknow was accomplished. That evening Mohan and myself acknowledged that it was the Lord who had given us the house without our doing anything towards it; that it was the Lord who had made the people in the city willing to hear; and that it was the Lord who had inclined the hearts of our friends to aid in the great work of evangelizing Oude; and we praised the Lord for His goodness towards us with heart and soul.

As the building was entirely in native style, we undertook at once to effect the necessary alterations.

Doors were made and put in, some of the little rooms broken down to give more air, partitions put up, some of the rooms being sixty feet long, and three of them running parallel.

We required hinges; I received some from the Government, or rather city, store-rooms, and some I had cast. During the war the owner of the Zuhur Bakhsh was very much alarmed at the loud report which Captain Peel's eighty-pounder of the Naval Brigade made, and I was told he wished much to produce a sound equally formidable by his six-pounder, a beautiful brass gun. The people advised him to fill it with powder, ram balls and mud into its muzzle, and that would answer the purpose. It was done, the gun was fired off, the crash was terrible, but alas! the gun had burst, and I found this beautiful six-pounder on the roof, split, and had it converted into hinges for the various doors.

Two apartments were soon put into a state to be inhabitable, and Mr. and Mrs. Menge and Mr. and Mrs. Storrs on their arrival took possession of them. We carried on our preaching in the city together. The work was glorious; the people usually stood and listened as far as they could hear us. Rajas in carriages, Nawabs on horseback came, and the deepest attention was shown by the whole crowd of people.

Meanwhile schoolrooms were prepared, a large room appropriated for a church, and the scattered native Christians were collected into a congregation, Mr. P.'s little flock joining us. Our work prospered, for the Lord was with us.

On my first arrival there was no chaplain in the civil station, and I shall never forget my first English

service and Holy Communion in Lucknow. All the Europeans were armed, the civilians with revolvers, the officers with swords and revolvers, and the men with bayonets fixed. As one party of the men came to the Communion-table, their muskets were guarded by their comrades, and the others came in a similar way. On seeing all this a feeling of sadness stole over me, and yet I felt joyful in my heart, for the Lord was with us.

*Progress of the Mission.*

Towards the end of December 1858, I left Lucknow again for Benares, and my direct connexion with that mission ceased. The missionaries then in charge of the mission were the Rev. Messrs. Menge and Storrs, and they carried on the work with energy and success.

Bazaar-preaching was continued, and the number of hearers did not decrease. The native congregation was well cared for, and gradually increased.

When those two missionaries left the station, others took their places. I visited Lucknow from time to time, and was delighted with its progress.

In Mr. F——'s time, zenana work was heartily taken up, and it is still continued.

In 1870 the number of the congregation was two hundred and twenty-seven souls, and fifty-two communicants. A new schoolhouse for the central school was erected by Mr. W——, and the number of boys was nearly five hundred. Thus the Lord's blessing continued to rest on the work.

*Present State.*

On Messrs. F—— and W—— leaving Lucknow,

Messrs. D—— and E—— took up the work. The preaching in the bazaar was continued as heretofore.

The schools are well attended, the boys' school numbering five hundred and thirty-nine scholars, and the girls' school, including seventy-eight zenana girls, one hundred and fifty-three. A new branch has been added, a Sunday school containing two hundred and ninety-four heathen and Christian boys.

The attendance at the weekly English service is one hundred and ten on an average, and the number of native communicants has increased to ninety-six.

The difficulties of the work here are the same as all over the N.W. Provinces; the complaints are the same, but the Lord God and His blessings are also the same.

A site for a mission church in memory of Sir H. Lawrence, who seems to have first requested the C.M.S. to send missionaries to Lucknow, has been obtained, and Rs. 8543 have already been subscribed, but more is wanted, and we may rest assured that He who says "the silver is mine and the gold is mine," will order His numerous treasurers to supply the needful.

Among the number of visits which I paid to various persons, was one I paid to the maulvi who saved Mrs. O——, and with her another lady and a little girl.

During the Mutiny there were a number of ladies and gentlemen in a fort with a native raja, not far from Lucknow. They were promised good treatment, and to be sent to Allahabad if they laid down their arms and gave themselves up. They did so. No sooner, however, were they dispossessed of their weapons than they were seized, the gentlemen and some of the ladies shot, but three of them, Mrs. O——, a lady, and a child, were claimed by a maulvi as his right, and he



being a great man was allowed to take these three away and to shoot them in his own house. He carried them off to his house, and arriving there placed them in a Tahkhana, or room underground, of which no one knew anything but himself. He told the ladies to remain quiet, never to speak aloud, and never to come out of the room. There they were. The maulvi brought them daily some food. Meanwhile the rebels wanted to know what he had done with the ladies. He was charged with keeping them in his zenana, and they threatened to kill him if he did not disclose where they were.

The danger of the ladies was great. Should the rebels find them, they could judge by their yells what their fate would be. Should they kill the maulvi, they must starve to death, as no one knew, not even the maulvi's servants, that they were concealed in the Tahkhana. They lived therefore in constant fear, either of being murdered, or of being starved to death.

At that time the little girl became unwell. The ladies asked the maulvi to procure them some medicine, and mentioned what they required. He went to the dispensary and obtained the medicine from the native doctor, wrapped up in a piece of paper. The medicine was administered with good effect; and on looking at the piece of paper, Mrs. O—— exclaimed, "Look here; a leaf from a Bible!" They read the passage it contained; it was from the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah, from the twelfth verse. "I am He that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of man that shall die, and the son of man, which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched out the heavens and laid the foundations of

the earth; and hast feared continually every day, because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy, and where is the fury of the oppressor?

"The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail."

They read this passage: peace, comfort, and confidence filled their hearts, and they were sure of their deliverance. The Lord was true to His promise. Lucknow was taken, the captive exiles delivered to the English, £10,000 was given to the maulvi, collected from the city of Lucknow, and the part of the leaf of the Bible containing those comforting words is, I was told, preserved in a costly frame. I never saw the leaf, but I was assured that it is kept as a relic of their deliverance—and well it might be.

I had a long conversation with the maulvi. He spoke a great deal of the jeopardy in which he had placed his life in saving those of the ladies, and seemed scarcely satisfied with his large reward; it ought, he said, to have been accompanied by a landed estate. I allowed him to have his say, and then put the question to him, "Do you think, Maulvi Sahib, any nation would have rewarded you as the English have done?" He was silent.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE MUTINY.*

IN speaking about the Mutiny of 1857, I have nothing to say about the engagements, though I may allude to them now and then, for the war arising from the great sepoy Mutiny is well known by the various books on it, though I cannot say that I have read any of them ; what I therefore write consists entirely of my own views of the various events.

Up to the end of 1856 we were in perfect security in India. Had anyone told me that the Hindu sepoys would join in a mutiny, I should not have believed it. After the outbreak there were some in India who asserted they were previously in possession of information foretelling it ; if they were, they kept the secret completely to themselves. There was one man, Sir Henry Lawrence, who foresaw what was coming, as I shall presently show ; and Colonel Wheeler was told of the intended Mutiny by his own men, but no one believed them.

That there was a good deal of dissatisfaction among the people we missionaries were aware. When conversing, shortly before the outbreak, with a Commissioner on this subject, he replied, " You missionaries ought to be better acquainted with the people than

you are; but you are not as acquainted with them as you ought to be. The people are perfectly satisfied with our rule." I replied, "Upon the whole they are, but please allow me to say, that you good Commissioners, Collectors, and magistrates are acquainted with one side of the people's views, which is, 'Yes, your honour, yours is the best government in the world, and you, sir, are the best man in the world;' we missionaries hear and know both sides of what the people think." After the outbreak the Commissioner remarked to me, "You were right and I was wrong." But notwithstanding the knowledge of this dissatisfaction, the thought of a mutiny did not occur to me; for the chief dissatisfaction seemed to me to be confined to the Mohammedans.

The Mohammedans had nothing to complain of, so far as the governing of them went. Their own language was used in the courts, and the greater number of officials in the courts were Mohammedans. The only classes who might have complained were the old Hindu aristocracy, the Thakurs, the old Zamindars or landholders, who were slowly, and by legal means, being ousted from their possessions, and the native Christians, who though they had been put by law on a level with their Hindu and Mohammedan fellow-subjects, were not yet thought by the Government eligible as soldiers, or to fill any good Government appointment;—yet those two classes seldom if ever complained.

The country was prosperous. It is true things had become dear, but that only affected those with fixed salaries, for wages had risen in proportion, and the merchant and the grain-dealer fixed their own prices.

The improvements that had been made in the

country were great. The people cultivated the land more extensively; we had steamers on the Ganges, and two sections of railway were finished,—that from Calcutta to Raniganj, 120 miles long, and that from Allahabad to Futtehpore, 70 miles in length.

The telegraph had just been completed, so that we were in communication with Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and the Punjab; and I repeat what I said before, that I believe no one foresaw any such thing as a mutiny, except Sir Henry Lawrence. He was then in the Residency at Lucknow, saw the temper of the people, and laid in a stock of provisions against a siege.

The officers, I was told, laughed at him and said amongst themselves, "Does the old man think we shall have to stand a siege? But never mind, John Company pays for all." The amount of provisions laid in was very large, for during the Mutiny, when the news reached us that the people in the Residency were starving, one of our native Christians said, "No such thing; I was present at the laying in of stores, and if ten times the number of people were there, they would have food for a year and more. Moreover, there was no end of salt beef and salt pork packed in copper barrels, and stored deep under ground." But the man was mistaken. As I was astonished on hearing of salt beef and pork being packed in copper barrels, I asked for an explanation about it when I was in Lucknow, and I was told that the barrels had contained gunpowder. Thus Sir Henry Lawrence was, under God, one of the chief saviours of India. Had the small garrison in the Residency been starved out, the hordes of Oude would have been set at liberty to attack and take Allahabad and Benares, and thence

to proceed to Delhi, whereby they would have cut off the south from the north; and who can say what the consequences in that case might have been? The Lord saved us, but much praise is due to that servant of Christ for his foresight and activity. He fell at Lucknow a sacrifice to his duty and his country. I visited the room where the piece of shell struck him.

Since my return home, I have often been asked what I thought had occasioned the Mutiny. I will state some of the causes which I believe had much to do with it.

The movement was in my opinion decidedly a Mohammedan one. It is true the Mohammedans were justly ruled, but still they were the ruled, no longer the rulers. It was natural that they should wish to have back their empire; and this no doubt is still the wish of their hearts; and perhaps if we were in their place we should wish the same.

Their plans had been carefully laid as to time and proceeding. On careful reflection I do not think that the murdering of women and children fell within their scheme. Akbar Khan waged war with us in Afghanistan, and took a number of ladies prisoners, but did not harm them. The murdering of the women and children was, I believe, chiefly the work of ruffians in the various regiments, and among the people, and was for the sake of plunder.

To undertake the Mutiny the ringleaders clearly saw that they must have the soldiers, both the Mohammedans and Hindus, on their side. The Mohammedans might easily be gained over, but the Hindu sepoys would require far greater inducements to become traitors to their rulers; they would require to have

held up to them prizes which would outweigh every scruple they might have. The year 1857 seemed to the leaders the right time, and they availed themselves of the various occurrences that had taken place to further their project.

1. The annexation of the kingdom of Oude was disliked by the sepoys. We had the best soldiers of our army from Oude. These were considered great men by the people, and on returning home they were highly honoured, and this made them stand by the British Government. The annexation lowered their estimation, and they fell to the level of the other men in their regiments. The people of Oude feared none save the British Government, and the Oude sepoys then received, to their great annoyance, less honour in their own country and in their homes. This caused discontent among them.

2. When Oude had been annexed, the Government proceeded to ask the chief landholders for their title-deeds ; but numbers had none, or only title-deeds of their own making. " Might had been right," as has been the case in our own country, but the Government thought it their duty to take away from many of the chiefs part of their possessions and to give them to upstarts, I will not say flatterers, who, as far as I know, nearly all joined the rebels, whilst most of the old landholders, though deprived of part of their lands, behaved well ; and some against whom much was said, acted nobly in saving the lives of Europeans. Still, these proceedings caused discontent among the people.

3. The number of European troops was small, and that of the native army was large. I was told we had not much over 6000 European soldiers in all

the N.W. Provinces ; whereas we had about 120,000 native soldiers, thus twenty natives to one European.

The discipline in the native army was lax, whilst among the European soldiers it was severe. A little before the Mutiny, two regiments of natives and a regiment of Europeans passed Benares by water. When anchored off Rajghat they were all alike forbidden to leave their boats. Some European soldiers disobeyed the order and visited their friends in Secrole ; these were severely punished : numbers of native soldiers also disobeyed, but their disobedience was passed over. The power over the sepoys had been mostly taken away from the officers, and it was but human nature that Tommy Sepoy should think himself master of the land. Add to this

4. That the sepoys used to be placed in charge of all, or nearly all, the treasuries and magazines throughout the N.W. Provinces. They were the guardians of both and were trusted. Thus whilst the paucity of the European troops showed the feasibility of a successful mutiny, the money of the treasuries was held out as a bait to the soldiers, if they would but overturn the Government.

5. We must also not overlook the prophecy current amongst the Mohammedans, and believed by them, that the British power in India would only last for a century ; that is, from 1757 to 1857, and that period expired in June 1857. The chief mutineers were therefore sure of success.

But still I do not think that either the annexation of Oude or the paucity of European troops, that either the prospect of being able to loot the money in the treasuries, if the Government were overturned, or the



prophecy that the end of the English reign in India had come, could have induced the Hindu sepoy to join the Mutiny, if the enemy had not been able to raise a cry about caste. Caste, with such a class of people as the sepoy, outweighs every consideration; for caste, darling caste, they would be willing to lay down their lives; hence caste was the cry, and that cry succeeded. Whether the cry was a true or false one, whether it was a genuine one or a make-believe, did not matter, if only the sepoy could thereby be roused and incited to mutiny. The ill-fated cartridges from Sebastopol were brought to India as ammunition for rifles. It was given out that they were greased with pigs' fat, purposely with the view of destroying the righteousness of the Mohammedans; and with oxen fat for destroying the caste of the Hindus, and with the further intention of thereby making Christians of the Hindus and Mohammedans. Had the Government allowed the missionaries to go among the sepoy and preach to them the Gospel, instead of strictly forbidding them, the sepoy would have known that the use of cartridges would not make men Christians, inasmuch as the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Sensational meetings were held, the cry told, and the army mutinied.

I need not say anything on the erroneous opinion which was at first current, namely, that the Mutiny was caused through the missionaries teaching the truth of God. Missionaries, as such, had nothing to fear from the mutineers. Some were murdered along with other Europeans, but none were singled out; on the contrary, when at Jaunpore a lay missionary and a

captain were walking together in a verandah, a sepoy came up and deliberately shot the captain, but left the missionary unharmed. At the same time I have no doubt but that the grand aim of the Mohammedans was, not only to annihilate the British power in India, but also to extirpate Christianity ; for Mohammedanism can cope with heathen religions, because of the many truths it contains, but it cannot stand before Christianity : as little as the Crescent, *i.e.* the moon, can stand before the sun.

Shortly before the outbreak we had some curious secret communications or signallings. Chapaties, *i.e.* cakes of barley, were sent from village to village ; such missives are always signs that something great is about to happen, but none of us understood their import.

In April 1857 Mrs. Leupolt and children went to England ; I accompanied them as far as Calcutta. On my way back I called in at Barrackpore to pay a visit to my old friend Colonel Wheeler. He told me the news that had been communicated to him by some men of his regiment, viz., that a mutiny would break out, that the sepoy intended to seize upon Calcutta and Fort William, and to murder all the Europeans. A European sergeant, it was said, had been murdered that very night as a beginning, and as a signal to the army at large to break out into mutiny. He had communicated the news, he went on to say, to the General, but the whole was disbelieved. As he spoke to me my opinion coincided with that of the General, and I thought to myself it was time the Colonel resigned his command, if he credited such improbable stories. He was deprived of his command, and a court-martial was to have sat upon him, but the fatal

10th of May put a stop to it. Colonel Wheeler had been rightly informed and stood justified.

On my way back to Benares I met an old Mohammedan. He spoke to me angrily and said, "Is this the way to use our people, to make horses of them?" They were drawing my conveyance. I replied, "Ask the men whether they are pulling my gári voluntarily, or by compulsion, seeing they earn two days' wages in two hours; moreover these very men whom you see are taking me on a second stage, having petitioned me to allow them to do so." The coolies confirmed what I said; but the Mohammedan replied, "Wait but two months longer, and there will be an end of English oppression," and walked away. A schoolboy of Jay Narayan's gave also some mysterious hints, but they were left unheeded, and we all slept securely on an awful mine.

It was on Sunday, the 14th of May, soon after the morning service, that Mr. Tucker, our Commissioner, came to my house rather pale and excited, and told me that on the 10th a mutiny had broken out at Meerut; that Colonel Finnis, our old acquaintance, had been the first that was shot; that many officers, ladies, and gentlemen had been murdered after him; further, that the mutineers had gone to Delhi, and there had murdered all the Europeans and taken the city. "Our regiment," he added, "intends to murder us all, and go off with the treasure. We have only thirty-five European artillerymen, with two guns, but they have no ammunition." The Mutiny, it had been agreed, was to break out that evening. He advised us to show no fear, but to go as usual to church, only to go fully armed. He then left me.

A month before, when my poor wife was very ill and had to go home, and when I saw the wives of others in health and strength, some hard thoughts presented themselves to my mind, but the thought "The Lord doeth all things well," chased them away, and now my first act was to thank God for having sent my wife and four children home; I was thus alone with my eldest daughter, and a free agent. The Lord had indeed done all things well.

As soon as Mr. Tucker had left, I called the missionaries together and communicated to them the terrible news. The Mutiny at Benares, however, did not break out that evening; they waited for the regiment that was to have joined them from Azimghur. That regiment did mutiny, and took all the treasure, but instead of coming to Benares it went to Lucknow.

We laid our plans. It was agreed that if the Mutiny should break out, the missionaries with their families should cross the Ganges to Ramnagar, and go by the other side of the river to the Chunar fort.

Meanwhile I made the facts known to our Christians, and called for volunteers. Sixty were at once ready to take up arms and fight; even the orphans wished to show the mutineers that they were Christians. I may as well remark here that our native Christians in general would think it a disgrace to be beaten either by Hindus or Mohammedans—except at law, where frequently cunning and knavery beat honest bravery.

The day after, I went to Mr. G—— and obtained muskets for our people along with some rounds of cartridges for each. Our people were at once drilled, an old sepoy helping us greatly.

A few days after, Samuel Pundit came to me telling me that a Mohammedan had hoisted the green flag, and was proclaiming a jihad or religious war in the city. Now with fifty or sixty thousand Mohammedans at Benares this was a serious affair. I at once gave notice to Mr. G——, who sent one of his confidential men to see what could be done. The Mohammedan was induced to get into a palanquin carriage to join a rendezvous of disaffected men, but instead of the rendezvous he was brought to the lines, and getting out of the carriage he found himself, to his astonishment, surrounded by soldiers. He was asked what his intentions were. He looked around him in a great rage, uttered a fearful imprecation on him who had deceived him, and said; "To kill every one of you fellows." In half an hour after he was hanged.

Station after station began to fall. The news from Delhi was sad and horrid. Some of our friends there were among the murdered.

On the 4th of June we sat down to dinner at half-past four. We had nearly finished when we heard the booming of heavy guns and the cracking of rifles. My daughter rose, asking, "What does this firing mean?" "Let us go to the church tower and see," I quietly replied; "let me finish my glass of beer, and I will go with you." On mounting the tower we saw the barracks in flames, and thereby knew that the Mutiny had commenced. On looking towards the road to Secrole I saw a horseman coming at full speed, with a large letter in his hand. I guessed that the letter was for me, and ran down. Mr. Tucker had sent us word to save ourselves by going across the river to Chunar. If we had wished to go to the rendezvous

of our friends in Secrole, we should have had to cross the battlefield, the plan therefore of going by the other side of the river was adopted.

The missionaries with their wives set off at once, and my daughter went along with them. When they had left I put all our people under arms, and set them at their respective posts. This was done almost in no time.

When the missionaries with their wives and children had left, two young civilians, Mr. Pomroy and Mr. Alfred Elliott, came to Sigra, and would not leave me alone, but insisted on sharing all dangers with me.

After the fight had been going on for an hour I allowed a lad, swift of foot, to go and see how matters stood. He came back, saying, "The English have scattered the sepoys to the four winds; the wounded and dead lie all about." Mr. Elliott, too, went to see, and a spent ball which struck him on the breast showed him that the firing was not an empty show.

At ten o'clock at night I was sent for. I supposed it was to ensure my safety, but on reaching the parade-ground we were told it was to help in case the irregulars should attack us.

On the parade-ground I learnt the particulars of the fight.

Colonel Neile had arrived on that day, the 4th, at two o'clock. Finding that we had but 200 Europeans in all, his own 80 men included, whereas there were 1100 native troops, he resolved upon disarming them at once. Colonel Gordon had meanwhile possessed himself of the magazine, and Mr. G———of the treasury.

From 80 to 100 Europeans were left for the protection of those in the rendezvous.

The European troops were drawn up. Colonel A., "the Fire-eater," had loaded his guns to the muzzle with grape, and had placed them in position. On the word of command, "Pile arms," the sepoys turned upon the Europeans and fired upon them, and Colonel A. at once poured two charges of grape into the regiment. The sepoys fled to their barracks, but two of Neile's men went through a shower of bullets, and set fire to the thatched roof of their barracks. In a few moments the whole barrack was in a flame, the sepoys were seized with a panic, and fled in every direction. Some came to Sibra, but seeing the bayonets of our men tower above the compound wall, they were terrified; some threw away their jackets in order not to be recognised and fled; my old *sais*, or groom, possessed himself of two, and on grand occasions sported them to show that he had been in the war, and latterly he wore them daily.

In the morning Messrs. Pomroy, Elliott, and I went to Sibra, but we had our dinner brought to the station. At sunset I buried three men. As I stood near the graves the Roman Catholic clergyman came, saying, "Stop, one of the men is mine; he is a Catholic, which is it?" I replied, "Find it out." He took the first coffin, and read his burial service in Latin; when he had finished I read our service, and the coffins were lowered into the graves. The service over, I asked the priest, "Why did you read your service in Latin?" His reply was, "I must."

The Sunday after we had divine service in the open air, under trees. There was still fear of an attack from the irregulars, but they never came. I preached from Lam. iii. 22. "It is of the Lord's

mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not."

All the Europeans of Benares were in the old Mint, a large place belonging to the raja of Benares, and the rendezvous agreed upon. I visited them daily; Mr. Pomroy and I paid also a visit to our friends at Ramnagar just before they left for Chunar. On the day of the fight, when they arrived at Ramnagar, they all felt very faint, as it was in the height of the hot weather. Mrs. S. sent to her house for a case of six dozen of beer. The coolies seeing several cases there, evidently took the lightest. It was brought, to the joy of the party, but alas! on its being opened it contained empty bottles. Fortunately I had sent them three dozen, not empty bottles, but of beer, whereby they were supplied with that which they much needed. The Friday after I saw them at Chunar; they were in the fort. I also visited Solomon and several of our congregation at that station.

At Chunar I met a young civilian, a Mr. Moore. On parting he said to me, "O Mr. Leupolt! I shall be murdered; I shall be murdered, I know it." I replied, "Why should you be afraid? You have to go this evening ten miles through quiet villages, I have to go eighteen through Sultanpore, where the irregulars were formerly stationed, and where there may be some still." We parted, he went to Mirzapore, and my daughter and I and Mr. and Mrs. Platts returned to Benares. On the way we met with no accident. A large block of wood which the ruffians had placed across the road was quietly removed, and we reached home in safety.

On Sunday morning, on arriving at the station for



divine service (we had no chaplain), the first news that reached us was that young Moore and two indigo-planters had been murdered the evening before.

The news that reached us daily was fearful. Station after station fell, and the report usually was, "All the Europeans have been murdered."

When the news arrived that Cawnpore had fallen, and all the troops had been murdered, we could scarcely believe it; but on my return from Gharwah, an out-station of ours, in crossing the Ganges, the boatmen told me that a large number of corpses of European men and women had floated by; but I will not enter on these harrowing events.

Messrs. Pomroy and Elliott never left me so long as there was any danger. I must say, though, that the dining-room of my bungalow for some time looked more like a guard-room than the house of a peaceful missionary. It had muskets piled in each corner, and the table was kept strewn with revolvers and pistols.

But with such a Mutiny of the whole army, or nearly so, of the N.W. Provinces, how was India saved? My answer is simply, "By the Lord; He saved us. The means He made use of were various."

The telegraph had been just completed, and therefore when the Mutiny broke out the news was flashed at once to Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and from Madras to the Straits. When the mutineers entered Delhi, they immediately made an attack upon the telegraph office. The clerks, however, were not present. Whilst the murderers were carrying on their work, a lad, some 14 or 15 years old, I was told, entered the telegraph office, and telegraphed to Lahore:—"Mutiny broken out: all Europeans murdered, and I, I"—

the rest was not told, for at that moment he must have been cut down. From the Punjab they telegraphed back, but no reply was given. This saved the Punjab. The regiments ready to mutiny were cut down. The Punjabis were on our side, and loyal and firm.

At the very time there were troops on their way out to China; they had reached the Straits, and were from thence called by telegraph to India. The troops that had been engaged in the Persian war had just returned to Bombay, and were ready for service. Madras and the South being quiet, troops could be sent up from thence, and the Punjabis were eager to pay off the sepoys for their defeat in the Punjab war. Thus they were animated by revenge as well as by loyalty. At the beginning of our fight at Benares we had three hundred Sikhs; these became mixed up with the sepoys, and went off with them.

The calculation of the enemy that it would require several months before help could arrive from England was at fault, and it appeared to them as though our troops sprang out of the ground, or fell down from heaven.

Troops alone, however, could not have done it, and as England's mission to India was not yet fulfilled, more time had to be given, and therefore the Lord raised up saviours for us, as he had for others in ancient times. India was saved under God by His people.

In the Punjab we had Lawrence, Montgomery, MacLeod, and Sir Herbert Edwards. Men of God and qualified for their work.

In Lucknow God had given the necessary foresight to Sir Henry Lawrence. General Havelock was the right man to cope with an almost impossible task.

Then the heroes of Delhi and of Lucknow — their achievements will continue to resound their praises. In fact, the land was full of heroes raised up by the Lord for the emergency.

At Benares, too, we had a number of excellent men, of whom I might say a great deal; they were up to the mark, and the Lord was with us. The city with its hosts of ruffians and with a population of some 300,000 inhabitants remained quiet, and we had nothing to fear from them.

Among the chief actors at Benares I must specially mention one, Colonel Neile, afterwards General Neile. Previous to his arrival we heard the following anecdote of him.

When the Mutiny was telegraphed to Madras, he was sent for and asked how soon his regiment could be got ready. He replied in three hours; but the steamer which was to convey the troops to Calcutta took a longer time to prepare.

On arriving in Calcutta, breakfast was prepared for him and his officers at Government House, but he declined going there, and went straight off to the railway station, sending some of his men to the bazaar to buy food. He had altogether eighty men with him. On coming to the railway he asked the station-master to delay starting the train till those of his men arrived whom he had sent for provisions; but the station-master refused, and said he should start the train at ten o'clock according to orders, that those who were ready might start, the rest would have to remain till next day. Colonel Neile replied that this would not answer his purpose; it was a matter of life and death, and he must be off with all his men that day, adding, "if you must

start the train at ten, do so, and give me another." The reply was, "There is no engine for another train." "If so," Neile rejoined, "then I must beg you to wait till my men arrive." The station-master would not; then Neile, adopting a different tone and voice, said, "Then I will make you wait," and ordering four men up he said to the station-master, "You go into this room, sir," and turning to his men said, "If this man comes out, shoot him dead." The man at the engine was ordered down, ordered into a room with similar orders to another four of his men. Meanwhile his men arrived; they were seated in the various carriages, and when all had taken their seats, then the station-master and engine-driver were released and politely requested to start. As there was no other train waiting at the end of their journey, a delay of half an hour was of no consequence; but the station-master told Colonel Neile he would inform the Government of what had transpired.

When we heard this story we were delighted, and remarked that he was the right sort of man for the times.

Whilst at Benares I met him one day, and he went for about ten minutes with me in the middle of the day in search of a sick man. When I observed this trait in his character, I no longer wondered why his men loved him so much.

From Benares he went to Allahabad with very few men through the midst of hordes of rebels. On reaching Allahabad it was of great importance to be master of the fort, but how was this to be done? To turn out the Sikhs by force was impossible, for they were 300 strong. Fortunately for him, a Sikh had been murdered the day before. Neile asked the officer com-

manding the Sikhs, "Are you a soldier and allow your men to be murdered by rebels without avenging the murder?" The officer replied, "We have no permission to leave the fort." "I give it you," Neile replied; "take your men, attack the rebels; I will help you, and my men shall support you." The men gave a shout, went out and defeated the enemy. As a reward for their bravery they were permitted to encamp outside the fort, and to be always in the fore-front of every battle; and they fulfilled their trust nobly. The fort was safe. Neile and Havelock with their men and the Sikhs marched on, went to Cawnpore, and amidst enormous difficulties reached Lucknow.

The prayers offered up for them were many, and they were heard, not according to our wish, but according to our good Lord's infinite wisdom. We prayed earnestly that Lucknow might remain safe, and it remained safe. Lucknow and Cawnpore are two monuments in the Mutiny. At Cawnpore the Lord showed us, that if the Lord did not fight for us, all our bravery and valour could be of no avail. Cawnpore fell before one-fourth of the number of rebels that attacked the Residency of Lucknow, and our brave men perished. At Lucknow the Lord showed the world that if He were with us a handful of brave men could resist tens of thousands of mutineers and be safe.

One day, when speaking at Lucknow to a Mohammedan faqir or devotee about the fact that a handful of Europeans could resist the thousands of sepoys and rebels, he replied, "There were indeed some 170,000 rebels and ruffians against them, but the Lord was not with them. The mutineers imbrued their hands in the blood of women and children and unarmed men, and

God cannot and will never be with murderers. He was with you, hence you prevailed. Moreover, our officers go differently to work from what yours do. Yours lead their men, ours wish to push their men on whilst they themselves stay behind. Those faqirs who had the courage to lead their men on, were singled out by your troops and killed, and their troops feared to go on. They blew up part of the compound wall, and fifteen men abreast might have entered in, and our host might have eaten up the Europeans, but God was against us and you conquered."

We prayed very earnestly for the fall of Delhi. I, with our people, had made it a point to pray specially for it, but our prayers were not answered till troops from Europe had arrived and had spread all over the country towards Delhi. Delhi then fell; 40,000 sepoy escaped, but wherever they went they fell into the hands of Europeans. Had the Lord answered our prayers earlier, had Delhi fallen a month before, these 40,000 men would have gone to Lucknow, and Lucknow must have surrendered, and who can say what the consequences might have been?

It is my belief that the sepoy in general regretted that the Mutiny had taken place. Those with whom I conversed on this subject all expressed their regret. They were drawn in, they said, how, they could not tell. At Cawnpore, when the order was given by the Nana to murder the women and children in the assembly room, the sepoy, I was told, threw down their muskets and said, "Shoot us if you like, but we will not be butchers;" and butchers with some irregulars had to be employed to commit the black deed.

But how did the native Christians behave during that awful time ?

Before the outbreak of the Mutiny I received a letter from a great mission friend, saying that he believed if a persecution broke out, half the native Christians, if not more, would return to heathenism or become Mohammedans. I replied I could believe that some would apostatize, but that the majority would prove faithful. The ordeal came. Native Christians were as much in danger of being murdered as were the Europeans ; only a native Christian might always have saved himself by simply saying, " I will become a Mohammedan." But what was the fact ? Those who were put to the trial remained, with very few exceptions, firm and faithful to their God. We had our martyrs at Delhi, Futtehghur, Cawnpore, and other places. Some weak ones became strong in the hour of trial. Among these was one of our orphan lads. His name was Ishmael. He was seized, and brought before the maulvi at Allahabad, who, to the joy of many, was lately seized, tried, condemned and transported for some 15 or 18 years to the Andaman Islands. Well, when Ishmael stood before the maulvi he was asked, " What is your name ?" Answer, " Ishmael." " A good name. What are you ?" " A Christian," was the reply. " That will never do ; you must become a Mohammedan, or I shall have your head taken off." " That you can do," was the reply, " but I will not turn Mussulman." " Stop a little," the maulvi said, " look behind you !" Ishmael did so, and saw the executioner standing behind him. He turned towards the maulvi, and coolly said, stooping a little, " Here is my head, off with it ;" the maulvi was startled, and ordered Ishmael

to be placed in the ward with the other Christian prisoners.

When he arrived there he was asked whether he had made a promise to the maulvi; he replied, "No;" next, whether he would promise them not to run away, his answer was, "I promise;" he was therefore not put into the stocks, but was left at liberty to supply his fellow-prisoners with water and what else they required. There was a young gentleman among the prisoners whom the butchers had actually sliced; he was so thirsty that Ishmael almost got frightened at seeing him drink so large a quantity of water. As soon as he had refreshed himself he exhorted his fellow-prisoners to remain faithful.

The day for execution dawned. Unless the prisoners became Mussulmans they were to be killed that day. Two o'clock was the time fixed. Hour after hour passed slowly away. The jailers were cooking their food, and had nearly finished cooking their mid-day meal when Ishmael observed a stir among them. They left their food, clothes, vessels, swords, and everything behind, and ran with all their might towards one end of the garden. Ishmael wondered—but the mystery was soon cleared up. Some men of Neile's corps had come in search of mutineers—the Christians were saved and taken to the fort, where young Cheek died.

But the Christians were not only faithful to their God, they were also loyal to their Queen and Government; they made brave soldiers wherever they were employed. At the beginning the old prejudice was still entertained, Christians must not be employed. A number of native Christians from our mission and from other missions had enlisted in the police.



They were one day all discharged. At that time Lord Canning came to Benares. I was invited by Mr. Tucker to breakfast with him, and was introduced to Lord Canning as a missionary of the Church Missionary Society. Breakfast over, Lord Canning came to me and said, "Is it not sad, Mr. Leupolt, that so many of the native Christians have joined the mutineers?" I replied, "This is news to me, my Lord; what native Christians are they? Ours are loyal, so are those of the London Missionary Society; and as far as I know, all the Christians of the other missionary societies also." He called his secretary to explain, and he said, "It was not the Christians from mission stations, but the drummers and fifers of the various regiments that had gone over to the rebels." "Ah," Lord Canning said, "I see, I misunderstood what I heard; not the Christians from mission stations, but the drummers and fifers; I am glad to hear it." I again turned to Lord Canning and asked, "Of what regiments? I can point out to your lordship where the drummers and fifers of several regiments are to be found." The gentleman was again called upon to explain. His reply was of a regiment in Central India. To this I had nothing further to say. No wonder our poor people were dismissed: but I am happy to say they were soon all re-employed, and made much of. To their bravery I can bear witness, for I was present at the distribution of Rs. 1000, which the magistrate of Mirzapore gave to the police out of his own pocket for having scattered some 700 or 800 rebels. Some of our Christians were among the 300 men, jamadars in the corps, and received their share of the money.

As they were loyal to our gracious Queen and Government, so the native Christians were firm in time of danger. I remember the time when it looked very dark. The authorities at Benares prepared Rajghat for a fort. I received a letter from the Commissioner, Mr. Tucker, saying, "Tell your native Christians to take boats and to go to Chunar with their wives and children. The Government will pay for the boats and the relief committee will supply their wants till these calamities are over. Then let them return and re-inhabit their houses."

On receiving this letter I called some of the people and informed them of the contents of the Commissioner's letter. I advised them to accept the offer of the Government. They asked me what I was going to do? I replied, "You see I am alone; I think it my duty to stay and to see what the Lord will do." The congregation had a meeting, and in a short time two men came as their representatives, and told me; "We have had a meeting, and we are all willing to act up to your advice, but before you make another remark our wives wish you to grant them a favour, and that favour you are to grant unnamed." I replied to Thakur, the spokesman, "How can I do that? they might ask me for a lakh of rupees, how could I grant them?" Thakur replied, "Is it now a time to ask for money, to build houses or to buy vineyards? The favour they ask of you, you can grant." "Well," I said, "I know your wives would ask nothing of me, nor would any of you, which I could not grant; the favour therefore is granted." Then Thakur said, "The whole congregation request you to entreat them no more to leave you, nor to depart from following you. Where you are, we will be, where you die, we will die, where you are buried, we will be buried around you."

When we were in prosperity we endeavoured to glorify our Lord and Master by our life and conversation, and we are all ready, we, our wives and children, to glorify Jesus by our death, if such be His will." It was a solemn moment, and I am not ashamed to say that tears of joy stood in my eyes, and I replied, "Let us remain where we are:" and no enemy came near us.

On hearing of our resolution, the Commissioner asked me whether I would be inclined to take a number of our Christians and man the Chunar fort. I replied I considered it my duty to guard the property of the C.M.S., and to remain with our people. My resolution was approved of.

When the city people heard that we were going away they begged of us not to go, and said, "As long as you stay, the city will be safe; should you leave, it will be destroyed."

At that time a merchant from the city came and begged for a private interview with me. It was granted. He told me that one of the soldiers of the irregulars had been with him, and had stated that the irregulars at the station had determined on a certain day to murder as many Europeans as they could and then ride off; adding that as soon as the first European was shot, he would blow out his brains, for he could not survive such unfaithfulness; the sahibs had been kind masters to them. But the merchant begged of me not to divulge his name, or he would be a dead man. I replied, I did not just then remember his name, though I knew him by sight, and unless he told it me I could not divulge it.

I informed Mr. G—— of the whole, and he mentioned it to Colonel Gordon. The captain of the

troop became very angry. He knew, he said, that his men were all loyal, and moreover, they had not a single charge of powder in their possession. Search, nevertheless, was made, but nothing was found anywhere; but there was one room found locked, and there was no key to it. It was opened, and there were there two barrels of gunpowder, and, I was told, as many bullets as would have sufficed to kill every European in the whole district. As the irregulars did not know to whom this powder and the bullets belonged, Colonel Gordon had them removed to the magazine. The morning after, all the horsemen had disappeared.

Meeting their commander a few days after, I received my share of blame, for he told me that I had deprived him of his income, for he was now only on subsistence allowance. I replied, "It is better for you to lose a few rupees than your life." I met him several times within two months, but he had always the same tale to tell of the subsistence allowance, but the last time I met him, he called out, "All right! I am better off than I ever was."

Christians were trusted at that time, and Christianity was at a premium; but many good people were deceived. Scamps soon found out the advantage arising from pretending to be Christians, and made good use of it. Colonel R—— told me of two cases, where men calling themselves Christians had been employed, and fully trusted—but had decamped with money, watches, and jewels. He lamented the unfaithfulness of Christians. I inquired, "Were they such?" He replied, "They had declared they were." We wrote circulars warning our friends, and begging of them not to accept

any native as a Christian who could not produce a certificate, but to no purpose. Even after the Mutiny we asked our friends not to give to any beggar calling himself a Christian, unless he could show a certificate, for even then numbers of impostors were abroad. Thus a man came to me calling himself a native Christian. He spoke to me of Messrs. Hoernle and Schneider, formerly at Agra, and also of other missionaries. I asked him who baptized him, for he said he had lost his baptismal certificate. After a little hesitation he said, "The Bishop's chaplain." "How long ago?" was my next question. He replied, "Some two months ago." "A miracle, then," I said, "was performed at your baptism. The Bishop's chaplain died at Simla nine months ago. Two months ago he rose from the dead and baptized you." As I had just then to go out, I made the man over to Thakur, to whom he confessed that he was no Christian but a sweeper, and had been in the service of the missionaries at Agra. But warning Europeans is in vain, they will give to beggars.

The effects produced by the Mutiny with regard to Mission work have been all for good.

Foremost, I should say, it kindled at home a fresh missionary spirit. Many will remember what effect the tidings from India had upon them. The Mutiny evoked many prayers, and raised money and men for the work.

By means of the large sums raised, the Society was enabled to open new stations, of which Lucknow was one. Of the commencement of that mission I have given an account in the previous chapter.

The minds of the natives with regard to our work were greatly changed. Witnessing the conduct of our

Christians, they felt that there was a reality in Christianity.

Our native Christians rose in the estimation of Europeans, Hindus, and Mohammedans.

It also showed the confidence which the natives, Hindus and Mohammedans, had in us and our Christians. At Benares the people petitioned us not to leave Sigra, believing that so long as we were there the city would be safe; but should we leave, they feared the Badmashes (ruffians) would set fire to the Mission premises for the sake of plunder, set fire to the city for the same purpose, and that as a consequence the English would finally shell the city.

The Mutiny broke out at the end of the hot season, the vacation of our schools. Six days after the fight they were all reopened, and the work there carried on as usual. The Principal, on his return from Chunar, went daily to the college, and, as far as the inhabitants of Benares were concerned, was perfectly safe; and when we were once in want of grain and could for a short time obtain none at Benares, I went out into the country with Mr. Pomroy, and although there was danger from mutineers, for they were scattered all over the country, from the villagers we had nothing to fear, but were received everywhere with the greatest kindness, and the people had perfect confidence in our word. Thus the Lord brought good out of evil. His name be praised.

Since my return home the question has now and then been put to me, "Do you expect another Mutiny?" I should say, "For the present I do not." With 60,000 European soldiers in India, the magazines and treasuries in our possession, telegraphs and railway at our

command, we have nothing to fear. Still I should not be surprised if, after some time, we have another outbreak ; and if so, it will most likely not be confined to the army only.

From without we have little or nothing to fear. No army can invade India from the north ; that is, successfully. If it come, the army must come by the Bolan or Khyber Pass, but if we made friends with the Hill tribes of these passes, and erected forts at the entrances of them, I do not think that any army, however powerful, could force its way through them into the plains of India. But might not the Russians come through Persia and Beloochistan ? Yes, they might come, as did Alexander, but let them come and penetrate the sandy plains of Sindh ; whilst there, if their supplies were cut off, they might meet with the same success which that great conqueror's army did in Egypt. Moreover, I do not think that the attitude which Russia shows towards Turkey will endear them much to the Mohammedan population in India or elsewhere.

The danger to India will be from within, and will be partly of our own creation.

The danger will not come from the old Thakurs, the large Zamindars, nor from the bankers and merchants. These could only be losers by a grand revolution ; though some of the Zamindars would prefer to be again under their own rulers, for they say old times were glorious times. " When the Government agent came for the revenue, we used to fight him. If we beat him off, we had nothing to pay for that year ; but if he beat us, he would take all we possessed, but then there was always the glorious uncertainty.

At present there is nothing of the kind. Pay is the rule, and then you can remain in peace."

The danger we have to fear will partly be of our own creation. Education without the Bible is the cry at home and in India, and that education will bear its bitter fruit in due time.

In India we have our Universities, Colleges, and High Schools, and we are educating a large number of young men, for many of whom it would be better if they learnt a trade. These young men are educated at the expense of Government, for they pay very little, so that every Babu costs Government between two hundred and three hundred rupees a year. The natives of India, especially the Bengalis, have good memories, and pass the various examinations with ease, but then they expect to be provided for by Government. But what can Government do? For every vacancy there are from fifty to a hundred applicants; hundreds therefore are constantly disappointed, and they lay the blame on Government.

Having a free press, and with few Europeans able to read a badly printed native newspaper, the language that is made use of in those newspapers by disappointed Babus is anything but loyal. It is true Bengali Babus will not do us much harm with the sword, but they may do, and will do, much by their pens and tongues. I once attended an assembly of such men. After a great deal of disloyal talk against "their foreign tyrants," one of them, more eloquent than the rest, exclaimed, "If three hundred Greeks were able to resist the whole army of Xerxes, what might we not do, if we chose?" And as he looked at me, I replied, "Yes, if you were Greeks." The orator sat down.



Again in our Government schools and colleges the natives are taught chemistry at great expense to the Government, and they are eager to learn it and make good use of it. Speaking at a missionary meeting at home in 1859, I stated that during the Mutiny among the hundreds of rebels that had been apprehended there had never been found one among them who had been brought up in a mission school and that had read the Bible. I then went on to say that perhaps not one was found who had received an English education in a Government school. A gentleman present rose up, saying, "Remember, Mr. Leupolt, Bareilly." "I do," I replied, "and recall what I said about Government schools. During the Mutiny we comforted ourselves that there would soon be an end of the sepoys' ability to fight, as they would soon have no caps—but, behold! some young men trained in Government colleges and taught chemistry, made caps and supplied the army with them."

Till late years little or nothing was done for the masses; more is done now, but still not enough. I grant it is very difficult to educate villagers; what with seed-time, harvest, the heat, the rains, and holidays, along with the true nature of boys, it requires much patience and perseverance to carry on their education; yet by raising them, agitators will have less influence over them, at least I once thought so, though since my return home my opinion has undergone some change.

But it may be asked, "Are not mission colleges competing with Government colleges?" They are; but those trained in missionary colleges have ballast, which those trained in Government colleges have not.

They possess Bible knowledge, which has hitherto made them loyal to their Queen and Government; for missionaries in their teaching do not merely aim at instructing their pupils in all the branches of knowledge which Government prescribes, but they have a much higher aim besides aiming at making them useful and loyal subjects of Queen Victoria; they aim also at making them loyal and meet subjects of the King of kings, the Lord Jesus Christ; hence in all their instruction eternity is taken into account; it is a training of the heart as well as of the head; and this can only effectually be done by teaching them the Bible, the Book of God; but to introduce that blessed book into Government schools would drive some of our anti-scriptural educationists at home mad. Well, in India we have succeeded in impressing on Hindus and Mohammedans the idea, that to teach the Bible in Government schools is not proper, though when I first came to India the people could not yet understand it, for the schools of the Hindus and Mohammedans are all religious schools, and I should like to know what we should teach in our Sanscrit and higher Hindi schools if all religious books of the Hindus were excluded. Latterly the Hindus and Mohammedans have made progress in finding out the reason why the Bible is excluded from Government schools. Thus a Hindi said to me, "You talk a great deal about the Bible; but if the Bible is the only Book of God, why is it not taught in Government schools? The truth seems to be that excepting the missionaries your people have very little faith in the Bible. However, the Bible ought to be taught, for by excluding all religious teaching from your schools you

make the young men infidels, and I maintain that a bad religion is better than no religion at all." That we have made hosts of infidels in India is true enough; may it not be the case at home too?

One point I must not pass over, that is with regard to our native Christians. I hope the Government will never return to their old policy of showing antipathy towards them. They are a loyal set, and unless the Government alienate them, they will prove a power to them in time of need. Even now I should think we could raise a large army of native Christians, and they, with their feeling of superiority, would meet, like their European brethren, any number of the enemy.

For the present, however, we have nothing to fear; England's mission to India is not yet fulfilled. May but England be faithful to her trust. The Lord reigneth!

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*MISCELLANEOUS.*

## THE STORM.

DURING the Mutiny I was now and then reminded, when things looked very gloomy, of an anecdote which I read years ago. It was related as a fact, and represents a servant of Christ in danger, such as we now and then were in.

The event which I am about to relate brings me back to the days when a voyage to India was not effected within twenty-one to thirty days, but when the voyage lasted from four to five months.

At the end of June in 1832 a ship weighed anchor and her sails were set for far-off India. This ship was a large and good one and a fast sailer, with a captain and officers well qualified to guide and manage her.

When the vessel started the weather was fine; her list of passengers was large, and the various parties promised themselves a quick and comfortable passage. All sails were set, and the stately ship moved along the waters as if it were a living being.

On nearing the Bay of Biscay, one morning the passengers heard the captain give orders for shortening sail, and in a little while there was but one top-sail left unreefed. The why and wherefore of the

captain's orders were soon manifest. The wind suddenly increased, it began to blow a gale that increased to a fearful storm. The wind roared fearfully, the waves broke over the vessel, four men at the wheel were unable to steer the vessel, for she would not obey her rudder. The sea presented a majestic sight as wave upon wave threatened to engulf the ship.

The captain and officers looked serious, but calm; not so the passengers, for they expected every moment to meet with a watery grave. The wind continued to increase, and the captain ordered every passenger off the deck. The noise from the wind and waves, the shouts of the officers, and the "Aye, aye!" of the men, along with the creaking and groaning of the ship, filled the passengers with fear and excitement. Some of them packed up a part of their valuables in case the ship should spring a leak, others prayed, and again others sat down in sullen despair. In the midst of this excitement one gentleman was calm, reading and writing as well as the motion of the ship permitted. He seemed almost indifferent to the surrounding tumult. His young and beautiful wife was in terror and alarm. She rushed up to the cuddy or along the steerage below, unable to find comfort. Half frantic, she entered her cabin, and, upbraiding her husband, she said, "You do not seem to care if we all perish; there you sit reading and writing while we are threatened with being engulfed by every wave."

He rose from his seat, looked at her in anger, which increased to fury, and springing to the side of the cabin seized his sword and pointed the naked blade to her breast. She remained calm and smiled at him. "What!" he shouted, "not afraid at a naked blade

pointed to your breast?" She smiled, and said, "Why should I be afraid? are you not my husband—do you not love me?" His countenance changed, a calm loving look passed over his face, and kissing his wife, he said, "If you are not afraid of me when I frown upon you, and even point a naked sword at your breast, why should I be afraid of my heavenly Father, when He frowns upon me, and threatens to destroy me? Does He not love me more than I can ever love you? Be of good cheer; I have spoken to our heavenly Father and have told Him of our danger, and have committed myself, and you, and the ship's company, and the whole ship to His care—and He will care for us."

She was comforted, a peaceful trust filled her mind, and whilst tears trickled down her cheeks, she exclaimed, "Yes! it is the Lord, and He can still say to the wind and the waves, 'Peace, be still.'" And He did say it. For the wind died away, the clouds disappeared, the furious lashing of the waves decreased, and the day closed with a glorious sunset; they thought they had never witnessed one equal to it.

More than once during the Mutiny, when events looked very gloomy, and the Lord seemed to frown upon us, I thought *of this storm*. (Ps. lxxv. 7.)

## CHEYNPORE.

During the cold weather of 1868, whilst I was itinerating, I asked Mrs. Leupolt and Miss Metcalfe, the superintendent of our Industrial Establishment at Benares, to accompany me as far as Cheynpore, a place across country about forty miles from Benares, to mee

a friend at the indigo-planter's house. The tents were pitched half-way between Benares and Cheynpore, and we reached them early in the afternoon. Myself and catechist visited the large and populous village, near which our tents were pitched, and were engaged there until late in the evening in preaching the Gospel. Early the next morning we set out for Cheynpore. I took Miss Metcalfe in my buggy, and Mrs. Leupolt and my two daughters followed in a phaeton. I gave strict orders to the coachman, who was driving the phaeton, to follow me, and at every bridge I sent my *sais* (groom) back to lead the horse and phaeton across.

My eldest daughter had some canaries which she had brought with her for fear of their dying from neglect at home; they were usually very lively in tents, and enlivened the journey with their song in the conveyance; but that morning they were silent, they could not be induced to sing; they lay at the bottom of the cage with outstretched wings and appeared gloomy.

We travelled on quietly. There was one place I was afraid of; it was a bridge near Cheynpore. I said to Miss Metcalfe as we crossed it, "This is the only really bad place we have to pass, in which there may be danger." No sooner had we crossed than I ordered my *sais* back to lead the phaeton across. Before he could reach it I heard a shriek and a crash, and my youngest daughter rushed up saying, "Horse and phaeton are precipitated into the river."

I rushed instantly to the spot, expecting nothing less than that the phaeton had been smashed, the horse killed, and that before I could extricate my

wife and daughter they would be drowned. When Mrs. Leupolt on seeing the danger screamed out, my daughter, M——, jumped out.

Coming to the perpendicular bank, which our people afterwards measured, and which was fourteen and a half feet from the water's edge, I found my daughter, L——, up to her waist in water, and supporting herself by the hood of the phaeton, and Mrs. Leupolt by her side. L—— was laughing heartily and said, "Papa, how did we come here?" The phaeton had fallen on its side, and Mrs. Leupolt begged of me not to let it be touched lest it should overturn. The horse and coachman were standing near, mightily astonished at what had happened. The shafts of the conveyance were smashed, the harness broken, but neither Mrs. Leupolt nor Miss L—— were injured beyond getting a few bruises, a fright, and a cold bath. Seeing that they were safe, I told them to remain quiet and I would soon bring them help.

The indigo factory being near, I drove on to procure help, and mentioned the accident which had befallen us. The good gentleman almost lost his head when he heard of it, but I said, "We need calmness; please let me have some of your men." "Take them all," he shouted, "and I will come too."

Help soon arrived. The men came across from the other side of the river and carried Mrs. Leupolt and Miss L—— across. The water was up to the men's chins.

During the time they were in the water I was much struck by the evident and deep distress of a greyhound bazaar dog. He ran up and down the shore, came to the water's edge whining—willing to help but unable to do so. He rushed up to the men,



but all he received for his sympathy was a kick from one or the other. His eyes were not taken off Mrs. Leupolt or Miss L——, and if his distress was great whilst they were in danger, his joy was unbounded when he saw them set down on the shore. He raced round and round, barking in an ecstasy of joy, and followed them up to the factory bungalow.

But the canaries. For the first minute they were forgotten, then Miss L—— called out, "Oh, my canaries!" They were taken out of the water; one gasped once or twice and then expired, the rest were already dead. The sisters mourned over the dead canaries, and wept the next day when they buried them in a little grave between two mango-trees; at the same time I, and we all, deeply felt that my wife and daughters had been most mercifully preserved from a watery grave, and our hearts overflowed with thankfulness and praise.

The accident soon became known through the length and breadth of Cheynpore. Now this place was one of the most trying in which I ever preached the Gospel. On a former occasion, when I was there, my catechists were not permitted to speak a single word about Christ, and I myself was met with frowns. But this time the minds of the people were changed. They could not at first believe that the conveyance could have fallen over that perpendicular embankment, and yet the persons in it have remained unharmed. They went to the spot, they came to inquire, and finding that it was a fact, they at once put down myself and family as saints under the special protection of Allah; whilst the opinion the Hindus uttered was, that we must have performed some special works of merit in a

former birth, otherwise we could not have escaped destruction.

When my catechists went to the city they were not only attentively listened to, but after they had addressed the people they were treated to a substantial meal. To whatever part of the city they went the people asked them first to relate the wonderful escape of the *Mem Sahiba* and the *Miss Baba*, and then the people willingly listened to the glad tidings of Him who is not only able to rescue from bodily danger, but is the Saviour of the soul. We spent three days in Cheynpore, and met with much kindness and attention from our host and from the natives.

On leaving we were met by a Government official. He likewise wanted to know whether my family had really been precipitated into the river and had survived?

I confirmed the fact, and stated that the danger had been great, and that we had great cause to praise the Lord for His goodness to us. The magistrate had the place there and then attended to, to prevent future accidents.

Thus the Lord's gracious preservation of us opened the hearts of the people to hear and listen to the message of salvation through Jesus Christ. Praised be His holy name.

#### IDOLS SOMETIMES TAKE STRANGE LEAPS.

There is an idol temple on our orphan girls' premises. For some years it was an eyesore to me, for it was a place where young men, not of the best sort, congregated; but we were unable to prevent their resorting to the temple.

The same evening that our church was opened, the idol was stolen out of the temple. Some of the Brahmins accused us of having committed the theft; we, however, knew nothing about it.

Our native doctor, a Brahmin, hearing of this, and seeing a large crowd of people assembled round the temple, went among them, and hearing what was going on, he said, "Foolish people! do you think *Mahadeo* (the idol) will remain quietly in the temple when he hears the Christians singing in the church? No! last night, when he heard their voices, he became angry and took a leap out of the temple, and who knows where he is gone to?" Some of the people called out, "*Wah! wah!*" others smiled and walked away.

The god of the temple having given up possession, we appropriated the temple to our own use, and *Mahadeo* has not returned to claim his property.

Another idol temple stands opposite to our Sigr burial-ground. One year, during the rains, some one took a liking to *Mahadeo* (the idol) and carried him off. A Brahmin proposed to charge us with the theft, but there was no one inclined to bear evidence in the matter; the idol temple therefore remained without an idol.

One day I went to have a look at the temple. Sure enough the door had been knocked in, and the idol was gone. The village watchman was standing close by, and I asked him who broke in the door and stole the *Mahadeo*? "Who can tell," was the reply, "the god is gone!" "Well then," I continued, "seeing that *Mahadeo* has left the temple, why do you not take possession of the temple instead of being all

night in the rain under the trees?" "You are right, sir," the man replied, "I will at once take possession of the place," and with that he carried his *charpai* or cot into the temple. This happened about thirty-five years ago, and Mahadeo has been kind enough to let the watchman retain possession of the temple ever since.

But idols have sometimes curious freaks attributed to them; or rather, I should say, they occasionally take strange leaps.

Thus many years ago, when the late Mr. A——, the then magistrate of Benares, made or rather repaired the road to Rajghat, an idol was found to have its seat in the middle of the road. The Hindus declared that the god must not be removed. Mr. A—— spoke kindly to the people and reasoned with them, showing them that the road would be spoiled by the idol, and that as it was in the middle of the road, accidents might happen on a dark night. But the people remained firm, the Mahadeo must not be touched.

On leaving the place one of the Mohammedan chu-prassis said, "Suppose, sir, the idol should take a leap into one of the fields here about, what then? Mahadeo has seen your honour frowning at him, and I do not think he was much pleased."

The next morning Mr. A—— went again to the same place, when, behold, the idol was gone! Search was made to ascertain what had become of it, when it was found that it had taken up its quarters in a neighbouring field. Mr. A—— on seeing this shouted out, "A miracle!" "Yes, a miracle," re-echoed the chu-prassie, and there the idol still is, and no longer encumbers the road.

## THE THREE QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY A CLOD.

*A Hindu Story.*

In the N.W. Provinces there lived somewhere a faqir or devotee who was never guilty of using his tongue too freely in conversation. If a nod or a sign would do, he would spare his words. He was considered a quiet, inoffensive, but shrewd man. He went by the name of "the holy dervish."

In the same place there lived a rich native gentleman, good-natured, but given now and then to frolics. Having one day partaken in company with a few of his friends of a comfortable dinner, and not spared some delicious sherbet, the whole company became rather exhilarated. The composition of the sherbet was not examined into, but being all good Mohammedans, it would of course not contain any spirits, seeing that these are forbidden by the Koran.

Whilst they were thus all merry and in unusual good-humour, the gentleman proposed to his friends to go together and pay the holy dervish a visit. "I wish," the gentleman said, "to puzzle him with three questions which he will not be able to answer." The company agreed to it, and set out together for the dervish's hut. On their arrival they found the holy man sitting near his house in a newly-ploughed field.

The Mohammedan gentleman walked up to him, and with great mock humility said to him, "Holy father, I am troubled by three questions; will you kindly solve them for me?" The dervish gave an affirmative nod.

The gentleman began ; "The first question, holy father, is about God. People say that there is a God, but I cannot see him, and no one can show him to me, and therefore I cannot believe that there is a God. Will you enlighten me on this point ?" A nod was the answer of the dervish.

"My second question," the gentleman continued, "is about Satan. The Koran says that Satan is created of fire. Now if Satan be created of fire, how can hell-fire possibly hurt him ? Will you explain that too ?" A nod.

"The third question refers to man. It is said in the Koran that every action of man is decreed ; now if it be decreed that a certain man must commit a certain action, how can God bring him into judgment for that action, Himself having decreed it ? Please, holy father, answer me these three questions." A nod was given by the dervish, and whilst the party gazed at him he quietly seized a clod of the newly-ploughed field, and sent it with all his might at the gentleman's face. The gentleman became furious at being thus treated before his friends, and he had the dervish seized and carried before the judge.

Arriving in court, the gentleman brought the charge against him, stating that he, with his friends, had gone to this holy dervish, and in all humility had asked him three questions which he had promised to answer ; but that instead of replying to them he had thrown a clod right at him, and had hit him with it in the face ; and he added the pain from the blow was so severe that he hardly knew how to bear it.

The judge looked at the dervish, and asked whether he had done as charged ? A nod was the

reply, but the judge said, "Please explain yourself; for nods will not do in my court."

The dervish replied, "This gentleman came to me with his companions, and asked me three questions, which I carefully answered." "He did no such thing," the gentleman exclaimed, "he only threw a clod of earth into my face; and oh, how it pains me!"

The judge looked at the dervish and said, "Explain yourself." "I will," was the answer.

"Please your honour, this gentleman told me that people maintained that there was a God, but that he could not see Him, nor could any one show God to him, and that therefore he could not believe that there was a God. Now he says that he has pain in his face from the clod I threw at him, but I cannot see his pain; will your honour kindly ask him to show us his pain, for how can I believe that he has any, if I cannot see it?" The judge looked at the gentleman, and both smiled.

"Again the gentleman asked that if Satan was created of fire, how could hell-fire hurt him? Well then, the gentleman will admit that Father Adam was created of earth and that himself also is earth. Now, if he be earth, how could a clod of earth hurt him?" The judge again looked at the gentleman and smiled. And as to the third question the dervish drew himself up and said with great dignity, "Sir, if it be written in my fate that I must throw a clod of earth into this gentleman's face, how can and dare he bring me before the judge?"

The judge allowed that the dervish had answered the three questions with his clod, but admonished him to answer questions in future in a more becoming

way, as he might not be able to let him off so easily another time.

WHO IS THE TRUE MAN AND WHO THE COUNTERFEIT?

*A Parable for Hindu Sceptics.*

There are among the Hindus at the present time a great number of sceptics. They are not such openly, but in conversation we find out that they doubt everything; and it cannot be otherwise. Education has taught them to think, and however much they may be disinclined to reasoning, they cannot help doubting the veracity of things asserted in their Shasters, which they well know have no real existence. But, although doubting their own religion, they endeavour to appear before the people to be real believers in their respective religions, when, in fact, they are hypocrites. In arguing with such men we never gain much. The best is to give them a parable to think on their state, and here is one, which I know has made a deep impression on one mind at least.

There lived in a certain town four men, who, though of different religions, occasionally met together. They were known as good, honest, and holy men, who professed their religion in sincerity. Their names were Ram Chander (a Hindu), Muhammad Ali (a Mussulman), Isai Das and Dharam Sewak (Christians).

It happened one day that there was a great festival near Benares, at a place called Shewpore, where Hindus and Mohammedans used to meet. At this mela every kind of amusement goes on, such as drinking, gambling, and the husbands of such wives as go there



like to see their spouses return before dark. Melas of this kind were, of course, not visited by such holy men as the above named; but it so happened one day that Ram Chander had some business with a friend, and went. Muhammad Ali, not feeling as he thought quite well, wanted a little change, and believed that Shewpore was the best place to go to. Isai Das imagined that a little recreation would do him good, and accidentally wended his way to the same place, and thus they all three met at Shewpore, and spent the day and part of the night there. Of course Ram Chander and Muhammad Ali were particular about their caste.

On returning home, to their astonishment, they met Dharam Sewak. "Where do you come from so late?" was the question. "From my village," was the reply. "Why, have you still some property there? We thought the people had taken from you all you had and turned you out." "So they have," Dharam Sewak said: "but you remember old Bisheshwar with his poor sick wife? They are in great distress, and I went to see them." "O yes! you did, and yesterday was pay-day, so, you old sly fox, you took some money to them. We know you, old hypocrite." "Well, brethren, whatever I may have done in that village, or elsewhere, you know God is near, sees everything, and from Him we cannot hide anything." "Well, well!" exclaimed the Moham-medan, "God is merciful!" The Hindu called out, "Ram, Ram!" and Isai Das was silent. Thus conversing, they reached their homes.

As Ram Chander came up to his house, he saw a light in his little room. Astonished at the sight, he entered with fear and trembling, and what did he see? Himself, sitting on his seat, looking at the Shasters.

He was terrified; but after a minute or two he took courage and asked, "Who art thou?" The Spectre, looking up, replied, "I am Ram Chander, a Brahmin, and this is my house."

"It's false!" was the indignant reply. "Avaunt! I am Ram Chander, the house is mine." "Let us see," said the Spectre, "which is the true Ram Chander, and who such in appearance only. Describe thyself."

Ram Chander answered, "I am a Brahmin, a Sanscrit scholar, learned in the Shasters, perform my pujas regularly, and bathe daily in the holy Ganges. As to my morals, I am good and holy, and never ask for alms, and to-day I was at the mela on some business."

To this the Spectre replied, "Then we are *apparently* one, but *in reality* two different persons. I am also a Brahmin, renowned for being a Sanscrit scholar, and acquainted with the Shasters; but the truth is, I know but little of Sanscrit, and less of the Shasters, though I pretend to know a great deal, and talk largely. Whilst I perform puja I usually think of something else. I talk of the Vedas, Shasters, and Puranas as divine books, but I doubt them all, and in reality I am a hypocrite and deceiver. Who is now the true Ram Chander, and who in appearance only?"

"Thou art the true one," replied Ram Chander, "I am the counterfeit."

On Muhammad Ali reaching his house, his first exclamation was, "Allah Akbar! who is in my room?" The person sitting on his carpet replied, "I am Muhammed Ali. Who art thou?" "It's false!" shouted Muhammad Ali, "I am he; thou art an impostor." "Let us see," the Spectre calmly replied, "which of us is the real one. Describe thyself." Muhammad Ali

began : " I am a Maulvi, known as an Arabic scholar. I read the Koran Sharif in Arabic, say my prayers, give alms, fast, believe the traditions and the books, the Tauret, Zabur, Jnjil, Qurán (Pentateuch, Psalms, New Testament, and Koran). I believe that God is One and Mohammed His Prophet. As to my morals, who can say anything against me ? "

" Alas ! " the Spectre replied, " if thou art such, then I am only in appearance what thou art in reality. I too read the Koran in Arabic ; but do not understand it. I say my prayers, provided people are near. I pass for a true Mussulman, but have my doubts whether Mohammed was a Prophet and the Koran is the Word of God. Alms I give as few as I decently can, and as I have four wives who constantly quarrel, I make that a pretext to follow my own way, as I did to-day at Shewpore. I am but a hypocrite, mean, sensual, deceiving the people by pretending to be what I am not. Who is now the genuine Muhammad Ali ? "

" Thou art," was the reply ; " I am the impostor."

Fatigued and tired with the day's dissipation, Isai Das also reached his home, and on entering his room he found his place occupied by his second self. Dismayed at the sight, he exclaimed, " Who art thou ? " Answer, " Isai Das, a Christian." " Thou art not Isai Das, for I am he. Thou art but a counterfeit." " Prove what thou sayest," was the challenge.

" I am a Christian," Isai Das began, " and a good Christian, as all my brethren say. I am honest, pious, and true." " Then we are different from each other. I am only in name what thou art in deed. I, too, am called a Christian. I talk much about reading the Bible ; but, for myself, I scarcely ever open it. I

recommend secret prayer, and urge it upon my fellow-Christians ; but if all the moments were added together which I myself spend in the year in secret prayer, I fear I could count them by minutes. I go to church, for what would the people say if I did not ? but whilst at church, during prayers and the sermon, I think of something else. As to my duties, I try to keep up a good appearance. As to my morals, it is true my thoughts do not bear the light, nor would my doings at Shewpore to-day. The truth is, I have a name to live, but am dead."

Hearing the Spectre thus speak, Isai Das exclaimed, "Alas, alas ! thou art the true Isai Das. I am such only in appearance."

Dharam Sewak, too, found his place occupied at home, and seeing himself sitting with his Testament open, felt in his pocket to ascertain whether he had his Testament still or not ; but he had it. So he asked, "Who art thou ?" The Spectre, looking up, replied, "My name is Dharam Sewak, from Farebpúr, a convert from Hinduism." "So am I," the other replied. "But which of us is the true Dharam Sewak ? Describe thyself," the Spectre said.

"I was a Hindu," Dharam Sewak began, "a Brahmin of Farebpúr, but being dissatisfied with my religion, and tired of practising deceit by telling people of things which I was persuaded in my heart were untrue, I examined Christianity, and finding in Christ a Saviour such as I needed, I believed in Christ and embraced Christianity. But I am but a poor Christian—my prayers are cold, the Word of God is not so precious to me as it ought to be. I love the Saviour, but considering what He has done for me, my love is not so

warm as it should be, nor as I wish it to be. The money I gave away to-day was, I fear, not from love to Christ alone, but merely because God had prospered me, and old Bisheshwar and his sick wife are so poor, and then it gave me an opportunity to tell them of the love of Jesus. I have to confess many failings, so that it sometimes appears to me as if I were a hypocrite ; but God is rich in mercy, and as I have nothing that I can bring before God, I cling to Jesus, my Saviour, and trust in Him alone for my salvation."

The Spectre, hearing this, exclaimed, " Brother, thine is exactly my case, I feel as thou dost ; we are one, and let appearance and reality be always one. We will continue to trust in Jesus, love Him, labour for Him, and die in Him, so that we may live with Him for ever."

The Lord saw these four persons and judged, giving to each according to his works.

#### THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT BENARES.

The 18th of January 1870 was a great festival for our Christians at Benares, for on that day they had the honour of seeing the Duke of Edinburgh within the mission premises of Sigra, the C. M. station at Benares.

On the 17th the guns announced the arrival of the Duke. Before he arrived we went to the city to see the preparations that had been made for his reception. The city was beautifully decorated in every direction with flags, and arches were erected in several places ; one of them had the inscription " Welcome, Sailor Prince ! " In the old *Chauk* or marketplace a bazaar was erected,

called the Prince's Bazaar ; here the most costly stuffs, jewels, and precious stones were laid out for inspection, such as I believe no other city in the world can exhibit.

I pass over the levée, and come at once to the illumination of the city.

The day on which the Duke arrived there was an eclipse, in consequence of which the ghats could not be illuminated, for this would have prevented the people from bathing. Still numerous houses and public buildings, such as the observatory, presented a beautiful appearance. The Duke passed down the river, and we followed him. There was not very much to be seen going down the Ganges, but as we neared the bridge of boats lying across the river the spectacle was magnificent. A triumphal arch had been erected, through which the people had to pass from the bridge to the bank of the river, towards the city. It presented a fine sight, thousands of lamps and lights of every colour sparkled like so many diamonds and other precious stones.

From Rajghat to the Commissioner's house, a distance of some three miles, the whole road was illuminated.

I walked there, and on reaching an open spot near Barnaghat I seemed to come upon fairy land, and I asked myself whether the Arabian Nights were being reacted.

The morning of the 18th found early risers at Sigra. It had been arranged the day before that the Duke should pass through the mission compound on his way to Ramnagar, the place where the Raja of Benares resides. In honour of the Prince two arches had been erected, one at the north gate where the

Duke was to enter, which had on it the word "Welcome," and the other at the south-east gate, which leads to Ramnagar, and over which was the word "Salám," *i.e.*, Go in peace. These arches were simply but tastefully decorated with flowers, and our Secrole friends pronounced the decorations "charming."

At five o'clock in the morning the church bells called us together. The Christians, students, and orphans, took their places as had been previously arranged. The men were drawn up in one long line from the north gate to the centre, near the church. There, under a large pepul-tree, was placed the harmonium, which was played by Mr. Treusch; to the right and left of him stood the violin-players, and drawn up round the harmonium at the back stood the choir, consisting of eighty young people, all of whom were well-trained singers.

On the south-eastern side of the choir, towards the further gate, the women took their places, extending to some distance, and joining them were the children arranged according to their height. The line extended nearly to the south-east gate; a teacher closed the line. All the Christians, great and small, were dressed in white, and presented a very respectable and nice appearance.

Thus arranged we awaited the arrival of the Duke.

At a little after six, two policemen gave the sign agreed upon announcing the Duke's approach. The church bells began to peal a cheerful welcome. Presently a carriage appeared with the Duke, Lord Mayo, and the Commissioner in it. I went out to meet them, and pointed to the out-riders to enter the compound instead of going straight on. They did so, the

carriage followed and drew up opposite the choir. As soon as it stopt, the bells instantly ceased pouring forth their lively welcome. A dead silence ensued for a few moments, and then the choir commenced singing, in parts, one of the most beautiful German airs or songs. It was sung in German words too, accompanied by the harmonium and the violins.

One verse sung, there was again a pause for half a minute or so, and the whole congregation, children and all, struck up the national anthem, "God save the Queen." The Duke at once arose and uncovered his head, Lord Mayo and the Commissioner also. As previously agreed upon, but one verse was sung, for we did not wish to detain the Duke and his party, as they had to travel twenty-five miles that morning to reach the hunting-grounds.

When the singing ceased there was a dead silence. The Duke and party sat down, and the Commissioner beckoned me to the carriage. I went, and answered the questions put to me, stating too that the number of native Christians present appeared larger than it actually was, for there were only 418 present; and then I retired.

On my doing so the carriage moved on, and the bells rang a farewell. The Duke returned the saláms of the people, and when he passed the little ones he directed his eyes to them, and many of the children afterwards proudly told me, "He looked at me also."

When the carriage had disappeared we all went into the church, where the native pastor gave a short address, and then we all knelt down to prayer. These were moments not to be forgotten. Earnest and heartfelt prayers were offered up by native brethren for the Duke, for our gracious Queen, the Government, and



for the whole English nation; with these prayers thanksgivings also ascended to the throne of grace, that God had put it into the hearts of English friends to send them the Gospel. These thanksgivings were intermingled with deep-felt, earnest, and hearty entreaties that the Lord's choicest blessings might continually rest upon all their benefactors.

The Lord was in the midst of us, and as I knelt there in those solemn moments and lifted up my heart with theirs, the wish came stealing into my heart, Oh that some of our English friends could witness a scene like this! they would, I was sure, feel as I did; they would thank God and take courage.

#### THE DREAM.

Somewhere in a certain town there lived a gentleman, who was not fond of missionary meetings, nor of Bible Society meetings, nor, in fact, of any kind of meetings. He believed that these meetings were all calculated to distract and disturb one's peace of mind; and he thought that the Christian ought to think of nothing but how to save his own soul, and for that end to keep as quiet as possible.

In the same town there was a little girl about nine or ten years of age. One day this little girl attended a missionary meeting, and heard there something of what was being done for heathen children in order to bring them to Jesus, and the wish arose in her mind that she might help in the work. She had given her little heart to Jesus, and began to pray earnestly for the conversion of the heathen. After a time she thought she might do more, she might become a

collector; for that purpose she asked for a missionary box. She obtained one, and was very pleased at having it.

She regularly put in her own pence and halfpence, but she thought she might now and then ask others to give her something for her missionary box.

Having heard that the afore-mentioned gentleman was very rich, she one day, when he was calling at her father's house, took her missionary box, and walking up to him said, "Sir, will you be kind enough to give me a penny for my missionary box?" The gentleman looked sternly at her and said, "No, I will not! you shall not get anything from me. I do not approve of missionary boxes for children, or for grown-up people either." The child was disappointed and walked away.

After some time, when he called again and seemed to be in a very good humour, she went again to him and smilingly said, "Sir, will you not be kind enough to give me to-day a penny for my missionary box?" He again replied, "No! I will not. You ought not to have a missionary box. I wonder your parents allow you to have one." The little one was downcast and walked away.

After some months she made another attempt; but that time she thought she must not ask so much, she would therefore only beg for a halfpenny. Taking her box in her arm she walked up to him and said, "Please, sir, look at my box, it is still very light, and to-morrow it is to be opened; please kindly give me a halfpenny." The gentleman looked at her more sternly than before, and said, "Child, I have told you twice before that I will not give you anything. You

ought not to have a missionary box. Give it back to the minister. We ought to love the Saviour, and not think of missionary boxes; if we can save our own souls we shall have cause enough to thank God." The little girl remained standing, and, looking at him with her bright blue eyes, said, "I love the Saviour." "Yes, my child," replied the gentleman, somewhat mollified, "I know you love Him. I love Him too, so return your missionary box." She still looked at him, and he asked, "What more, my little girl?" She replied timidly, "I love the Saviour, but should we only love Him; should we not also labour for Him?" The gentleman rose up and said, "What do you mean by labouring for Him?" and taking up his hat he left the house.

The poor girl walked to her seat, unable to understand or comprehend how she had offended the gentleman.

The gentleman did not walk straight home, but turned into the fields, saying to himself, "What could this little persevering creature mean by labouring for the Lord? I am sure I have never done anything for Him."

On reaching his house he sat down to supper, but he could not eat; the little voice was constantly pursuing him, and he could not forget the child's earnest countenance. He left his supper untouched, walked into his study, and taking up his Bible, he began to read. But as he did so, it seemed to him as if it were written on every page, "What have you done for the Lord?" and an answer came from the inmost recess of his heart, "You have never done anything for Him." He closed the Bible and knelt

down to pray, but he could not pray; in *déspair* he went to bed and instantly fell asleep.

He dreamt that he died. An angel came and took him to heaven. On arriving at the golden gate, it opened of itself, and he walked in with the angel. It was a glorious place, thousands of heavenly beings moved about everywhere. A pathway opened, and before him sat the Lord in majestic glory. Passing through rows of angels to the throne, a crown was given him, and on reaching the throne, he took the crown and laid it at the feet of Jesus, saying, "Lord, that I am here is entirely Thy own doing." The crown was returned to him.

As he stood near the angel, and was looking about, a beautiful little angel passed by. He had a crown like his, but it was sparkling with diamonds; a second and a third passed, all with diamonds in their crowns. At last a mighty angel came; he also had a crown like his, sparkling with diamonds and precious stones. As he beheld this glorious angel, he said to the angel standing near him, "Oh! look at this glorious being; he shines like the sun in the Father's kingdom, and as the stars for ever and ever! Who are these?" The angel replied, "They were what you are, and are saved through the blood of Jesus." "Yes! but look at their crowns, how they sparkle like the brightness of the firmament; and look at mine!" And taking off his crown, he said, "There are no diamonds here!" "No," replied the angel, "for there is a great difference between you and those you have seen. These did not only love their Lord, but also laboured for Him; and whenever little ones, or adults, combine and form associations or societies, and collect, give, or

labour for the conversion of the people, it is our Lord's good pleasure to place a diamond in their crowns for every soul that is saved through their instrumentality. Those whom you have noticed have laboured much for the Lord, and therefore their crowns will sparkle throughout eternity. You have done nothing to bring people to Jesus, nothing for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and therefore you cannot expect to have any diamonds in your crown."

The gentleman hearing this at once saw his error, and turning to the angel said, "I have erred! I have erred! I thought all I had to do was to save my own soul. I see, I see, no Christian ought to go to heaven without trying to take others along with him. Can I not retrieve my error?" The angel replied, "You can; for what you have seen is only a dream." At that moment the gentleman awoke. He at once rose up, knelt by his bed-side, and prayed earnestly that the Lord would make of him for the future an active, diligent, and faithful labourer in His vineyard. He then went to sleep again.

In the morning, having repeated his prayer for future usefulness, he went to his friend's house. The little girl was sitting there as usual. She looked at him for a moment, but took her eyes immediately off him, for she was afraid to speak to him. After some conversation with his friends, he looked at the little girl again and gently said, "How is it, my little collector, that you are not bringing your missionary box this morning?" Surprised and delighted, she looked at him; he smiled at her, and so she asked, "May I bring my box?" "Yes, my dear," was the reply. She got up cheerfully, fetched her box, and as

she walked up to him she said to herself, "How much shall I ask? A halfpenny? No, a penny? No! how much? how much?" She wished to say half-a-crown, but her little heart fluttered, she could not find the words, she therefore said, "Sir, please give me a white penny." "No!" the gentleman replied, "to-day you shall not have a white penny, nor a red one either; to-day you shall have a yellow one," and opening his purse, he gave her—a sovereign. "Is that for my missionary box?" she exclaimed. "Yes," was the reply, and in went the sovereign.

Now here was a child with a true missionary spirit. This little girl had given her heart to Jesus; she prayed that the heathen might hear of the Lord Jesus, believe in Him, and love and serve Him; and she also laboured for the Lord. Her speaking a word for Jesus was richly blessed, and the contents of her missionary box were acceptable to the Lord.

Now, my dear young friends, if you wish hereafter to have jewels in your crown, you must follow the example of the little girl. But this is also a word for us all. If we wish, dear friends, hereafter to have jewels in our crowns, we must not only give our hearts to Jesus, and love Him, but we must also labour for Him. Oh, then, let us love the Lord, labour for Him, and live to His honour and glory!









